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ART. I.—THE PRIESTHOOD IN IRISH POLITICS.

Judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Keogh, at the Court House, Galway, on Monday, 27th May, 1872. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

Minutes of Evidence taken before Right Hon. Mr. Justice Keogh on the Trial of the Galway Election Petition, at the Court House, Galway. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

IT is an obvious and recognized psychological fact, that opinions may be held "sincerely," which nevertheless are not held "honestly"; or, as a Catholic theologian would express it, that there may be real (not simulated) ignorance, which is nevertheless more or less gravely culpable. Such is the ignorance displayed by that large body of English Protestants, who gravely allege that the Galway election was carried by means of ecclesiastical terrorism. And we say this, because their opinion is directly in the teeth of certain facts, which are not only manifest on the very surface of Irish society, but which on every other occasion are admitted as a matter of course by these Protestants themselves. When Irish social phenomena are mentioned in any other connection than in reference to this Galway election,—the Englishman is fond of setting forth, how mutually opposed are the political views of landlord and tenant, and how readily Irish Catholics of the lower class accept every political doctrine set before them by their priests. Now at the Galway election, one candidate was pretty unanimously supported by the landlords, and the other by the priests; the former was specially identified with landlord interests, while the latter represented in quite an extreme and prominent degree the principle of tenant-right; lastly, the former was member of a family long known as bitterly and aggressively anti-Catholic, while the latter was a zealous adherent of the ancient Faith. Yet, according to our Englishman, the great body of Catholic voters, had they been but left to their own inclinations and convictions, were so bent on returning

the former candidate to Parliament, that they were only restrained from throwing themselves into his arms, by an ecclesiastical organization utterly unparalleled in energy and stringency. 'We say it is simply impossible he can hold this opinion "honestly," though he may hold it "sincerely;" * and it is a depressing thought to those who desire harmony between England and Ireland, that the English are constantly exhibiting this kind of reckless and voluntary blindness, in their government of the conquered nation.

For what purpose then did the priests set on foot that energetic organization, to which we have referred? The Evidence named at the head of our article at once answers this question. The Irish tenants have so long been at the mercy of their landlord, that an inveterate habit has almost inevitably grown up of voting in accordance with his behest. But on the present occasion landlord pressure was put forth in a degree quite unparalleled; seeing that Lord Clancarty and Lord Clanricarde composed for the moment their long-standing differences, and put forth an united effort to rescue the county from what they were pleased to call "priestly interference," or "priestly dictation." The priests then were obliged to make use of every religious weapon which was legitimately available, in order that Catholic voters might set at defiance the unworthy and unchristian motives brought to bear on them, and might faithfully and honestly exercise the trust committed to their charge.

We said in our last number, when we had had no opportunity of seeing the collected Evidence, that there were various priests concerned in the election, who may have made very serious practical mistakes: who may e. g. have used language of very indefensible violence; and who may otherwise have let themselves down from their position as priests of God, to the position of honest but intemperate political partisans. The Evidence certainly confirms and intensifies our impression, as regards some few individual cases; but on the other hand it shows clearly, that such cases were very much fewer than Protestants have generally supposed, and may really be counted on one's fingers. In regard to a much larger number of sacerdotal utterances, this should be remembered. The priests were so thoroughly conscious of being substantially in the right—of

* The "Times" of August 13th said that on a future occasion "the priests and bishops will probably abstain from repeating the clumsy and unnecessary brutality, which caused Captain Nolan's election to be voided." Putting aside the "brutality" of such language, it is tantamount to a confession, that Captain Nolan was in real truth the free choice of the voters. Yet what journal was louder than the "Times" in its eulogy of the Keogh Judgment, and its denunciations of priestly intimidation?

having no occasion for more than a perfectly legitimate influence—that for that very reason they were often incautious as to the precise *form* which their exhortations assumed; while, for the opposite reason, the promises and threats of the landlords were intimated most warily and under a veil. Here is a prominent instance of what we mean by the priests' "incautious" language. The petitioners' counsel laid great stress on the fact, that on various occasions what this or that priest denounced, was not the electors 'voting *against their conscience*,' but their voting for *Trench*, or their failing to vote for *Nolan*. But in fact none of those whom he practically addressed dreamed of *doubting*, that their country's highest interests would be promoted by Nolan's election; and both he and they were perfectly aware of this circumstance. Protestants of every kind may well have been in favour of *Trench*; and so may Catholics (even excellent and zealous Catholics) of the higher class, through an opinion that Captain Nolan's views are inimical to the rights of property. Again, among the "frieze-coated" voters—as they are called throughout the Evidence—several no doubt were comparatively indifferent to the public welfare, and were favourable to *Trench* on one or other ground of personal advantage. But no Catholic of the tenant class desired *Trench's* election, on the ground of its being a *public benefit*; and the priests addressed themselves to the state of things which existed before their eyes. They assumed therefore as a matter of course, that those Catholics of the tenant class who thought of voting for *Trench*, were induced to such a course by preferring their landlords' favour or some other private interest to the public good. And though, even granting this, the language of a few individual priests was most indefensibly violent, a certain amount both of holy and of patriotic indignation was certainly in place. Take e.g. two epithets which specially excited the Judge's disgust, "recreant" and "renegade": we cannot think that, in the sense in which under circumstances they would necessarily be understood, they were one whit too strong for the occasion.*

* We do not here consider the propriety of using such language from the altar, because we shall treat this question further on. But it may be better here, at the outset of our argument, to remind our readers of a circumstance, which Englishmen often either do not know or do not bear in mind. What may be called the *pulpit habits* of Irish Catholics differ toto cælo from those whether of English Catholics or of English Protestants. The Irish priests in many parts of the country are in the habit of conversing (we might almost say of chatting) with their flock from the altar, on the details of religious and moral duty; and they mention by name, on such occasions, various familiar matters, which in England are only touched from the pulpit by means of allusion and circumlocution. We knew a very zealous Irish priest on a mission in London. After early mass he used to collect around him, in a corner, a knot of Irish, and

In what we have said, we have made two assumptions. We have assumed firstly, that the Catholic tenant class was practically unanimous, in regarding Nolan as on public grounds the preferable candidate; and we have assumed secondly, that the landlords appealed strongly to motives of gratitude or self-interest, in order to obtain their tenants' votes for Trench. No one acquainted with Ireland doubts either of these facts, but it will be worth while to cite some confirmation of them from the Evidence before us. And as to the first, it should be observed that Judge Keogh himself does not venture to characterize the Catholic voters as *reluctant* victims to intimidation, but amiably describes them as "the mindless, brainless, coward instruments in the hands of ecclesiastical despotism" (Judgment, p. 50). Lord Clonbrock, a Conservative landlord, is asked (p. 404, q. 13,893): "Did it not appear to your lordship that the whole people were in favour of Nolan?" and answered, "Clearly." Lord Clanricarde's land-agent said (p. 257, q. 8,732): "I think that all the better classes of society were one way, and *all the others were the other way*." Mr. Gilmore, another of Captain Trench's witnesses, is still more explicit (p. 425).

Q. 14,752. Are you aware of *your own knowledge* that the feeling of the county was for Captain Nolan?—*All for Captain Nolan*.

Q. 14,753. Do you largely mingle with the people of the county?—I do, indeed.

Q. 14,754. Do you know that their sentiments were in favour of a repeal of the Union?—I do.

Q. 14,755. Home Rule in their sense?—They have it on their pipes, and if they take a drink they say "Here's to Home Rule!" All the pipes in Galway mostly have "Home Rule" on them.

Q. 14,756. Do you not know also that they were highly delighted with Mr. Gladstone when he pulled down the Protestant Church?—I know they were.

Q. 14,757. And when he gave them the Land Bill?—I know they liked it.

Q. 14,758. And they were grateful to him for that?—They are grateful

address them as he used to do in the old country; to their great benefit and edification. But in the middle of the day, when he mounted the pulpit and was surrounded by English respectables, he was quite a different man; and was indeed as ineffective a preacher as we ever heard. As was natural under such circumstances, he even exaggerated the English idea of pulpit decorum. We remember one occasion on which he had to speak of the potato famine; but he felt that this was too vulgar a term for the pulpit. He referred therefore allusively to "that calamitous dispensation of Providence, which has recently befallen the inhabitants of a sister country in regard to their principal article of sustenance."

to him for that ; and that is what gained the majority for Captain Nolan at the election.

Nor did Captain Trench's counsel make so much as an attempt to shake any part of this evidence, by any re-examination. See again the Bishop of Clonfert's very distinct testimony (p. 505).

Q. 17,283. From your very long experience of this county, do you know whether the ideas of the voters of the county, the great majority of the tenant class, harmonize with those you entertain ?—I am perfectly satisfied of that ; I am perfectly convinced of it from knowledge ; I know it.

Q. 17,284. You know it as a matter of fact ?—I know it as a matter of fact and knowledge.

Q. 17,285. Does that extend to the great body, if not the whole body, of the frieze-coated voters ?—Most decidedly.

Q. 17,286. And to the better class of farmers I apprehend also ?—Well "farmer" is a very vague term. . . . I believe, and I know even, that there is not a Catholic large farmer or grazier that I know of in the county, that does not think as I have spoken.

Testimonies of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely from the Evidence, and Captain Trench's own counsel hardly affected to deny the allegation. But there is still stronger proof of what we have said, in the language used throughout by bishops and priests. Thus, take the very document which was placed by Judge Keogh at the head of his indictment, and quoted by us in July (pp. 109, 110). "The clergymen of the four dioceses" are requested "to explain to the electors of the several parishes, that the Legislature, in conferring on them the franchise, had intended that it should be used by each elector for the public weal, *according to his conscience*." So the Archbishop of Tuam (Evidence, p. 158), trusts that "the electors at the coming Galway election" may "in reality be *free and independent voters*, as the Constitution means." The Bishop of Clonfert said at Ballinasloe (Evidence, p. 504), that "the law of the land even *required* that no intimidation should be practised from any extrinsic source, whether lay or *spiritual*." And such expressions are constantly recurring. Now, as every one must see, it is simply impossible that such language would have been used without exciting universal reclamation and disgust, had it not been a patent and undeniable fact known to all, that the mass of voters were really favourable to the priests' candidate. Their bitterest enemy does not deny that the priests heartily desired Nolan's success ; but they could not hope to promote that success by these earnest and reiterated appeals to the independent conscience of the

electors, unless they knew thoroughly well that that independent conscience pronounced on the same side with their own.

Secondly we have said, that many a landlord pressed his tenants by motives of self-interest or (at least) of gratitude, either to vote against their conscience, or at least not to vote in conformity with its dictates. There is hardly, indeed, one considerable landlord in Galway, Protestant or Catholic, in whose case this fact is not established by the Evidence;* though (as we have already said) every possible veil is thrown over the nakedness of the transaction. We begin with Lord Westmeath. He wrote a letter for his sons to sign (p. 365); though as a matter of fact they failed to sign it, not at all because they disapproved it, but because of illness in the family (q. 12,914). That letter ran as follows, and we italicize a few words:—

Pallas : January, 1872.

The great number of tenants, with small holdings and without votes, living on this property, and the great amount of arrears due, prove that the landlord had always more regard for his tenants than for his own interest. We [Lord Westmeath's sons] are like yourselves tenants; and we *expect* that every man who has a vote will give it *with us* to Captain Trench at Loughrea or Portumna. He would, we think, be found one of the most useful and liberal members ever returned for this county. Sir T. Burke would not support him otherwise, who had been so long in Parliament, and who never gave a bad vote. On these grounds we ask you to vote for Captain Trench; and any man who will *try to avoid* doing so, *shall be deemed not to approve of, or value, the indulgence to tenants ever practised on this estate.* You have heard enough of Captain Nolan: we shall say nothing to you against him, as we think that low vulgar abuse is unworthy of gentlemen, and can never bring any aid to establish facts.

We do not think Judge Keogh himself would attempt otherwise to interpret this, than as conveying a menace, that those who even "*try to avoid*" voting for Trench, shall not hereafter participate in "*the indulgence to tenants ever practised on this estate.*" Sir T. Burke also set forth a manifesto, which contains the following:—

I now express my hope and confidence, that none of my tenants will vote *against my will* for any candidate; and I feel certain they will not forget my conduct to them, when they required both forbearance and indulgence. I

* We are bound in justice to say, that we have not observed in the Evidence any testimony connecting Lord Dunsandle with this system of landlord oppression. At p. 490, q. 16,815, it is mentioned that "he sent a kind message saying he did not intend to inflict any punishment, or to be unkind, to any man who had voted for Captain Nolan." His tenants lighted a bonfire in gratitude; showing by that very fact, how rare was such conduct among the landlords of the county.

would wish all my tenants who have votes to give them to Captain Trench Recollect, when the election is over, *you have no one to expect any favour from, but your landlord and his agent*" (p. 51, q. 1,667).

Lady Mary Burke supplies what we suppose may be taken as an authoritative exposition of Sir Thomas's view:—

If it is against any of your consciences to vote for Captain Trench, do not do it. I will not ask you to do it. But surely you can *stay at home*, and you need not join or give your approval of a party which has so grossly insulted your good landlord" (p. 59, q. 1,869).

Lord Clanricarde's words are thus reported by his land-agent:—

There is a theory abroad, that the tenants have nothing to do but pay their rents. That is not the feeling upon which I have gone for the last forty-five years; but, however, if that is the principle to be adopted for the future, *I think that I ought to get a fair and equitable rent for my land*" (p. 258, q. 8,760).

In other words, his lordship considers, that hitherto his rent has in part been *equivalently* paid, by his tenants voting conformably to his instructions; and that, in all equity, if this practice ceases, his rents should rise. And we wish our readers would study the whole cross-examination of his land-agent, from p. 263 to p. 268. Similar is the doctrine of Mr. W. J. Burke, a Catholic landlord (p. 153):—

Q. 5,431. What was the substance of [your conference with your tenantry]?—They declared that they would vote for Nolan. One of them said to me, "How would I prosper if I opposed the priests?" Another said I had no right to ask for anything but my rent. I had often heard it said from the altar, by Rev. Mr. Conway, that I had no right to ask for anything but my rent. I told them I knew I had no legal right to anything but my rent; but I had never looked at landlord and tenant as creditor and debtor until then.

Q. 5,432. Had you ever exercised any coercion towards them previously?—No; on the contrary, I told them they were at perfect liberty to *stay at home*.

Such is Mr. Burke's idea of what is meant by "coercion." The liberty of *neutrality* is the highest he can even *imagine* granted to a voter. On this the cross-examining counsel asks (p. 154):—

Q. 5,441. I suppose you have received your rent?—Yes, they pay me *very punctually*.

Q. 5,442. You do not think that you have any right legally to complain of the tenants having taken that position [that the landlord has no right to more than his rent]?—Certainly, none: but I have not been dealing with

them merely as regards rent ; I have been doing them a thousand kindnesses, and I *might expect from them a favour.*

Another landlord, Mr. Power, uses the word "coercion" in the same very singular sense. He was informed by a priest (p. 33, q. 1,158) that his tenants "believe that if they voted for Captain Trench they would vote contrary to the dictates of their conscience." He replies (q. 1,162), "*I have no idea of using coercion with any man.* If they vote for Captain Trench, I will be very much obliged ; but if not, *let them stay at home ; and I hope you will tell them to stay at home.*" Pretty cool this. Again, "I use no coercion, but merely ask the votes for Captain Trench. If they refuse to vote, I hope and *expect* they will *remain at home.*" And the bondage of these tenants was not really even to their landlord, but (through him) to Lord Clanricarde. Mr. Power was bound by an old promise (q. 1,177) to vote always for the Clanricarde candidate. He is asked (q. 1,178), "And you conceive your tenants bound by it too?" a promise, be it observed, about which they had been no more consulted, than had the man in the moon. He replies, "I considered that in good feeling they would [consider themselves bound by it] ; because I was *always kind to them.*" He gives Lord Clanricarde their votes, without even consulting them.

We pass to Archdeacon Butson. That Protestant dignitary thus curtly addresses his land-agent (p. 221, q. 7,787) : "I wish the tenants at Caltra to support Captain Trench at the coming election by their votes. *Please let them know this.*" And the agent, in executing this commission (q. 7,808), "pointed out to them, when asking them to vote for Captain Trench, that *their cattle might die and things of that sort might happen*, and who would they have to look to but their humane [!] landlord?"

Mr. Barrett, another Protestant landlord, thus expresses his sovereign will and pleasure. "I am more determined than ever to vote for Captain Trench ; and all the Ballintaber tenants, except one, promised me to do the same ; *although they had promised Nolan before they knew my mind*" (p. 355, q. 12,548). Mr. Barrett does not share Judge Keogh's feelings apparently (see our last number, p. 111), on the sacredness of an election promise. His doctrine indeed is even more amazing than Judge Keogh's, though in the opposite extreme. The promise, it seems, of tenants to vote according to their conscience is null and void, if they afterwards find that their landlord's conscientious view differs from their own.

Lady Anne Daly, in a slightly different shape, has a similarly exalted view on Captain Daly's legitimate power over his tenants. Captain Daly is a Catholic ; but she informs the priest that "it

would make Captain Daly look *like a fool*, if he remained in a chapel" after mass was over, "while *his* voters were desired to go in a way contrary to the way *in which he thought it right for them to go*" (p. 173, q. 6,046). He would appear to countenance, we suppose, the rebellion of his serfs.

It may be worth while to give two illustrations, as to the effect of this dictation in the way of politically demoralizing the tenants. Thus Thomas Killeen (p. 115, q. 4,083) is asked, "Your politics are your landlord?" and he replies, "Yes; the man that gives me a good living I wish to compliment him." John Forde, who voted for Trench, declared to Captain Cowan, a witness, "that he would as soon vote for the devil as for Captain Trench; but that he *would* vote for the devil, if his landlord asked him" (p. 490, q. 16,817). This same hero "got a very coveted piece of land from Lord Clanricarde: he was put in possession of it the day he went home after giving evidence" (q. 16,819). Who can be surprised that the priests feel keenly this moral degradation of their flock?

We really do not see how any fair-minded man, who reads the Evidence steadily through, can doubt what ought to have been the decision, on the three questions which had to be determined. It has been admitted by all the Irish members, that under circumstances Captain Nolan was rightly unseated. We are prevented from entering into details on this head, by the circumstance that certain Government prosecutions are imminent; and we will only therefore make the obvious comment, how provoking it is that the candidate, preferred by the immense majority of electors, should have lost his seat through the misconduct of a very few among his supporters. But it is no less plain to us that the second part of the Judge's decision was wrong, than that the first was right. The energetic and oppressive interference of the landlords (as the "Spectator" truly observed) is a fact simply undeniable; and Captain Trench was wholly ineligible therefore for the vacant seat. Lastly comes the Judgment pronounced by the Court of Common Pleas (opposed however by Chief Justice Monahan), to the effect, that Captain Nolan's disqualification was notorious to the electors; consequently, that those who voted for him may reasonably be considered to have voluntarily thrown away their suffrages; and that Captain Trench therefore was duly elected. This extraordinary judgment took by surprise some even of those English journals, which were most violently opposed to Captain Nolan and the priests.

But another question is suggested by the whole history, indefinitely larger and more momentous than the merits of one

particular election; viz. the legitimacy and reasonable limits of priestly interference in Irish politics. To this question we now proceed. We will consider in the first place, what light is thrown on it by the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church; and in the second place, how it is affected by acknowledged principles of the British Constitution. Or to express otherwise what is substantially the same distinction—we will consider on one hand how far the Catholic priest may legitimately interfere, *as* a Catholic priest; and on the other hand how far he may legitimately interfere, as a citizen of the British Empire. The chief part of our discussion will however be occupied, not with the latter, but with the former consideration. And as regards the political duty of Catholic priests, we commence with an introductory remark.

If we look back some fifteen or twenty years, we shall find it (in these islands at least) an admitted article of the liberal creed, that a "hard-and-fast line" can be drawn, between religion on one hand and politics on the other; that churches are exclusively concerned with the former, and states exclusively with the latter; and that this simple consideration solves the whole problem of civil tolerance. Even a section of Catholics were in some degree imbued with this strange idea, whether hidden under the formula of a "free church in a free state," or in some other shape; though their more orthodox co-religionists loudly proclaimed, that it is opposed to the Church's clearest and most emphatic teaching. *Now* all this is so simply a thing of the past, that one has difficulty in persuading oneself that one so clearly remembers it to have been in vogue. In the recent German debates, some member of the Legislature declared that "a free church in a free state" is one of the shallowest political phrases ever invented. And certainly, in these islands, there is no *Catholic* writer to whom we could more satisfactorily refer, as at once contemptuously denouncing and triumphantly refuting this fundamental dogma of old-world liberalism,—than that liberal and bitterly anti-Catholic journal, the "*Pall Mall Gazette*." Indeed those questions at the present day which most anxiously and persistently exercise the thought of politicians—those which bear most intimately on the whole future course of social events—are (to speak generally and on the whole) precisely those, which are most indissolubly bound up with religious doctrine: questions concerning education, or (still more widely) concerning the type of character most beneficial to society; questions concerning marriage and its kindred themes; questions concerning the sacredness of property; questions concerning the legitimate limits of government interference with personal

action and personal thought; questions concerning the obedience due to civil rulers.

Now on all these questions there is a large number of definite doctrines, which are undeniably proposed by the Church,* or at least follow necessarily and immediately from Catholic dogma; and which are therefore firmly held by all loyal Catholics. It is of unspeakable moment to the highest interest of a nation, that these doctrines should be as influentially and widely held as possible; and the Church's priesthood is of course that particular order, to whose custody, to whose protecting and cherishing care, God has intrusted them. It is emphatically among the very highest and most indispensable duties of a Catholic priest, so to instruct and organize his flock, that these sacred doctrines may be the more heartily and intelligently embraced by Catholics, and the more effectively impressed by them on the world's acceptance and course of action. Or to express the same thing otherwise,—it will happen again and again in various parts of the world, that Catholic priests would be faithless to a most indispensable duty, if they did not constitute themselves centres of what may invidiously be called vigorous and sustained political action.

In Great Britain indeed Catholics are so politically weak, that this part of a priest's work is to some extent in abeyance: whereas in Ireland, for the opposite reason, if they did not diligently exercise it, they would be traitors to their God, their Faith, and their country. Take e.g. the vital question now so prominent in the mind of Catholics—denominational education. The whole future course of events depends, it is probable, for good or for evil, more on the practical reply which may be given

* The number is not so small of doctrines on these matters, which the Church actually imposes on all her children. We have contended however again and again, that the Church's *mind* may be abundantly evident to every sincere inquirer, in favour of many truths, which she has not thought fit to make actually *obligatory* on her children's assent; as was the case e.g. even with Papal infallibility, before the Vatican Council. Father Newman lays down perspicuously a very broad principle. "In matters of conduct," he says, "of ritual, of discipline, of politics, of social life, in the *ten thousand* questions which the Church has not formally answered, even though she has *intimated her judgment*, there is a constant rising of the human mind against the authority of the Church and of superiors; and that, in proportion as each individual is removed from perfection." (*"Anglican Difficulties,"* p. 248.) According to F. Newman then, there are "ten thousand questions" on which the Church has "intimated her judgment," without imposing it; ecclesiastical "superiors" are rightly employed in pressing such judgment on the acceptance of the faithful; and these in their turn do not hesitate to accept it, except in proportion as they are "removed from" spiritual "perfection." A most pregnant sentence indeed!

to this question, than on all other practical issues put together. The Church teaches a very definite doctrine on the subject; and the Irish Episcopate has put forth in detail an authoritative exposition of that doctrine, in its bearing on the existing circumstances of their country. Excepting only then his direct labours for the sanctification and salvation of souls, the Irish priest has no more primary duty, than that of co-operating here with his bishops. It is his business to set clearly before his flock the vital importance of giving every Catholic youth an education, which shall be exclusively Catholic; to enforce on them the sacred duty of using their whole political power for the attainment of this end; to inspire them with horror at the very notion of allowing undue influence—such as that of their landlord—to interfere ever so slightly with this paramount obligation.

In fact we see nothing objectionable in *principle*—though it is difficult to imagine circumstances under which such a course would be *expedient*—if the supreme ecclesiastical authority solemnly pronounced ecclesiastical censures or penalties, on those recreant and disloyal Catholics, who should sacrifice to mere private ends the interests of their God, their Faith, and their country. But on the other hand it is utterly intolerable, that individual priests *on their own authority* should attempt anything of this kind; and any bishop would fail signally of his duty, who, on hearing credibly of such an attempt, should not peremptorily put it down.

So much on denominational education; but the same remark applies to all those other questions, on which the Catholic Church has a definite doctrine. Suppose e.g. Ireland were threatened with a divorce bill, such as now afflicts England: a sacerdotal crusade would be of obligation, similar to that which now proceeds for denominational education. The Fenians again (to take quite a different instance) make it their fundamental principle, that peoples have an inalienable right of rising against their rulers, whenever they may choose to do so. This is directly contrary to the Church's teaching; and no priest, whose flock is in danger of imbibing such poison, would truly preach the Gospel, unless he denounced and exposed so anti-christian an error.

Now undoubtedly this particular portion of a priest's professional duties—the portion which brings him across the field of politics—has special dangers of its own; and he may possibly make serious mistakes in his way of performing it. But then if this were accounted an excuse for neglecting the duty itself, all morality would be subverted. Moreover it so happens, that the Irish bishops have synodically laid down certain singularly well-balanced and complete rules on the subject,

which were brought before Judge Keogh by the Bishop of Cloufert, and which will be found in the Evidence (pp. 575, 6). We cannot do better than here translate them.

But lest contentions, strifes, or other scandals should arise from the imprudence of any priest, we strictly forbid that any parish priest, or other priest, presume to declare any one by name as excommunicate, unless he have first obtained permission in writing from his bishop to make such declaration.

We forbid also that any priest, for any reason whatever, inveigh by name against any one from the altar, or publicly denounce any one.

We recall to the memory of all priests of this country the obligation, whereby they are bound, of explaining on feast days to the faithful people the mysteries of the Faith, the Sacraments, the commandments of God, and other things appertaining to religion. And since there is peril lest these be neglected if different [aliena] and profane matters be treated of in the churches, we strictly forbid that either amidst the solemnities of the Mass (which would plainly be unbecoming) or even in the church at all, things merely secular should be treated of,—such as political elections, or other matters of the same kind—which may easily promote dissensions between pastor and flock, and cause great excitement of spirit. Which command however is not so to be interpreted, as though priests were not to speak concerning the non-reception of bribes, the avoiding of perjury, the rights of the Church, charity and care towards the poor. But if any priest, secular or regular, treat on matters of the former kind,* or if (in contempt of the Thurles Synod) any one be inveighed against by name in the churches, let such a priest be visited with the punishment of suspension, or some other, at the discretion of his Ordinary. We exhort moreover, that priests do not carry on contentions and strifes with each other on political matters at public meetings, and still less in the public journals; lest sacerdotal dignity receive some detriment, lest charity be violated which is the Church's strength, and lest priests be mixed up with others in quarrels and contentions. But in enacting this, we consider nevertheless that the good of religion and the liberty of the Church require that, whenever there is question of electing guardians of the poor and members of Parliament,—from whose mode of action the faith and security of the Catholic poor and the Church's rights and liberty can suffer detriment—priests ought to be solicitous that these offices be conferred on worthy men, and on men not inimical to the Catholic religion. Nevertheless we consider that all such matters should be treated of outside the churches, without tumult, without violation of charity, with the due subjection of each priest to his own bishop (lest mutual dissensions should arise among the clergy), and with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order: every one being permitted to think freely for himself on things doubtful.

* "*Hujusmodi rebus.*"—The construction here requires a little attention. The clause immediately preceding (which we have printed as a separate sentence) is treated as parenthetical; and this "*hujusmodi*" refers back to the earlier part of the sentence, in which the same word occurs.

These rules sufficiently set forth the course which a priest should pursue. It is an integral and indispensable part of his pastoral duty, that within his church itself he shall lay down e.g. the Church's doctrine on denominational education; that he shall enforce on his flock their obligation of labouring to carry that doctrine into practical effect, and of resisting whatever adverse worldly solicitations may be brought to bear on them. But when it comes to a *practical application* of these lessons,—his duty indeed is no less indispensable, but his *church* is no longer the proper *scene* for its *performance*. He should be "solicitous" e.g. that certain persons be elected members of Parliament, who will support denominational education, and otherwise defend the Church's rights. Moreover, in all probability he would fail grievously of his duty, if he did not actively canvass for such persons, and earnestly caution his people against those landlords (mentioning them by name) who are putting forth an undue and corrupt influence, against the Church and against the conscience of Catholics. But all this should be done "outside the churches; without tumult; without the violation of charity; and with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order."

We have been speaking of what may be called "sacred" questions; viz. those on which all good and loyal Catholics are necessarily of one mind. But there is another class to be carefully distinguished from these, and which may be called "purely political" questions: such e.g. as home rule and tenant-right. In calling these "purely political," we are as far as possible from meaning that they are not intimately bound up one way or other with the people's religious interests; we only mean, that the most devoted Catholics may widely differ from each other as to their true solution. The Bishop of Clonfert, for instance (p. 504, 5), bases his support of tenant-right, and of Captain Nolan in *reference* to tenant-right, exclusively on religious considerations.

Q. 17,276 . . . I think that [Captain Nolan] laid down in the Portacarron award an example of restitution, the only adequate reparation for capricious eviction. Capricious eviction, in my mind, for thirty years has been the gravest evil in Ireland; . . . and I have considered for thirty years . . . that agrarian crime and capricious eviction are synonymous terms, and that while the one is allowed to exist, it would be impossible for religion to resist the effects of the other.

Q. 17,277. As a *minister of religion* you thought that the great object would be to stem the tide of a capricious eviction, in order that no crime might be committed? . . . In order that it might not furnish an incentive to the evicted to crime.

It was precisely then as "a minister of religion," that the

Bishop of Clonfert so warmly approves one particular exhibition of the principle of tenant-right. But then some other "minister of religion,"—an equally orthodox and equally devoted Catholic,—might indefinitely differ from him in this; and we call the question therefore "purely political," and not "sacred." Here then arises a second inquiry, entirely distinct from that which we have already instituted: we are to inquire how far, on these "purely political" questions—these questions which are thoroughly *open* among Catholics—a Catholic priest can legitimately become an active partisan.

Before entering on it however, we must make a preliminary statement, which is of vital importance, and to which we would beg our reader's most careful attention. It is no "purely political" doctrine at all, but emphatically a "sacred" one, that (whether the point at issue be tenant-right or any other) it is the duty of electors to vote according to their own genuine conviction,* and by no means according to that of their landlords as such. This elementary truth was forcibly expressed by the Rev. Mr. Macdonogh, in a passage quoted for *reprobation* by Judge Keogh, when that priest "said the landlords had no more right to the votes of their tenants than to their souls." There is literally no more reason why tenants should vote for their landlord's candidate as such, than for their apothecary's or their baker's. Doubtless the landlord may most legitimately place before his tenants his political views with their reasons; but so may the apothecary before his patients, and the baker before his customers. Doubtless, again, it may happen, that some voters may have predominant confidence in the judgment of the particular person who is their landlord: but then others may have similar confidence in the judgment of the particular person, who is their apothecary or their baker. Still in all three cases the ultimate decision, as to an elector's vote, rests with the elector himself; and he betrays the trust which God has placed in his hands, if he exercises it otherwise than according to his own sincere conviction, of what will promote his country's highest interests.†

* We drew attention in July (pp. 106, 109) to the obvious fact, that an elector's genuine conviction is that which he sincerely and honestly entertains, after consulting those in whose judgment he reposes confidence; not the opinion which perhaps he *would* have entertained, if he had had no guide to consult.

† In July (pp. 104–106) we expressed an opinion, that the relations of landlord and tenant are extremely different in Great Britain and Ireland respectively; and we also disclaimed all admiration of the democratical character of the existing Constitution. We shall not here return to these matters: we only mention them, lest any one who did not read our former article should misapprehend the drift of our remarks in the text.

Suppose the whole body of frieze-coated Catholics in some constituency are firmly convinced, that a certain given measure (say of tenant-right) is most important for their country's religious and temporal well-being; while there is every hope that by uniting they can in due time carry it. Suppose at the same time a certain number of them, through motives of self-interest, keep themselves aloof from the common movement, or even actually oppose it. It follows from the first principles of religion and morality, that these persons deserve severe moral reprobation. This is no "merely political," it is a "sacred" doctrine. The practical application of this doctrine no doubt, as we have already said,—the protesting against individual landlords by name, the exposure of any specially base influences which may be attempted, the reprehension of individuals who have either put forth such influences or on the other hand have yielded to them—all this should take place "outside the churches; without tumult; without violation of charity; with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order." But none the less for this, the whole of this vigorous action is included within the scope of a parish priest's duties; though his chapel is not the fit scene for its performance.

But more than this may be said. If landlords were permitted without vehement protest to exercise undue influence in "purely political" questions,—it would be impossible to make a successful stand against them, when they put forth such influence on "sacred" questions also; when they put pressure on their tenants, even in such matters as denominational education or some possible divorce bill. Landlord pressure in Ireland is the one chief obstacle, which prevents Irish Catholics from having their due and proportional weight in the political scale. This pressure moreover is now far more open to successful assault, than at any previous time: because (1) Mr. Gladstone's noble land measure has so greatly impeded capricious evictions; and because (2) secret voting is now the law of the land. The priesthood would be false to themselves and to the Church, if they did not use the opportunity which now presents itself, of making a systematic effort radically to extirpate this deadly upas-tree, which has so long poisoned Catholic political action. And we are by no means sure, that this Galway Judgment may not be the best thing which could possibly have happened; because of the indignation thereby excited against that inveterate tyranny and oppression, which the Judge has not merely absolved but rather canonized. Upwards of £14,000 have been collected for the payment of Captain Nolan's expenses: and considering that comparatively few of the subscribers can belong to the wealthier class, this

sum represents a really vast amount of national protest and indignation.

Indeed, if Judge Keogh's views were to prevail,—if the tenant were expected as a matter of course to vote for his landlord's candidate under pain of being treated as an ungrateful rebel,—it would be not only a simpler, but in every respect a preferable process, to disfranchise altogether the tenants themselves, and give each landlord as many votes as he has farms on his estate. In this way those political results would be obtained, which the Judge accounts so desirable; while they would be secured, without the tenants' demoralization and (often) mental anguish being made their necessary means. Moreover, such a course would be far more straightforward; because there would then be no attempt to delude Englishmen into the notion, that an Irish tenant is a free voter. Such is the view expressed by the Archbishop of Tuam, in his admirable letter of July 26th, 1871.

GENTLEMEN,—On the meeting, to be held in Athony to-morrow, the attention of Ireland will be anxiously fixed; since on its proceedings will in a great measure depend, whether the electors at the coming Galway election will in reality be free and independent voters, as the Constitution means, or only so in name, holding the franchise in exclusive trust for their enemies, and ready to relapse into a state of servitude worse than that of the West Indian slave, from which it cost the people so many years of heroic struggle, to emancipate themselves and the entire tenant class of Ireland.

True, the negro was not amused or insulted with the show of freedom which he was well aware he did not enjoy; whilst *the Irish slave, wearing his mask of freedom, was worried to give his vote, for the purpose of prolonging his servitude and riveting more stringently his chains.* I hope, then, that those who meet to-morrow in Athony will enter fully into the great issue in their hands, and that by the fixed and uncompromising firmness of their resolve to assert their rights, as well as by the dignified inoffensiveness of their tone, they will persuade the old enemies of the rights and prosperity of the people, to retire in time and good humour from a contest, in which they can gain nothing by persisting but humiliation and discomfiture.—(Evidence, p. 158.)

We now come to "purely political" questions, in the sense we have given to that term; and we will take, as our obvious illustration, some given measure of tenant-right. Now plainly, just as Mr. Cobden was satisfied that corn-law repeal—just as Lord Grey was satisfied that West Indian slavery abolition—was a highly beneficial course;—just in the same way some Irish priest may be thoroughly satisfied, that this tenant-right measure would be highly beneficial. Certainly its beneficialness is not a necessary and indubitable consequence of Catholic dogma, any more than in the parallel cases of Mr. Cobden and Lord Grey; but he may be nevertheless as thoroughly satisfied of the

truth of *his* opinion, as they were of the truth of theirs. Further, he finds this opinion universal, among the priests and among the frieze-coated Catholics of his county. He is confident moreover, that his cause—which (he is thoroughly satisfied) is most importantly the cause of religion and morality—will gradually triumph, if its upholders are but duly *organized* in its support. It is an unfortunate circumstance—so much we readily admit,—it is an unfortunate circumstance, that there is no class *capable* of organizing these upholders except the priests. *Either* the priests must undertake the work,—*or* it will be left undone, to the grievous detriment of religion, morality, and happiness. And this being so, what reason can be given, why the individual priest whom we are considering should not bear his part in the work of organization? Or rather (for this is the true way of putting it), what excuse could he give for *not* taking his part? He has it in his power to confer a highly important service on his country's religion, morality, and happiness: what reason could he plead, for holding back in so pious an enterprise?

One reason of real force there undoubtedly is: viz., that it is a "purely political" question; in other words, there may be excellent and devoted Catholics among his congregation—for instance, of the landlord class—who take a fundamentally different view from him on the measure which he promotes. There is real danger, lest his influence, and so the influence of religion, over these persons be seriously diminished; and moreover lest they be most unfairly regarded by other members of the flock as disloyal Catholics. For this reason (as we have already admitted) it is a matter for regret, that there is in Ireland no other class except the priests, who are able to give the people this political organization. However, there *is* no such class; and there remains, therefore, only a choice of evils. But then (as we shall immediately explain) those evils which we have just pointed out are capable of indefinite mitigation; and even otherwise, they cannot be compared in magnitude with the calamity which must result, if the gravest religious and temporal interests of the vast Catholic tenant class were uncared for. Moreover it should be observed, that the very objection alleged tells rather on the opposite side; because, for every single Catholic whose affection might be alienated by a priest taking up these questions, there are *ten thousand* whose affection would be alienated by his taking a *different* course.

Those synodical decrees, which we have already quoted at length, afford the best possible guide for lessening such evils, as might result from the priesthood taking part in matters "purely political." Whatever argument e.g. may be put forth by them for any measure of tenant-right, should be put forth "out-

side the churches; without tumult; without violation of charity; with that moderation which entirely befits the clerical order;" and finally,—which is especially to be remembered in things of this kind—"full power being left to every one to think for himself in doubtful matters." It should be explained repeatedly and impressed on the flock by a priest's whole demeanour, that those who think differently may be as excellent Catholics as any others; and that such differences constitute no justification for the smallest degree of personal reprehension or disapproval. We are supposing, of course, that those Catholics of higher status make no claim to any one's votes except their own, and attempt no particle of undue influence; because if there be anything of *this* kind, reprehension and remonstrance is the priest's bounden duty.

We have spoken of politically "organizing" Irish Catholics; and it is very important for our purpose, that our readers should rightly understand what we mean by this expression. We cannot do better as an illustration of this, than refer to the English free-trade "organization" of some twenty years ago. The backbone of that whole movement was a widely-extending and rapidly increasing conviction, that the corn-law gave landlords a most unfair advantage over other portions of the community. Had this conviction not largely existed, Mr. Cobden and his fellow-labourers would have had no position, no support to rest on. Yet on the other hand, a mere unargumentative and inarticulate conviction is incapable of political action and combination. It was the work then of Mr. Cobden and his friends, to "organize" the free-trade movement. In other words it was their work, (1) to formulate and state definitely the doctrine itself for which they contended; (2) to elaborate its argumentative grounds, and place them before the country clearly and persuasively; (3) so to guide and direct their followers' practical action, at parliamentary elections, public meetings, and the like, as might produce the most powerful political result. There was throughout the closest mutual interdependence between leaders and followers. Without the former, the latter would have been powerless in giving effect to their deepest and most rooted convictions. On the other hand the power of the leaders absolutely depended on the confident persuasion of their followers, that their leaders were pursuing those very ends on which they themselves were bent. Let this persuasion once have given way among the rank-and-file, and Mr. Cobden's power would have crumbled away in his grasp.

Now precisely such as this is the relation between Irish priests and the mass of Irish Catholics, on such questions as those relating to tenant-right. To suppose that on such matters the

priests exercise dictatorial power over the conviction of their flocks, is the ignorance of those who have not so much as troubled themselves to inquire. The priests depend on the people, as truly as the people depend on the priests. Does any one in his senses suppose, that if there had been no priests in all Ireland, the people would acquiesce one bit the more in such a land law as existed five years ago? What the priests do, is not to impose on their flocks any "purely political" conviction whatever; but to *organize* and *give effect* to a conviction, which exists quite independently of themselves. This fact—the mutual interdependence on such matters of priest and flock—is constantly cropping up in the Evidence. For instance, the Bishop of Galway says:—

[The clergy] were all of opinion, and it is an opinion in which I coincide, and of which I am perfectly confident of the truth, that any attempt on the part of the priests to sustain Captain Trench would alienate the affections of the people; and I am aware that cases have occurred since, in which priests, supposed to have been apathetic, have incurred the displeasure of their congregations . . .

The people were determined that even if the priests asked them they would not vote for Captain Trench (p. 480, q. 16,605, 6).

The Rev. Francis Arthur . . . stated to me that some of his people were so indignant with him at a certain period for his supposed indifference, that they went to some of the neighbouring chapels rather than go to his chapel (p. 483, q. 16,658).

On the other hand, whenever the people feel that there is a thorough sympathy between the priests and themselves on political *ends*, they have every possible reason for trusting their leadership as to choice of *means*. Their trust does not at all arise (as Protestants are so fond of supposing) from some exaggerated and superstitious notion of sacerdotal power, but from considerations of the simplest common sense. F. Burke for one admirably expresses these considerations:—

The priests of the Catholic Church . . . are men of learning; men as a body of singleness of purpose; men who have no end in view but the spiritual gain of the masses in the first place, and their social and political amelioration in the second; men who yearn to see the people educated, and to behold them . . . happy in the shade of their own homes, and enjoying the produce of their own farms; men who are identified with the people in social, national, and religious hopes (p. 200, q. 7,086).

In like manner the Archbishop of Tuam:—

Our influence, whatever it is, is derived from our spiritual position, and the confidence the people have in us. We are their instructors; they take our advice;* for they have found our advice to be very disinterested, and

* Misprinted: "We take their advice."

not for our own selfish purposes to get a position here or there, or to get situations for our friends ; and if we have influence in that way, and if we enjoy the confidence of the people, at least I speak for myself, it is, I think, from that source that we derive our influence. In my long political (as you call it) anxiety, you will be very much surprised that never so much as the situation of a man enjoying £200 a year did I ever solicit, from the Government, or from members of Parliament, or from candidate* (p. 478, q. 16,560).

Our readers will now have sufficiently apprehended the analogy which we intended to express, between the anti-corn-law and the tenant-right agitations respectively. As to the talk about "priestly dictation" in this Galway election,—Judge Keogh might as truly have said, that *Mr. Cobden and his friends* exercised a dictatorial power; that the great body of *free-traders* were "the mindless, brainless, coward instruments in the hands of" Cobdenian "despotism."

We have been speaking of "purely political" questions,—such as those concerning tenant-right,—on which, nevertheless, there is practical unanimity among the Irish priesthood. But there are others—such as home-rule—on which such unanimity by no means exists. Even in these however, the synodical decrees permit to priests liberty of political action, under due restraint. Priests must not, however, discuss such things contentiously with each other at public meetings or in the public journals; they must fully recognize each one's liberty of thought in these doubtful matters; and they must fully submit themselves each to his bishop. And we find from the Evidence, as is indeed otherwise well known, that a very reasonable practice prevails.

* This remark refers to one great plague-spot in Irish politics, the deplorable degree in which public men pursue mere self-interest and self-advancement. Mr. Martin, M.P., has written a letter on this subject, which we have not happened to see, but which is noticed in the "Pall Mall Gazette," of August 20th. These are Mr. Martin's words :—"It is now the established principle of the British government," wrote Grattan to Burke, as long ago as 1795, 'that Ireland and Irish jobs are sacred.' The eighty years which have since passed, have only served to invest them with additional sanctity." "The system," adds the "Pall Mall Gazette," "is neither more nor less than that of bribing the Irish nation ; of making it worth the while of Ireland to put up with a connection, which by assumption she dislikes." In replying to Mr. Martin, the "Pall Mall" writer falls into a singular "ignoratio elenchi." It is "unquestionable," he says, "that there really is a body of sound opinion among the educated classes of Ireland, favourable to the continuance of the present terms of union between the two countries." Whether or no this proposition be *true*, most certainly it is not *unquestionable* ; for it is the very proposition which Mr. Martin denies. He argues, that impartial public opinion in Ireland must be very predominantly adverse to the existing terms of union ; because Englishmen, in their desire to *preserve* those terms, find it necessary so largely to *bribe* public opinion.

Where in some given place a large preponderance of the priests are on one particular side,—those who think *otherwise* are expected to abstain from *agitating* in the opposite direction ; in order to avoid the disedification which would ensue, from a mutual conflict of priests.

These—as we understand the matter—are the general rules which should govern the political action of Irish priests ; regard being had, whether to Catholic doctrine and discipline in general, or to special Irish ecclesiastical enactments in particular. It would almost fill a volume, to recount one by one the case of each particular priest whom Judge Keogh has assailed, and to consider how far his actions are defensible. And at all events (as we have already said) this could not be done with propriety at the present moment, when the Government prosecutions are impending. But in truth no advantage would be gained by doing it at all ; because those who may have accepted our general statements of principle, will find no difficulty whatever in appreciating individual facts. On this head then we shall content ourselves with replying to one particular objection, which has been urged against the Galway priesthood. And even this we are led to mention, not from any strength we can see in the objection itself, but because it was urged in a journal which every Catholic, and especially every Irish Catholic, must ever regard with deep respect and gratitude : we refer to “The Spectator.” That journal argued, that the question at issue in the Galway election was purely political ; and that the priests therefore went beyond the bounds of their legitimate influence, in pressing their flocks to vote for Nolan.

Now we admit at once the justice of one criticism, which was made by the “Spectator” on our article of July. When we wrote that article, we had not (as we expressly mentioned) had an opportunity of reading the collected Evidence, and we relied exclusively for our facts on the “Judgment.” We were accordingly led astray by one or two expressions of the Judge, and fancied that the particular issue of denominational education occupied a far more prominent part in the election than it really did.

Nevertheless we are as far as ever from assenting to the “Spectator’s” censure of the Galway priests ; and the arguments we have already adduced, will sufficiently show the grounds of our divergence. We reply then firstly, that even had the point at issue been exclusively connected with tenant-right, the priesthood (for the reasons we have given in the preceding pages) would have been thoroughly justified in taking the part they did ; or rather would have failed in their duty had they acted *otherwise*. Secondly however, at all events

from the date of the landlord meeting at Loughrea, an incomparably more important issue was raised most urgently: for the very upshot of that meeting was combined resistance to all priestly political action, to all priestly intervention between landlord and tenant. From that moment then at all events, opposition to Trench was no "purely political" but a "sacred" duty. But thirdly, from the very first it was manifest to those of keener observation, that in truth the real point at issue was undue landlord influence. It is simply preposterous to suppose, that Captain Trench's own supporters can have really believed a son of Lord Clancarty to be an acceptable candidate as regarded the great body of electors; and they must necessarily have rested their whole hope of success on that most demoralizing of Irish habits, landlord pressure. Captain Nolan is asked (p. 736, q. 25,213): before the Loughrea meeting, "did you think the landlords were going against you?" And he replies, "Yes, I was quite sure of it at the assizes . . . that the active stirring men of the county, who are a good deal about and talk and settle things amongst themselves, were against me." The Bishop of Clonfert on the other hand colours much more vividly the change which came over things after the Loughrea meeting.

When the general assembly at Loughrea endorsed the language attributed to Sir T. Burke, no doubt the matter *assumed a new aspect altogether*: because then it was considered—as I did and do still consider it—a most religious question then; namely a question whether the priests shall have anything to say to their people or not. The question then was not priests or landlords, but priests or no priests. I consider it an eminently religious question (p. 481, q. 16,615).

However there is really no necessity whatever, in order to our purpose, for considering the particular circumstances of this last Galway election. The important point is not whether this or that particular priest or body of priests may have made a mistake on one particular occasion; but only what is that general action of the Irish Church in the political field, which is considered by her supreme authorities to be in conformity with the doctrines, discipline, and spirit of the Church Catholic. In the preceding pages we have set forth this, however imperfectly, to the best of our knowledge and power; and we fearlessly challenge the inquiry, whether, in regard to this general action, there is the smallest *excuse* for such a charge, as that priestly influence is made the means for advancing ambitious or otherwise worldly ends. On the contrary, its direct tendency is elevation of the people in the religious, moral, and social scale; while it is the direct tendency of landlord pressure, that those on whom

it is exercised decline in self-respect, in public spirit, and in religious principle.*

We are next to consider—which will occupy however far shorter space—the legal and constitutional bearings of this matter. Is there any pretext for saying, that such sacerdotal interference in elections as we have been defending, comes under the legal category of undue influence and intimidation? Of course if a priest should threaten an elector with any temporal infliction (popular persecution or the like) as likely to follow from his vote—*this* would be condemned by the law; but then it would also be condemned by the Church. Again, so far as anything which a priest may say, by exciting tumult and disturbance, places physical obstacles in the way of electors securely exercising their franchise, such language (if agency were proved) would void an election; but it would *also* expose the said priest to *ecclesiastical* disapproval. Then further, much might be said by a lawyer for the opinion, that any infliction or menace of *ecclesiastical censures* on those who vote in one particular way, would rank legally under the head of undue influence: and this is one reason indeed, out of several which might be given, why one can hardly imagine it expedient under any circumstances, that the supreme ecclesiastical authority should *direct* such menace or infliction. On the other hand, we must be allowed to say that never was there a shallower dictum, than that quoted with approval by Judge Keogh from Judge Fitzgerald (Judgment, p. 6).

In the proper exercise of influence upon the electors, the priest may counsel, advise, recommend, entreat, and point out the true line of moral duty, and explain why one candidate should be preferred to another, and throw the whole weight of his character into the scale. But he may not appeal to the fears or terrors, or superstition of those he addresses. He must not hold out hopes of reward here or hereafter, and he must not use threats of temporal injury, or of disadvantage, or of punishment hereafter. He must not, for instance, threaten to excommunicate or withhold the sacraments, or to expose the party to any other religious disability, or denounce the voting for any particular candidate as a sin, or an offence involving punishment here or hereafter. If he does so with a view to influence a voter or to affect an election, the law considers him guilty of undue influence.

Now, we have nothing to say against this, as regards “threats of temporal injury”; nor shall we here dispute it, as regards

* According to Mr. Mitchell Henry, Judge Keogh, when himself a candidate, described the Irish landlords as “the most heartless, the most thriftless, the most indefensible landocracy on the face of the earth.” He then spoke as violently and unreasonably in one direction, as he now speaks in the other.

"threatening to excommunicate or to withhold the sacraments." But how as to threats of punishment *in another world*? No Catholic voter can believe that he will be punished in another world, except for conduct which he believes to be a violation of duty in *this* world; and vice versa. It is unspeakably absurd therefore to draw a distinction, between the priest's representing an act as morally wrong, and his representing it as obnoxious to future punishment. Our excellent contemporary "the Tablet" quotes (Aug. 3) two contemporary writers, in criticism of Judge Fitzgerald's curious dictum:—

A correspondent of the "Pall-Mall Gazette," signing himself "Leguleius" . . . puts the distinction laid down by Judge Fitzgerald thus. "A priest says to an elector 'it is your moral duty to vote for my candidate.' The priest, says Judge Fitzgerald, is within the proper exercise of his influence. 'But,' answers the elector, 'if I disregard my moral duty, what then?' 'Then,' says the priest, 'you will suffer for it hereafter.' If the priest says this, the law, according to the same Judge, considers him guilty of undue influence." "Can anything," asks the writer, "be more childish than such a distinction?" Supposing that both parties in the conversation are believers, the statement about a man's moral duty *implies* that he will suffer for the breach of it. . . . Even the "Standard" admits that we "certainly cannot punish a man for saying 'if you vote for A you will be doing the Church so cruel a wrong, that God will certainly damn you;' any more than for saying, 'if you vote for B, you will help to upset the rights of property, and your land will be taken from you by socialist legislation.'" But the "Standard" goes on to say, "we can punish him for saying to the voter 'if you vote for A, I will send you to hell,'"

which last, as the "Standard" supposes, priests really intend, and are understood, to say. Nothing but the truly disgraceful ignorance of Catholic doctrine which prevails among English Protestants, could make us suppose it possible, that this suggestion of the "Standard's" is other than a deliberate and wilful falsehood. But none the less, we avail ourselves of its distinct testimony, as to the absolute legality of what priests *really* do.

Let us look at facts as they are. Take, in the first place, those questions which we have called "sacred." An elector e.g. is induced by his priest to vote for that candidate, who alone will heartily support denominational education. Why there is no conviction more sincerely and profoundly entertained by any human being, than this elector's conviction, that what the priests of his Church teach him on the subject of denominational education is certainly true.* Or consider such

* For our own part we should of course add, "no conviction more *reasonably* entertained": but in the text we are addressing non-Catholics.

"purely political" questions as those which concern tenant-right. To resume our former illustration—it would be as absurd to say that Irish priests (while acting in the manner we have above upholden) are exercising *undue influence* in the matter, as it would have been twenty years ago to say that Mr. Cobden and his friends exercised undue influence against the corn laws. In real truth, there is no one class throughout the United Kingdom who labour with such heartiness and simplicity of intention as do Irish priests, in order that electors may vote conformably to their genuine and honest convictions. At the same time, it is a consoling thought, that this whole matter of voting has been so simplified by the Act of last Session. To our mind, the Ballot Bill was not only expedient, but rather imperatively called for. It has always seemed to us extreme tyranny, that a number of men should (wisely or unwisely) be intrusted with the franchise, and yet receive no security in its free and independent exercise.

As regards, indeed, the last Galway election,—there have not been wanting able writers in England, even among those most bitterly opposed to what they call sacerdotalism, who heartily admit the very certain and obvious truth, that, without using any influence which the law accounts undue, Captain Nolan would have triumphantly carried the day. Accordingly, a well-known anti-christian (but Theistic) writer, Mr. Greg—in a letter addressed, with his initials, to the "Pall-Mall Gazette" of July 17th—suggests, almost in so many words, the disfranchisement of all Catholic voters throughout the Empire, or at all events throughout Ireland. Our statement will appear incredible; and we print therefore in full the concluding portion of his letter, italicising one sentence.

[The law] cannot righteously control or punish [the priest], nor (what is more to the present purpose) can any fair reasoner righteously blame him, for doing what in his eyes and according to his creed is simply his duty. He has a perfect right to say to a member of his congregation, "You will be damned if you vote for the enemy of the Church," provided he really thinks so and can find electors ignorant enough to believe him. You can scarcely inflict penalties upon him, for saying what he thinks, and for being surrounded by men who believe what he says.

Yet neither, it would seem, can the State acquiesce in the results of this its incapacity, nor sit down tamely under this conclusion. To do so—the Irish peasant and the Irish priests being alike blind believers in the power of the clergy to bind and loose in the future world, i. e. to save and to damn *—would practically give to the Pope, and his vicegerent Cardinal Cullen, the

* It cannot be necessary for us to point out in detail the gross misconception of Catholic doctrine here implied.—Ed. D. R.

unchecked power of returning seventy devoted and fettered members to the English House of Commons ; a sufficient number, that is, to decide nearly every division, and therefore the entire direction of our policy. What does this mean in its extreme and naked, but still quite possible, practical completeness ? Merely that we should admit into the heart of our legislative and administrative system an ever-present casting vote, always, and by the very conditions of its existence, given at the dictate not only of an alien but of a necessarily hostile potentate, determined by no considerations of the interests of Great Britain, but solely by a consideration for the interests of Rome. If those seventy members were returned by agents of the Emperor of Germany or the Sovereign of France, we should realize the position. Why do we shrink from realizing it now ?

Wherein, then, does the spiritual or mental influence exercised by the Irish priest differ radically from all the other forms of undue pressure we have sketched, and why is it so much more obnoxious ? Simply, it would seem, first, in that it is so much more powerful and irresistible, the Irish Catholic being such an out-and-out believer ; and secondly, that it alone is wielded, not by one or other of the many forms of British opinion, but by a foreign power, whose only care about Britain is to embarrass and coerce her.

There is obviously only one logical way out of the difficulty, and this no one dares to look in the face. We shall see what the courts of law do with the hierarchy under Judge Keogh's judgment. But this will scarcely decide the matter. The priesthood have done their work brutally and clumsily this time. They will be more wary and skilful on the next occasion. As long as Catholics have votes, and are sincere believers in their Church, and ignorant and mentally dependent, and more religious than secularly patriotic, so long will the priesthood, in the exercise of their legitimate functions and their fancied duty, determine Irish elections.

This view, extreme though it be, is at last but a partial application of Professor Huxley's doctrine, that "it is not liberal to *tolerate* anything which," like the Catholic doctrinal system, "stands against the interests of mankind."* We will not here however deal with what the Professor holds in the abstract, but with what Mr. Greg advocates in the concrete.

And this certainly illustrates what we must call the preternatural infatuation, which not unfrequently seizes the ablest unbeliever, when he contemplates that divine edifice the Christian Church. Let it be observed, that what Mr. Greg gravely proposes, is not the going back to that state of things which immediately preceded the Act of 1829, but to the condition of a much earlier period. He would not merely expel Irish Catholic members, but would disfranchise all Irish Catholic electors. If he had his way, Englishmen should govern the

* Passages will be found of this bearing quoted from Professor Huxley, in our number for last April, pp. 437-8 ; and in our last number, p. 17.

most Catholic nation in Europe * by placing all local power in the hands of that small minority, who detest and despise the national religion. What would he himself say, if a similar plan had been gravely proposed by an Austrian, some twenty years ago, for the government of Italy? or if it were now gravely proposed by some Russian, for the government of Poland? Were it really true (in *fact* there cannot be a greater *mistake*) that Irish Catholicity is essentially inimical to English interests, it would obviously follow, that England cannot, without monstrous injustice, retain Catholic Ireland in subjection.

Before entering on more generous and worthy reasons for the repudiation of Mr. Greg's amazing proposal, let us look at its necessary consequences; though in this it is difficult to avoid a certain appearance of unreality, because the proposal itself is so extravagantly unpractical. We should have had difficulty indeed in thinking that he had fully weighed his words before publication: but then he is a singularly grave and unimpassioned writer; and there are several others, who do not indeed speak quite so openly, but who are in the habit nevertheless of using language concerning Irish Catholics, which (so far as we see), has no consistent and comprehensible meaning short of Mr. Greg's. It will really therefore be serviceable to contemplate in the concrete this proposed legislation, however unreal the whole discussion may appear. And that we may bring home to English apprehension what Mr. Greg's plan really involves, let us make a very intelligible (however violently improbable) supposition. France becomes an intensely Catholic country, is governed by a zealous Catholic Bourbon, and is by far the most powerful nation in the civilized world. She subjects England to her dominion, and places all local power in the hand of English Catholics: England in fact being governed, supremely by a French legislature sitting at Paris or Versailles, and subordinately by a Parliament of English Catholics guarded by French bayonets in London. This is a state of things certainly not more than parallel to the Irish government proposed by Mr. Greg. If our readers will imagine the ineffable bitterness and indignation which would possess the English mind on such an hypothesis,—let them only further suppose the Irish mind similarly inflamed, and estimate the inevitable result.

The first hint of such a measure would so set Irishmen on fire, that its actual passing would be the signal of spontaneous and universal insurrection. The English are prepared for this, and have military forces at hand which thoroughly crush it. It

* Mr. Greg admits that, under perfectly free voting, 70 out of the 100 Irish members would be zealous Catholics, devoted to the Holy See.

is succeeded as a matter of course by assassinations extending over the whole length and breadth of the country. In the parallel case, we are convinced that Englishmen would account the assassination of Frenchmen a positive merit, as a legitimate act of war. The Irish, being Catholics, would be steadily taught, that even under their existing circumstances assassination is a mortal sin. But then there never has been and never will be a religious communion, which does not contain very many members, who are by no means habitual observers of God's Law; and a large proportion of these would be engaged in assassination. But now further, it will be wholly impossible for the English to detect the assassins. Even those very numerous Catholic Irishmen, who would rather die than commit mortal sin, are most certainly not bound, under pain of mortal sin or of any sin, to co-operate *actively* with the law of an alien enemy; whether or no it be thought that they are bound to abstain from positive *resistance*. Will the English in desperation call the priests to their assistance? Why in the first place, if there is one thing more earnestly denounced than another by such writers as Mr. Greg, it is governing Ireland by help of the priests; but in the second place, the priests would not be willing to come to the rescue; while in the third place (if they *were* willing) they could do nothing. The English then must either acquiesce in the numerous and repeated assassinations, or govern the country by military law, shooting men on mere suspicion. If English opinion before very long interferes and compels the Legislature to retract its steps,—then all the evils *now* existing (for which a remedy has been sought in the disfranchisement of Catholics) would return, not merely in full force but with greatly increased intensity. On the other hand, if Englishmen chose the continuance of this pandemonium and the constant increase of its horrors, the indignation of other countries would in due time be aroused, and in one way or another Ireland would be rescued from her oppressor's grasp. But the loss of Ireland (as Englishmen are fond of insisting to defend themselves for denying autonomy to the Irish) would be a death-blow to the British Empire.

It will be objected perhaps to this picture, that Catholic disfranchisement did exist in Ireland for a whole century, and was only brought to an end at the good pleasure of the English. But the reply is obvious, or rather the objection strengthens our argument. This disfranchisement was able to continue, because Catholic Ireland was kept firmly down by the appalling penal code; and it would be as impossible in the present day that England should re-enact the penal code, as that a Catholic king should inflict capital punishment for heresy.

No. The disfranchisement of all Irish Catholic voters is a measure, which cannot be so much as thought of by any sober person, who will take pains to estimate its consequences. And since, as Mr. Greg very truly observes, an Irish Catholic elector (if he votes sincerely and honestly) will always be to a very large extent under the influence of his priests, some different way must be excogitated, for dealing with this troublesome part of the community.

It has often been said, that the true solution of the Irish difficulty would be to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas. The more common answer to this is, that such an expression has no definite meaning. It is our own conviction however, not only that the phrase has a very definite meaning, but that that meaning is a sound and important one; and in our number for last April (pp. 439-40) we were led to say a few words on the subject. On the present occasion however we shall content ourselves, with a far more rudimental and indubitable statement. We say this then. Englishmen, who undertake to govern a nation widely different from their own in religion, in race, in national character,—incur a grave guilt before God and man, if they do not take special pains rightly to understand the circumstances and needs of that nation.

Considered from this point of view, the debate on Mr. Butt's proposed censure of Judge Keogh ranks fairly among the most disgraceful scenes which ever degraded the British Legislature. Here was a judgment, which, alike from its matter and its manner, had convulsed Catholic Ireland to the very centre. The English rulers of the conquered race assembled, in counsel with a small array of Irish members, to discuss it. Of what character was the discussion? Why the conservative and the liberal opponents of Mr. Butt's motion vied with each other, in their ignorance of the most obvious and easily-known Irish phenomena. The opinion sincerely* held and assumed by them throughout was, that the Catholic electors of Galway, in their genuine unbiassed judgment, preferred the son of Lord Clancarty† to the author of the Portacarron award; and that they were only prevented, by the organization of a ruthless and

* "Sincerely." We cannot say "honestly." See the introductory remarks of our article.

† We are far from intending any implication personally disrespectful to the late Lord Clancarty, of whom we know absolutely nothing. But it was universally believed, that he was in act a thorough-going anti-Catholic; that he refused ground e.g. for a Catholic chapel, and opposed the admission of nuns into a workhouse. It was also universally believed, that in so acting he did but conform to the hereditary habits of his family. Is it *probable* that his son was an acceptable candidate to Catholics who thus believed?

overbearing sacerdotal conspiracy, from sending to Parliament the landlords' nominee, the son of their hereditary foe. We do not mean, that those who opposed Mr. Butt *formalized* this opinion and looked it in the face; because then it would have been seen as too extravagantly absurd to be credited. But we do say, that their argument alike and their invective were utterly unmeaning, unless this opinion were assumed as true. Who can be surprised that the Irish are disaffected, when we see that such a notion as this is sanctioned by an enormous majority of those, to whose tender mercies the political welfare of Ireland is intrusted? * If all other records of English misgovernment were swept away, the mere report of that debate would go far to justify the odiousness among Irishmen of English rule; because of the contemptuous indifference towards Ireland, which is manifested by such scandalous ignorance.

We say that contemptuous indifference towards Ireland was the necessary *condition*, the "*sine quâ non*," for such ignorance as was displayed in the debate. But let us next inquire how such ignorance was positively *caused*; for this also is a consideration of much importance. The positive cause was this: that the ordinary Protestant Englishman lashes himself into blind fury at the very sound of the word "priest," like a bull at the sight of a red rag. And we say that a very long step indeed would be taken towards solving the Irish difficulty, if English Protestants of influence would but study the Irish national religion, instead of persistently shutting their eyes to its true character under the influence of unreasoning and violent prejudice. We would express our full meaning as follows:

The division into "conservatives" and "liberals" is a most unsatisfactory classification of British politicians. By the term "liberals" are meant (we suppose) those, who on the whole support Mr. Gladstone's government; and these certainly differ from each other very far more profoundly, than many of them differ from Mr. Gladstone's opponents. The truly significant division of public men—that which really fixes attention on the most vital difference between them—would be into

* This dense English ignorance of the most notorious Irish facts is by no means confined to legislators. "It is seldom," says Prof. Beesly (Fortnightly Review for July) "that any utterance of a public man is received with such unanimous and hearty approval, as has greeted the Judgment of Mr. Justice Keogh in England. Liberals and conservatives are for once of one mind. The language in which it was couched, though such as would have been generally pronounced coarse and outrageous if it had been uttered in Trafalgar Square or on Clerkenwell Green, has been decidedly enjoyed." The "theory" of its admirers, adds the Professor, "does indeed in one sense offer matter for serious reflection; for it throws some additional light on the capacity of the English people for governing Ireland."

supporters and opponents of that movement, which Catholic writers call the Revolution. The purpose of that movement, we need hardly say, is to remove political institutions entirely from off that religious basis, on which they still partially rest. In Great Britain the Revolution has as yet made far less way than on the continent of Europe, while in Ireland it is (one may say) utterly unknown. And though for our own part we cannot be sanguine on the remote future of the United Kingdom under its present democratic constitution,—at all events, if opponents of the Revolution would heartily combine with each other, that movement might be kept at bay for an indefinite period. Here it is that we have to lament that deplorable English ignorance and misapprehension of Irish Catholicity, on which we have been descanting. No more effective opponents of the Revolution can be found, than the Catholic priesthood; and yet piously-intentioned Protestants,—who dread above all *other* things the separation of politics from religion,—dread, even above *that*, any exercise of sacerdotal influence. The very same men, who in the last Session assailed Mr. Gladstone for not giving Scotch Presbyterianism more exclusive privileges, would have voted (it was understood) to a man for Mr. Fawcett's motion in favour of Irish anti-denominationalism. And why was this? Because they practically regard "Popery" as worse than no religion at all. Indeed Professor Huxley (who is generally in practical matters a clear-sighted longheaded man) sets at an incredibly high point the anti-Catholic prejudices of good English Protestants. He does not conceal the character of his own (ir)religious creed; for we were able in our last number (p. 12) to give from his writings a full account of it. Here are eight of its fundamental articles:

I. Physical science is the only fountain at which spiritual thirst can be quenched.

II. Sadness is of the essence of religion.

III. The First Cause is inexorable and pitiless.

IV. He looks with favour on the learned Dives, not on the poor and ignorant Lazarus.

V. Physical welfare and happiness are the summum bonum.

VI. Security, wealth, culture, and sympathy are the only rational objects of pursuit.

VII. All aspirations or efforts after divine things—the love of God or beatitude in a future life—are simple waste of time if not worse, and fit only for lunatics.

VIII. Knowledge of all such subjects is impossible to us.

Yet holding even such views as these, the Professor hopes to prevail on the English public to follow him in an anti-Catholic

crusade. So far as he personally is concerned, he is perfectly right in thinking that his purposes would be best promoted, were it possible (which however it is *not*) to put down Catholicity with a strong hand. With *him* no compromise is possible; and we must carry on an internecine war against him to the bitter end. But as to those who believe in a Personal God, and who desire to retain political affairs in subjection to that God, we trust they will see through the Professor's transparent artifice. The ends which they desire are the very *opposite* to his; and they have his express testimony before them, that the best means of extirpating national religion is the oppression of Catholicity. Let them only bring themselves to look carefully at the phenomena of Irish Catholicity, and they will find abundant grounds for his opinion.

Nothing is more obvious on the surface, than the hearty zeal with which Irish priests support the intimate connection of politics with religion. How keen they are e.g. in favour of denominational education! Then how zealously they laboured to put down the Fenian spirit, though every national and political prejudice would have induced them to regard it with favour! Again, in the very excitement of the Galway election, amidst all the provocation caused by landlords, they went out of their way to protest against "revolution and communism."* In truth (as we have already said) there is no country in the civilised world so unanimously hostile as Ireland to that detestable movement, which would divorce politics from religion; and yet pious English Protestants, who themselves abhor the same movement, regard the national priesthood of that country with blind and reckless aversion. If ever there were a machination of Satan, it is here to be found.

They will reply perhaps, that their conscience revolts against the characteristic dogmata of "Popery"; its idolatry, formalism, and the like. Of course we do not expect that they will in general become Catholics; though we heartily wish so great a blessing were in store for them. But we say (1) that if they

* This was in the "Sellars circular," so constantly cited both in the trial and the Butt debate. We have already printed the first part of the circular; it continues thus: "His Lordship" the Bishop of Clonfert, acting in concert with a meeting of his clergy, "expects that in this crisis, where the intention is explicitly avowed to crush 'priestly dictation'—the parrot cry of the advocates of revolution and communism—no clergyman will be found apathetic or indifferent." (Evidence, p. 139.) Captain Trench's counsel seemed quite perplexed at this sentence, and understood the Bishop as accusing the landlords of revolution and communism. Yet his meaning is surely clear enough. There is no class, the Bishop would say, who declaim more loudly than the landlords against revolution and communism; and yet they have taken up "the parrot cry of the advocates of" those evil principles.

would bring themselves steadily to contemplate facts instead of so resolutely shutting their eyes thereto, they would at all events see how extremely far is the Irish national religion from being that mass of superstition and formalism which they suppose; and how plentifully interior and Christian virtues flourish under its influence. And we ask them (2) whether at all events—when they look at Professor Huxley's desolating creed as we have exhibited it—there is not a large amount of positive religious ground, on which they can most healthily co-operate with Catholics, in a resistance to that creed and to its social results.

But it is rejoined, that Catholicity and the priesthood claim so much more than their due share of political influence. Such a supposition however has been disproved again and again. There cannot be a more fairly representative instance on this head, than that of education. Now we explained in April (pp. 427-437)—following the steps of other Catholic writers—what it is which the priests really claim in the matter of education. They claim no more for Catholicity in Ireland, than the whole conservative body is eager to secure for Protestantism in Great Britain. They claim no more, than that there may not be exceptional legislation in favour of one particular sect—the anti-denominationalists—which is comparatively small even in England, and which in Ireland can hardly be said to exist. Why is it that conservatives are so blind to the true interests of their cause, as to throw their whole weight into the secularist scale, whenever it is Catholicity which stands on the counter-poising side?

And so as to the misty talk against "governing Ireland by help of the priests," or "placing education in the priests' hands." Of course it is plain enough, what *Professor Huxley* means by such language. In like manner he would wish that Great Britain shall not be governed by help of Christianity or the Bible, and that education shall not proceed on a Christian basis. But this is not what pious Protestants mean, when they cry out against Irish priests; and as it may be assumed that they mean *something*, it is worth our while to see what that something is. If they merely intended to say that Catholicity and its teachers should not be allowed privileges which are denied to other religionists—in the present state of the United Kingdom no protest could be more reasonable: but then no one has ever dreamed of *proposing* that Catholicity should possess privileges of this kind. What such language really does mean—where it means anything definite and consistent—is, that the Imperial Parliament should organize an energetic anti-priestly movement; that legislation should be devised for the direct purpose, of lessening Irishmen's belief in their religion and

docility to their priests. And as soon as this meaning is distinctly recognized, we hope that a large number of excellent Protestants will have sufficient common sense to abstain from joining in the cry.

However the Catholic Church is obliged by her principles to labour indefatigably for the consecration of politics, whether she be or be not duly supported by those Protestants, who in their measure desire the same object. It is with very great pleasure therefore that we have observed the zealous beginnings of an effort, which we trust will speedily and widely spread, for organizing and combining the Catholic vote in England. We are not sufficiently acquainted with statistical facts to speak with confidence; but it is abundantly possible that Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill—however little he dreamed of such a result—may have a very important effect, in strengthening the political position of Catholics in England. The great majority of them will indubitably consider those questions which we have called "sacred"—denominational education, priests in workhouses, priests in prisons, &c. &c.—as entirely paramount over all others. It will happen therefore again and again, that in this or that constituency, precisely by means of the Catholic vote, the pro-Catholic conservative will beat the anti-Catholic liberal, or the pro-Catholic liberal will beat the anti-Catholic conservative. And if this be so, in every such constituency both conservatives and liberals will take care to choose as their representative some candidate, who is prepared to grant Catholics their just claims. This common-sense policy of Catholics used often to be set forth very luminously and in detail, some twenty-five years ago, by that powerful and most disinterested champion of the Church, Frederick Lucas; and it would seem to be much more hopeful since the Reform Bill of 1867, than it was even at the earlier period.

Reverting to Ireland—we have not hesitated to express our conviction, that in the long-standing and profound mutual misapprehension which exists between Englishmen and Irishmen, the former are immeasurably more in fault than the latter. Yet it is worth while in conclusion to inquire, whether there be not something which Irishmen also may do towards promoting harmony. In this respect two particulars at the moment especially occur to us. Firstly, it is Irishmen alone who can place before Englishmen in its fulness a true picture of things Irish. The writer of this article is the merest Englishman, one who has never so much as set foot in Ireland during the whole course of his life; and he can of course do but most scanty and inadequate justice to the religion of that country. What we earnestly wish is, that some devoted Irish Catholic would depict with

photographic accuracy the lights and shadows of Irish Catholic life. We say "shadows" as well as "lights": because the Irish Church would be unlike any other religious body which has existed, if there were not defects, even serious defects, in its practical working; and the last thing we wish is that these should be concealed, if only the innumerable redeeming features of the picture be adequately exhibited. A vivid apprehension of Irish Catholic life in the concrete would do far more to remove English prejudices, than a thousand abstract arguments.

There is a second way, in which Irishmen may importantly lessen the misunderstanding which exists between the two countries. Let them show confidence and forbearance towards any English statesman, who labours under disheartening circumstances to do them justice. We confess we read with great pain certain invectives uttered against Mr. Gladstone, in reference to his sanctioning the prosecution of various priests under the Keogh Judgment. Our own belief is, that there has never before been an English Protestant statesman, who so appreciates and (politically) sympathizes with Irish Catholicity, as Mr. Gladstone. He has already done Ireland most signal service; and on that gravest of all questions—that concerning *education*—which is now imminent, we do not expect he will be found wanting. We need hardly say we have no means of even guessing at Mr. Gladstone's mind, except by observing his public acts and public speeches; and it is doubtless possible that the next session may show us to have been mistaken in our anticipations. But we affirm confidently, that there has been nothing done or said by him on the Galway case, which affords warrant for any diminution of confidence.

We fully admit indeed, that the position taken up by Government in the Butt debate had not on the surface a generous or a dignified appearance. Nevertheless we must commit ourselves to what may be thought a paradox. Even on the extreme supposition that Mr. Gladstone agrees substantially with the view we have exhibited in the preceding pages, we still think that he adopted the course most calculated to give his principles effect. Very many Irish Catholics seem not unnaturally to be under an impression that, as the conservative body in mass is inimical, so the liberal body in mass is favourable, to their cause. There cannot be a more utter mistake. Very many influential liberals have a detestation of Catholic priests, which may be less noisy and boisterous, but which is much more reasoned, profound, and bitter, than that entertained by the mass of conservatives; and we are confident that Mr. Gladstone's Irish difficulties lie much more with his so-called supporters, than with his professed oppo-

nents. He is to elaborate during the recess a bill on Irish education, which (if it be really of the satisfactory character we expect) will at first hearing be received by many influential liberals with nothing less than disgust, as a base truckling to priestcraft and ecclesiastical usurpation. He will be able easily to show, so far as argument is concerned, that nothing short of such a measure as his will accord with that principle of religious equality, which liberals profess to have at heart. But this proposition, however undeniable, is so utterly uncongenial to the anti-Catholic liberals,—who moreover, with all their ability, are curiously narrow-minded on many points—that it cannot be pressed home to them, except by a variety of speeches coming from a variety of speakers. Nothing of this kind could possibly have been done in the Butt debate; and if Mr. Gladstone had expressed his conclusions (supposing always his conclusions were really those we suggest) without any opportunity for reiterated inculcation of his arguments, he would have necessarily incurred the grossest misconception. He would have been set down as a slave of the priests;* a passionate outcry would have been raised by anticipation against his educational measures; and it would have been simply impossible to obtain for them a fair hearing. Before so densely prejudiced an audience as the House of Commons, to speak the simple truth on Irish Catholic affairs, is often equivalent to speaking falsehood; and extreme reticence is an obligation imposed by veracity itself. Now all that can be said against Mr. Gladstone is, that he was reticent. He neither expressed, nor implied by his acts, any opinion at all—for or against the priests, for or against the landlords—except only that in the case of certain named priests there was a sufficient *primâ facie* case to warrant full legal investigation. And as to several of these priests, Mr. Butt himself admitted that they had violated the law.

We have never concealed our own earnest wish and hope, that Catholics of the United Kingdom may more and more shake themselves free from all connection with the liberal party *as a whole*. But towards Mr. Gladstone personally, our feeling is very different. We believe that the one main hope of sound and satisfactory Irish legislation is identified with his continuance at the head of affairs.

* Lord Hartington's suggestion in the debate, to Mr. Butt and his supporters, is very significant. "He warned them *not to let their intentions be misunderstood*; as it was essential they should not cause it to be thought that there was any likelihood of Parliament upholding in Ireland a system of priestly intimidation."—"Times" Report.

ART. II.—THE MIDDLE AGES: THEIR POSITION IN CHURCH HISTORY.

An Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England. By the Rev. J. B. DALGAIRNS, Priest of the Oratory. Prefixed to the *Scale of Perfection*. By WALTER HILTON. London: J. Philp.

General History of the Catholic Church. By the Abbé J. E. DARRAS, Irish-American. From the last French edition, with Introduction and Notes. By the Most Rev. ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE. New York: O'Shee.

History of Latin Christianity. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of S. Paul's. London: John Murray.

Mediæval Philosophy. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. London: Macmillan & Co.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe. By HENRY HALLAM, LL.D. London: John Murray & Son.

Europe during the Middle Ages. By HENRY HALLAM, LL.D. London: John Murray.

Histoire du Monde. Par MM. HENRY & CHARLES DE RIANCEY. Paris: Victor Palmé.

Dante, et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle. Par A. F. OZANAM. Paris.

Ritter: Geschichte der Philosophie. Hamburg.

La Philosophie Scolastique. Par M. HAURÉAU. Mémoire couronné par l'Académie. Paris.

Lectures on Heroes. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Chapman & Hall.

Shall France Perish? A Sermon. By the BISHOP OF POICTIERS. Translated by a Secular Priest. London, Derby, and Dublin: Richardson & Son.

L'Art Chrétien. Par A. F. RIO. Paris: Hachette.

IF the Church is the Body of Christ, then, like Him, although from the first full of grace and truth, she must increase in wisdom and age and grace with God and men. The Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes in the crib at Bethlehem, though wordless, was the Eternal Word and Wisdom of the Father; in the scarred, disfigured, and lifeless form of the Man of Sorrows, as it lay in His Mother's arms beneath the Cross on Calvary, there dwelt all the fulness of the God-head, bodily; and yet between Bethlehem and Calvary there

had been a gradual outward growth of wisdom and of grace before the eyes of men, corresponding with the growth of years. The Boy of Nazareth was outwardly more full of wisdom and of grace for the world's salvation than the Child, whom Mary and Joseph carried into Egypt, and before Whose face the idols of an old world's civilization fell to the ground. The words of the Man Christ Jesus, Who spake as never man spake, as He went about preaching the Gospel to the poor, and discoursing on the mysteries of the kingdom of God, were deeper words, more pregnant of divine truth, so far at least as they touched upon the events of the world and the needs of men, than those which He had uttered among the village boys of Nazareth, or even perhaps in the midst of the doctors in the Temple, when as yet He was Himself a Boy. His very teaching *grew*, during the three years of his public ministry, not only assuming, as outward circumstances changed, and as the opposition of those who sat in Moses' seat developed itself more fully, a different form, but bringing before the minds of men a new matter for their instruction, now clothing itself only from time to time in parables, then beginning to break forth more emphatically into parables, and without parables coming not before them;* now laying stress upon His Father's name, then veiling it under similitudes; at first addressing itself even to His disciples in proverbs, at the last making use no more of proverbs, but showing them plainly of the Father, and of the coming of the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, Who was to lead them into all truth; and yet all the while growing in unity, and clearness, and strength, and depth, and majesty, until in the end, on the night on which He was betrayed, it poured itself forth in His magnificent prayer for the unity and perfection of His Body Mystical, that their roots might lie deep down in the unity, and love, and glory, in which the Father and the Son are one, and that the world might believe that God had sent Him.

So, too, has it been with the Church, which is Christ's Body. The Church in the upper chamber at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost knew the whole Faith, and the Church of the latter day, when our Lord will come again to take her to Himself, will know no more; and yet from the hour of her first baptism of fire to that of the avenging fires of the great day of the Lord, there has been, and still is, and will be, a gradual unfolding of wisdom and grace as she grows in age unto the measure of the fulness of Christ. The Faith was once delivered to the Saints, and the Church knew all truth from the be-

* See F. Coleridge's "Theology of the Parables," pp. 5, 6, 10.

ginning; and yet, century after century, and even year by year, the Holy Ghost inspires the Church to take of the things of Jesus, and to show them unto men, in order that, according to Christ's promise, He may bring back to their remembrance whatsoever Christ has said, and enable them to share in that fulness of truth, which has been the Church's divine possession from the first. Thus also this outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace, and in the manifestation of the things of Jesus hidden in her heart, corresponds with the outward growth of our Lord's teaching upon earth. As the circumstances of the world change, and as the opposition of the wisdom of the world develops itself, so it changes and develops. At one time it manifests itself in dogmatic definitions of the faith, at another in condemnations of false doctrine; at one time, in obedience to the Divine economy, it veils some prominent doctrine from too public observation, and then the Church, like her Master, speaks as it were in parables; at another it sets fearlessly before the gaze of men the very doctrine which formerly it had sought to veil, and then the Church speaks no more either in parables or in proverbs, but shows us plainly of the deep things of God. Heresies and false systems of philosophy cross her path, or lie in wait for her, and the Church arms herself with new weapons of thought. Her Bishops assemble in council, under the headship and guidance of him who holds Christ's place on earth, and as it seems good to the Holy Ghost and to them to decide, so gradually the faith stands out in sharper and clearer outline, which, when looked at closely, is found to be the outline of Christ Himself, God and Man, Who is ever growing in the Church's doctrine, as He grew in His human life unto the stature of the perfect Man. Doctors rise up to defend the Church, who draw from her armoury the keen steel of argument, although each of them fashions it according to the temper of his own mind. Athanasius, Basil, Gregory the Theologian, Chrysostom, in the East; Jerome, Augustine, Leo, Gregory the Great, in the West—all do battle for her cause, but each at the same time in his own way helps forward her doctrine's outward growth. Schism adds itself on to heresy, and strives to rend the Body of Christ in twain, or, as at a later period, to tear it limb from limb; but the headship of Christ only stands out more clearly than before, while the members of His Body are knit together into closer and stronger unity. The young vigorous intellect of Christendom has to be trained and disciplined, as it begins to be conscious of the promise of its glorious strength; and in the midst of the Church there rises up the Angelical, who seizes in one

grasp all the wisdom that had gone before him—the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, the traditions and learning of the Fathers, the inspired teaching of Holy Scripture,—and moulds them into a science worthy of Him from Whom all science flows; whilst, to borrow an expression from a recent writer, he forces the old Stagyrte to become literally a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the Faith of Christ.* How marvellous in its vigour is this outward growth of the Church of the thirteenth century, and yet how changed in its outward aspect from the Church of the Fathers! At a later period, when the old pagan learning lifts itself up again in the very heart of Christendom, with a lie upon its lips, proclaiming that by its means men can be born anew to light and knowledge, and offering for their acceptance the deification of nature, and the idolatrous worship of form and sensual beauty, the Church, who recognizes no second birth for those who have been born again in Christ, and who is ever striving to develop the Christian intellect within its own proper mould of the image of Christ, seeks to draw off the waters of pagan influence into channels which she herself has cut for them, in order that, reduced within just limits, they may fertilize and not destroy the culture of her own hand. Nor let it be objected by any Catholic that since then these waters have often broken their barriers, even within the Church, while outside her boundaries they have ever carried with them desolation and destruction; for although this, alas! is the case, as indeed we shall shortly see, yet, looking back upon the past, no Catholic can fail to observe that, if the Church in her consummate wisdom had not known how to utilize whatever was good in the Renaissance, one of the most critical turning-points of her history would have been for the world and for her own children still more full of loss and of danger. Much, no doubt, has been lost in consequence, and the perfect development of Christian civilization has been interrupted, but the loss has been for the world, not for the Church, whose outward growth in wisdom and grace has never for an instant ceased.

So again, when, by a further corruption of error, reason rebels against the authority of God and of the Church, and sciences and arts are divorced from religion, in the great apostasy of the sixteenth century, the Church withdraws, as it were, into herself, and busies herself with the cultivation of greater interior wisdom and spiritual grace in the hearts of her own children, without however forgetting to influence,

* "Life of S. Thomas Aquinas," by the Rev. F. Roger Vaughan vol. i. "S. Thomas and Aristotle."

whenever she can, the civilization with which she alone had invigorated and enriched the world. Great political convulsions and social changes, such as the fall of the Pagan empire of Rome; the irruption of the Barbarians; the rise of the false prophet, Mahomet, and the conquests of his followers; the inauguration of the Holy Roman Empire; the fatal consequences of the Pseudo-Reformation, such as the divorce of the temporal from the spiritual, and the rejection of the authority of the Vicar of Christ in matters of supreme moment for Christendom: or, again, the Anti-Christian Democratic Revolution at the close of the last century, and in our own days, and the Abomination of Desolation which is yet to be, all these pass over the Church, and from them all she emerges, or will emerge, in some new character: at one time as conqueror and queen; at another, as the former and teacher of nations, and the moulder of civilization; at another, as the sole bulwark of civilization and of humanity; at another, as supreme ruler of the kingdoms of this world, seeking to transform them into the kingdoms of God and of His Christ; at another, as the one witness left in the world to Christ's kingship over the earth. Nay, although we have not yet seen the end of her present struggle, and although it may never come to pass, that she, who in the full, golden dawn of her victory, set the cross on the Cæsars' crown, and in the mid-day sunshine of her triumph held her own jewelled sceptre over the heads of kings, may also, amid the purple and crimson and golden clouds of her sunset, yet bow down beneath her feet the uncrowned heads of the peoples of the earth, and form them into one holy Roman people, who shall own no master but Christ; no king but Christ's Vicar; still, we know what the end of all will be, for the abomination of desolation itself will only serve to "prepare her as a bride, adorned for her husband," and the Church militant will pass into the Church triumphant. No earthly change, however great, can check her growth; no persecution, however deadly, can stay her progress; no hand of man, however powerful, can mar her beauty; and the last day of the Church on earth, in the midst of the cries of the world's agony, will be for her but the dawn of an everlasting morrow of triumph and of glory.

Further, the outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace may be seen both in the development of her schools of theological thought, whether positive, scholastic, or polemical, mystical, dogmatic, or moral, and in the leading features of the spiritual life of her children from age to age; in the life of the Fathers of the Desert; in the Monasticism of the West; in the Anchores and recluses of the Middle Ages; in the

spirit of the great Mendicant Orders of the same period; and in that of the Congregations of modern times, as well as in the influence of these several kinds of life, through the spiritual direction and example of those who led them upon Christians living in the world. Thus each school of theological thought helps to bring out some particular shade of Christian dogma, while all together help forward the outward growth of the whole body of Catholic doctrine, until its outline, first drawn by the definitions of the Church, is gradually filled up with the flesh and bones, and nerve and muscle of theological science. Thus also, each phase of the spiritual life is founded, and lives upon and represents some particular phase of the interior life of the Son of God, while all together—for the influence of each phase is not limited to the period in which it is manifested, but extends throughout all time—reproduce in the history of the Church the whole of that “life which was the light of men.” For this reason no system of theology, no school of theological thought within the Church can be spared, or ought to be undervalued; and hence more especially the blindness and shallowness of those who speak against or make light of the scholastic theology, in which the doctrine of Scripture and the teachings of the Fathers are thrown into scientific shape, and in which the mind of the Church is reproduced. Hence also the Thomists, Scotists, Augustinians, theologians of the Society of Jesus, all alike have contributed their share to the outward growth of the Church’s wisdom. For the same reason, it will be impossible rightly to understand the various phases of modern spirituality if we cut them off from, or fail to observe them in connection with those earlier phases of the spiritual life enumerated above, as well as with those mystical and ascetical writings to which those earlier phases have given birth; for here again the Church has grown outwardly in wisdom and in grace, and to forget, or not to take into account one period of her growth, is to destroy the unity of the whole. Lastly, the Church’s outward growth in wisdom and grace is seen in the devotions of the Christian people, which, as we have already pointed out in the pages of this REVIEW, when speaking of devotion to S. Joseph, are closely interwoven with the development of the Church’s dogmatic teaching, and which, although varying from age to age, according to the wants of men, are all inspired by that one Spirit, Who takes not of His own, but of what is Christ’s, and shows it unto us. In all these different ways, then, in her doctrinal teaching, in her dealings with heresy and schism, in her education of Christendom, in her development of the Christian intellect, in her attitude at various critical

periods of her history, under all political changes and social revolutions, in her schools of theological thought, in the spiritual life of her children from age to age, in the devotions of the Christian people,—throughout all and each, there has been, as in the life and teaching of her great Head, and because of His Headship, a deep, strong, constant, visible, majestic growth of the Church in wisdom and in grace before God and men, “by which the whole body, by joints and bands being supplied with nourishment, and knit together, groweth all unto the increase of God.” In a far other and higher sense then, than the poet could dream of, it is true to say that,

“Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen’d with the process of the suns,”

widened by the ever-expanding outward growth of revealed wisdom and grace, which, themselves perfect from the beginning, manifest themselves from age to age according to the necessities of the world for the education of mankind. We said just now that this was because of the Headship of the Church’s Divine Founder; for if He be the head and she the body, then must His wisdom and grace flow over into her, and although manifested in her and by her, still ever remain His own. Thus, the outward growth of the Church’s wisdom and grace is but the expansion of the Incarnation. Yet so little is this understood, so little are the legitimate consequences of the Incarnation realized, so imperfectly is the Scriptural plan of the Christian Church comprehended, that even clear-sighted, in many respects Christian-minded men, like the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, can tell us, that while it is right and just to bow down heart and soul and body to *every image* of Christ Crucified, to bow down before Holy Church and Holy Fathers is idolatry; as if Holy Church were not more than any image, being itself Christ’s body, the Holy Fathers being the more honourable members of the same. Still, although the outward growth of the Church’s wisdom and grace springs from Christ’s Headship, yet so important is the stress laid upon it in Holy Scripture, that in almost every type or figure of the Church it forms the prominent feature; as, for instance, in the mustard-seed, which is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown up is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof; or, in the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened; or, not to multiply examples, in the mystical building of which S. Paul speaks, and of which we are fellow-citizens with the saints and the domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles

and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone, in whom all the building, being framed together, *groweth up* into a holy temple in the Lord, in whom we also are built together into an habitation of God in the Spirit.

We may perhaps have seemed to our readers to dwell over long on this point. But as our object in the present article is to prepare the way for a future article, in which we hope to speak of one phase, as it were, of the Church's outward growth in wisdom and grace, as shown forth in the development of her mystical and ascetical teaching during that most important period of her history, which is known under the name of the Middle Ages, we have wished to lay particular stress on the great general law of outward growth for two reasons: first, because although freely admitted and acted upon with regard to the Church's dogma, it has not, we venture to think, been sufficiently recognized as equally applicable to *all* the many ways in which the Church's development is carried on; and, secondly, because, more especially, it seems to us impossible to understand the spiritual life of any period of her history, without viewing it in relation to that earlier spirituality, out of which it sprang, and that later spirituality to which it leads. When the perfect harmony and beauty of proportion which attend the development of everything connected with the Church, from the highest dogma down even to minute points of ritual—each part interlacing and mutually influencing the other,—are clearly seen, we begin to realize more fully not only the beauty of holiness, but also the mystery of Godliness manifest in the flesh, begun in Christ's real body, and continued in His body mystical. Our souls and hearts and minds become enlarged to take in, at least, somewhat of the fulness of Him Who filleth all in all. We begin to perceive that in every age, and in all ages, it is not so much the Church that lives, and speaks, and acts and energizes, as Christ Who lives in her; and as we look into her face and listen to her words, and observe her actions, there happens to us what we read of as having happened to some, who, gazing upon the faces of certain of Christ's blessed Saints, have seen their human features melt away into those of their Heavenly Master; and what we have already alluded to as happening in the case of her doctrine, the outline of the Church's form seems to us to melt away into that of the Son of Man standing, as S. John saw Him stand, in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, that is the Seven Churches, while her features seem to be transfigured into that glorious face, which "is as the sun shineth in his power,"—so bright, so clear, so certain is the vision, that faith almost seems to

have ceased to be the "evidence of things that appear not," and to have become its own exceeding great reward. In like manner, and for the same reasons, that would indeed be a narrow, shallow, and false view of Mediæval spiritual life which should look at it as some mere transitory phenomenon, unconnected with the hidden life of Him who lived, and spoke and worked in the Church of those ages, as truly as when He went about Judea in the days of His flesh, uttering words of life, and working deeds of light; or even as unconnected with, and uninfluenced by the spiritual life of the ages that had gone before, or broken off from, and without influence upon the ages that were to follow in its turn. The spiritual life of the Middle Ages is only one period of that long spiritual life which took its rise in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, when the Infant Church lay in embryo waiting for the quickening of the Holy Ghost, and which will only end with the last hours of the Church Militant upon earth; and this spiritual life is again only one phase, so to speak, of the outward development of that wisdom and grace which she has inherited from our Lord; so that neither the one nor the other can be looked at alone, any more than the public ministry of our Lord can be looked at apart from the thirty years of His hidden life spent in preparation for it, or from His risen life which followed it; or, again, from all the effects of His whole life upon the destinies of the world.

In endeavouring, therefore, to form even an approximative estimate of the mystical teaching of the Middle Ages, it will be necessary for us not only to trace from the beginning, with as great clearness as may be consistent with brevity, the gradual development of this particular phase of the Church's wisdom and grace, and then to contrast the spirituality of the Middle Ages with that of later times; but also—in order to forestall objections and prejudices which are sure to come bristling to the front in any inquiry into mediæval times—to try and discover the relation in which, as we conceive, the Middle Ages stand to the Church; in other words, the position which they hold in what has been called the philosophy of Church history. The latter task alone will engage our attention in the present article. The Middle Ages have been often despised through ignorance of them, often idolized through admiration of their art, seldom understood. Yet undoubtedly they form a part of the Church's history which we ought to try and understand.

Speaking of this in his "Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England," Father Dalgairns considers, that to assume that the Middle Ages are the model times of Chris-

tianity, would, both historically and ecclesiastically, be a great error.

. It matters little (he says) what a man thinks about Mediæval architecture, vestments, and embroidery ; but it does matter a good deal what principles a man holds, as to what may be called the philosophy of Church history. If he conceives the grand story of God's Church, as though it were a pyramid, the apex of which is formed by the Middle Ages, while modern Christendom is on the downward side, then his whole view of Christianity is wrong. The Church never grows old, and it has advantages in the nineteenth century which it had not in the thirteenth.

Now we believe we are in entire accordance with what Father Dalgairns here intends, though we are not sure we should naturally express our thought in altogether the same language. In the first place, from all we have said about the outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace, it will be evident that we heartily agree with him in saying that the Church never grows old, and that it has advantages (although of a different kind) in the nineteenth century which it had not in the thirteenth. We hold, by the very necessity of our position, that although, as Father Dalgairns points out, always one in spirit amidst all outward differences of form, the Church will increase in wisdom and grace before God and men as the ages roll along, up to the very last moment of her sojourn upon earth, just as her Divine Lord and Head outwardly increased in wisdom, and age, and grace, up to the moment when His mortal life was clothed with immortality, and, perfected by suffering, was crowned with glory ; for "both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one." Yet at the same time we think it is necessary to distinguish between the Church's own outward growth throughout all ages, and her effect upon the world and the ages themselves through which she passes. In the former there is no pause, no check, even for a moment ; in the latter there is not only no constant uniform progress and increase, but for centuries there may be a very serious retrogression and positive loss. Hence we said above, when speaking of the consequences of the Renaissance (and our remarks apply, of course, even more strongly to the "Reformation"), that although much has been lost, and the development of true Christian civilization has been interrupted, yet the loss has been to the world, not to the Church, which simply goes forward in her calm majesty, and increases unto a perfect day. Keeping, then, in mind the important distinction between the Church's own outward growth and her influence upon the world in different centuries, and fully allowing that for her there can never be such a state as old age, without in

any way saying that the Middle Ages are the model time of Christianity—alas! will there ever be a model time?—we still hold that in many very important respects our own times are vastly inferior to the Middle Ages. So, too, looking forward to the future, we cannot see how it can be doubted, that—except, perhaps, during that period of triumph for the Church, short or long, which saints such as S. Leonard of Port-Maurizio have foretold, and which there seems to be a general consent among holy men that God will grant His Church before the last great persecution of Antichrist—the latter ages of the world will witness a still further retrogression and falling away from Christian principles, a still further falling back upon and nearer approach to the naturalism of old pagan times, all of which seems to be shadowed forth in Scripture under the similitude of the “beast which was, and is not, and which shall yet come up out of the bottomless pit, and go unto destruction, one of whose heads was as it were slain to death, but whose death’s wound was healed.” Otherwise, how are our Lord’s words to be explained: “The Son of Man, when He cometh, shall He find, think ye, faith upon the earth?” We hardly think that this requires further proof; yet, so far as the past is concerned, if any one should feel inclined to deny the general superiority of Mediæval times over our own in the recognition of the Kingdom of God, and in the acceptance of Christ’s faith and religion, as the life and light of the world, we would offer the following suggestions. We have not now to do with Mediæval architecture, vestments, and embroidery—although we may afterwards say a word or two about Mediæval art generally—but simply with the question whether or not the Middle Ages were more Christian than our own times; whether or not, the Church always going forward to perfection, there has been since Mediæval times a fearful falling away from belief in Christian principles in the world at large. Now, no doubt, there is a tendency in every age to exaggerate present evils, and to surround the past with a halo of glory; no doubt, also, the Middle Ages were full of evils, as, indeed, are all times, and we have no wish to close our eyes either to their number or their gravity. We have no intention of forgetting the wide-spread simony and incontinence amongst the clergy, the victory over which gave to S. Gregory VII. his crown in heaven and his place among the saints; or their after recrudescence as one of the worst effects of the schism of the West, or the opposition of emperors and kings to the Vicar of Christ and the Church, or the thirst for blood, or the deeds of violence and cruelty, or the rationalism and unbelief in some

of the universities, or the ignorance and superstition against which the Church was ever victoriously contending, and which must be considered rather as the legacies of former still unhappier times, than as debts against God and men incurred by those times themselves. Nevertheless, there is one especial glory of which the Middle Ages can never be deprived, and which outbalances all the evils we have mentioned above, and throws all succeeding times into the shade. That especial glory lay in this, that, to use the words of the Bishop of Poitiers in a recent sermon on a Mediaeval Saint—"In spite of immense disorders, which are punished with immense misfortunes, the *Christian principle* was still in a marked manner the principle of all; and in the foundation of this principle it was always possible for order to be re-established."* The Bishop had previously pointed out the still higher privileges of certain centuries, and those by no means the best; and as his eloquent remarks are very much to our purpose, we will give them at length:—

If we go back (he says) to the second half of the fourteenth, and to the beginning of the fifteenth century, we shall find by the side of great crimes and great misfortunes, so much, alas! like our own, both great virtues and great resources, which, at the present day, we are without. Human nature, fallen nature, was no better then; but religion and the Gospel doctrine had a wider empire over the souls of men and over peoples. There were then, both for the souls of men and for peoples, opportunities and means of resurrection, which it is of the utmost importance for us to recover. First, then, let us speak of the souls of men. The immense advantage which former generations had over ourselves was the reverence with which they kept their baptism; in other words, the reverence with which they kept the faith,—that faith which is the first root of grace, as grace is the root and germ of glory. In these days, as in those, life was often troubled and stormy; the tempest of the passions was violent and terrible. But when all else was shipwrecked, the faith remained as a plank of salvation; and from faith, before long, there sprang forth prayer, and from prayer penance—auustere penance, generous penance, penance fruitful in inspirations and works of holiness. Never let us forget, my brethren, faith is the foundation laid in us by baptism.†

Again, contrasting our own times with the Middle Ages, he says:—

The great obstacle, my dear brethren, to the salvation of the men of our day, was pointed out by the Council of the Vatican from its very first opening, at the very head of its first doctrinal decree. Yes, that which at the

* "Shall France perish?" Richardson & Son. P. 35.

† *Ibid.* p. 29.

present day is multiplying the number of souls that are lost—let me speak plainly—which is peopling hell more than at any other time, is that system, far too widely spread, of rationalism or naturalism, which, placing itself in radical and absolute opposition to the Christian religion, in so far as it is a revealed institution, employs all its force to exclude Christ, our only Master and Saviour, from the minds of men, as well as from the life and morals of the peoples of the earth, in order to set up what is called the reign of pure reason, or of pure nature. Now, wherever the breath of naturalism has passed, there the Christian life has withered even down to its roots; has been destroyed down to its foundations. There we see utter barrenness in the order of salvation. *Scribe virum istum sterilem*—"Write that man barren."*

Yes, with all their faults the Middle Ages were not barren. They were, so to speak, the mighty womb from which has sprung that civilization of Christendom which in our own day is tottering to its fall; Christendom itself, as Christendom, having already passed away, while the present age has given birth to nothing which can take its place. In the Middle Ages Christ still reigned as King; nor were sciences, arts, politics, so far as these were in existence, no, nor even governments, although these may have been often in rebellion, divorced from religion and the Church. In the Middle Ages the leaders of thought—the educators of peoples—were men of God, most of them theologians, and theology was enthroned as the queen and mistress of all science. "The most remarkable men in the fourteenth century," says Victor Cousin, and his remark throws great light upon what we are saying, "were all mystics." The education of the Christian world was in the hands of the Church. The arbitrators of the destinies of nations and of Europe were sometimes saints. What a contrast to this nineteenth century in which we live! Let us picture for ourselves for a moment what the world would be now, how enormous would be the gain, if, instead of M. Thiers, M. Gambetta, or Count von Bismarck, or, until lately, Napoleon III., and Cavour, such a man as S. Bernard guided the politics of Europe,—a man who looked at every question in the light of God, and not in that of mere human expediency, or of international commerce. Were such a man to rise up in the world at the present day, the world would refuse to be guided by his counsels; nay, such a man has arisen. For five-and-twenty years Pius IX., Christ's own Vicar, has been trying to govern the world for Christ, and according to His laws; and not only has the world refused to listen to his counsels, but while Italy has dethroned him from his temporal principedom—the last witness to Christ's Kingship left upon the

* "Shall France perish?" Richardson & Son. Pp. 30, 31.

earth,—all the nations of the earth have stood by in silence with folded hands, and suffered the abomination of desolation to enter into the Holy City, and almost into the Holy Place. Such an act of treason would have been simply impossible in the Middle Ages; for “except, perhaps, during the momentary triumph of popular tribunes,” says the Bishop of Poitiers, “Rome, even in the absence of her Pontiff-kings, ceased not to be the independent capital of Jesus Christ, the free and sovereign city of the States of the Church. The providential work of God and of centuries was not, therefore, touched; the keystone of European Christendom still remained. The treason of which we ourselves are witnesses, of which we ourselves are for the most part guilty, had not then been committed.”* Later on he says, that when the sun, that is the Apostolic See, and the moon, that is the Roman Church, shall be no longer able to give their light, then the stars, that is the nations, will fall from heaven, and *that* will be the end. So again, side by side with the many undoubted evils of the Middle Ages, there were redeeming features which do not exist now, resources and blessings of which we have been long deprived. “Habits of faith,” to quote again the words of the great French Bishop, “existed then to which we are strangers. How different, too, the times, compared with our own, when, the combat over (as at the battle of Poitiers), the conquerors and the conquered sat down together to the evening meal, asking a blessing before they began, and ending with returning thanks to God; and when on the morrow, at the break of day, a day which was not even Sunday, the conquerors and the conquered, before they parted, stood devoutly side by side, while Mass was being celebrated on the very field where on the eve the battle had been fought!” Even in these days of rifled cannon and breech-loading guns and improved ambulances, we might learn a lesson from those old Christian times.

Surely, then, we must admit, that although the Middle Ages may have been very far from perfect, they were nevertheless far more truly admirable, because more Christian than our own times; and that, if the Scripture prophecies are to be fulfilled, the ages yet to come will be still less Christian, nay, at the end, utterly apostate from Christ. Yet with all this, and although the ages have decreased and still are decreasing in Christianity, the Church has never ceased, and never will cease, to increase in wisdom and in grace, in unity and in strength. Nay, even during those three years and a half of the Church’s Passion, in the time of Antichrist, which will

* “Shall France perish?” Richardson & Son. P. 38.

correspond to the Triduum of her Lord's Passion, when iniquity shall abound, and the charity of many shall grow cold; when all the glory of the king's daughter shall be from within,—even then the manifestation of her wisdom and grace will be greater than ever to those who believe, because concentrated, so to speak, into her last words upon the Cross, before dying for ever to this earth of sin, and rising to meet her Lord on the great Resurrection morning of the world.

Still, there is a difficulty, but it is a difficulty which, when solved, will throw light, we think, upon the whole question, and by showing the relation in which the Middle Ages stand to the Church, will fix the position which they hold in the philosophy of Church history. No one, we believe, can look closely into the history of the Church, and not perceive how, while in later ages her influence upon the world and upon mankind has been gradually decreasing, there was a time when, although often rudely broken off and interrupted, this influence gradually increased and expanded, until at last it was almost exalted into sovereignty. There was once a time, now, alas! no more, when the outward growth of the Church's wisdom and grace, and the progress of the world and of mankind in Christian virtue, Christian learning, Christian science, Christian art, Christian civilization, went hand-in-hand together. It is therefore very important for us to discover when this happy marriage of the eternal and the temporal, the spiritual and material, was dissolved, and the world refused to allow itself to be any longer fashioned and shaped in her own Christlike mould. Surely such a crisis in the Church's life must not only mark an epoch in her history, but also, by setting a limit to the Church's, until then, ever-growing influence over the world, serve to show that the ages in which her highest influence was exerted must occupy a central position in the philosophy of her history,—central, not necessarily, or so much in the order of time, although this, too, may well be, as in relation to the action of the Church upon the world, and even, in some respect, to the Church's own outward growth in wisdom, which, as we have seen, will never cease to increase as long as she remains on earth. For if the Church's influence over the world and the progress of the world under that influence gradually increased up to a certain point, after which they began to decrease, owing to the wickedness, and pride, and unbelief, and stubbornness of the hearts of men, it will hardly be rash to conclude that this influence and progress were originally meant by God to go on continually increasing as long as the Church should remain in the world. From this follow two conclusions. The first is, that

as the interruption of which we speak is due to man, and not to God, the ages of decrease must be regarded as altogether abnormal, and out of harmony with the plans of God, although, no doubt, He will know, as He always does, how to get His own glory out of them, and out of evil to bring forth good. The second is, that the period during which the Church's influence was most felt and recognized by the world must form, in a certain sense, a central point in her history, up to which everything led, and from the removal or destruction of which all the after-evils of the world have proceeded. Now if we ask ourselves where in the history of the Church this central period is to be placed, we answer, without hesitation, that it must be particularly placed during those centuries of the Middle Ages which witnessed alike the meridian glory of the temporal power of the Holy See and the general recognition of Christ's kingship over the earth. Of this central period the culminating point was the Pontificate of Innocent III., in which the harvest sown by S. Gregory VII. was reaped and garnered. This is that central period to which all the previous history of the Church had led; the destruction of the old Pagan Empire of Rome and her victory over it, the throne of the Cæsars giving way to S. Peter's throne; the invasion of the Barbarians, and their conversion, by which the many natural gifts of the Teutonic races were poured into the service of the Church; the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire, that magnificent erection of the Holy Roman Church, into which she wished to pour all that was good and noble in the empire of old Rome, after having first sanctified it in herself, and of which it has been well said, that "into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered, and out of it all the life of the modern world arose."* This, also, is that central period after which there set in almost immediately the continuous and ever-increasing decline of the influence of the Holy See and the Church upon the temporal destinies of the world, which before that period had been separated only fitfully and at intervals from the beneficent guidance and control of both the one and the other. Not all the deadly persecutions of "Babylon the Great, the mother of the fornications and abominations of the earth, drunk with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus"; not all the invasions of Goths and Vandals, who swept before them the civilization of the old world; not all the poison of the earlier soul-destroying heresies; not the sword and fire of the false prophet Mahomet, the ministers of God's anger to the Churches of the East; not even the

* Bryce, "Holy Roman Empire."

great Schism of the East, which left the morning land of light and life in the midnight darkness, and the utter barrenness of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, from Whom all life and light proceed; not the mighty struggle of the Christian empire against the Church, which, crushed and humbled, withdrew, after the fall of the House of Hohenstaufen, into the narrower sphere of its own Teutonic pride, had been able to stay the onward progress of the Church's march towards supremacy over the world; whereas, the central period of which we have spoken once reached, all is changed. The lesser persecutions of Christian kings, compared with those of either the Pagan or the Christian empire; the lesser slavery of the captivity of Avignon, compared with those of the Church's captivity in the Catacombs; the lesser evils of the Schism of the West, compared with those of the Schism of the East (for while the former had to do only with the persons of the Popes, the latter struck at the very root of the Papacy itself); the revived naturalism and paganism of the Renaissance, endowed, one would have thought, with less vigour to corrupt the hearts of man than when they had behind them the old Roman empire in its strength; these began a deadlier work of ruin for the Church's influence over the world than all the former evils together had ever been able to accomplish, although in themselves deadlier far; for the former evils had arisen from without or from misbelief, not, except perhaps in the case of Frederick II., from the now rapidly-growing tares of scepticism and unbelief.*

Then, although, as we have said, the Church's own outward growth never for a moment ceased, and although she was as strong, nay, stronger than ever to save the world, and crown it with the glory of Christian civilization, the antagonism between the world and the Church grew deeper and stronger; nations began to grow jealous of the authority of the Holy See, and, misled by national prejudices, even Councils and theologians began to frame a system of opposition to the Papacy. At Constance and at Basle the germ of Gallicanism arose, while even men like Gerson and Nicholas of Cusa, helped to nurse it into strength. The Holy See began to lose its prestige, and, as a natural consequence, the clergy became again corrupt. The work of S. Gregory VII. was undone. When the shepherds of the flock, the guardians of the public morals, had themselves turned aside into unhealthy pastures, what

* "We find," says F. Dalgairns (*Essay*, p. xxviii.) "in the fourteenth century the beginning of a distinct revolt of the cultivated class against Christianity. They are already numerous enough to fill the sixth circle of Dante's Hell."

could become of the people whom they led? They began to forget, if we may here make use of the words of the Bishop of Poitiers, spoken of later times, the reverence due to their Baptism; they forgot to keep the faith which they had asked at their baptism of the Church of God, and which is "the root of grace, as grace is the root and germ of glory." The well-springs of their Baptism became closed up; the supernatural life could no longer flow; Christian faculties and dispositions were lost; the living waters ceased to leap up in sufficient abundance to fertilize Christendom; "iniquity began to abound, and the charity of many to grow cold." In other words, as the roots of faith began to decay and lose their hold on the hearts of nations, grace, which is the flower of faith, began gradually to grow dim and dull, and to lose the freshness and brightness of its colour, and then to wither away, blossoming indeed, as it ever will and must, in the souls of individuals, but no longer making the nations of Christendom to blossom like a many-tinted garden in the eyes of God. Then, as grace withered away, the morality of Christian nations became corrupt, because the only life-giving principle which could keep it pure and free from decay was gradually drying up, until at last, when, in the sixteenth century, an apostate monk raised the battle-cry against Christ's Vicar and Christ's Church, the Christian world, which had become barren and unfit to bear flowers and fruit to Christ, being over-sown far and wide with the devil's seed, became ripe for the devil's work, and half of Christendom fell away from God.*

"The great apostasy of the Reformation," says F. Dalgairns, "could never have been successful if a terrible outbreak of worldliness had not sapped the first principles of Christian life among the nobility and gentry of England"; and what is true of England is also true, we think, of other nations of the Teutonic race generally; and if what are called the Latin nations did not make such utter shipwreck at the same period, this is only because faith, the great principle of the Christian life, had a stronger hold upon their hearts.† From this great

* No one, we think, can fail to see the connection between the weakening of the Holy See by the systematic opposition of the Councils of Constance and Basle, supported as it was by national prejudices, and by the pretensions of the temporal power in regard to spiritual authority, with the spirit of the Reformation, which led sovereigns to throw off the supremacy of Rome, and to usurp her power.

† The corruption of morals seems to have been quite as great in Italy and in France in the fourteenth century as in Germany and England; probably it was even greater. In Italy especially, at a later period, the principles of the Renaissance took deeper root than elsewhere. What, then, could have

falling away Christendom has never recovered, and the influence of the Church over the temporal destinies of the world, and over the guidance of its civilization, has grown less and less. There is, however, no need for us to trace any further the sad history of its decline, or the connection between the revolt against spiritual authority in the sixteenth, and that against temporal authority, nay, the dissolution of all authority, at the close of the eighteenth century and in our own day; or, again, to point out how the anti-Christian Revolution, which is at present surging all around us, and loosening and dissolving all things, contains the germ of that spirit of utter lawlessness which is to culminate in the person of the "lawless one," the great Anti-Christ at the latter day; for we see the result of the decline of the Church's influence in the sad fact that not even one Government in the world is now Christian; that there is not even one nation that, as a nation, is not apostate from Christ; while, since the temporal principedom of the Roman Pontiff has been taken from him, there is, as we said above, no longer even one national witness left to Christ's kingship over the earth. Christendom has in some sense ceased to exist. Alas! indeed the contrast between our own days and those of S. Gregory VII. or Innocent III.!

Having now pointed out the central position of the period which, speaking roughly, witnessed the triumph of S. Gregory VII.'s great mission, in relation to the history of the

saved Italy and France, at the Reformation, we do not say from Protestantism, for that is opposed both to the minds and hearts of the peoples of both nations, but from utter unbelief, except that the principle of faith was still more firmly rooted amongst them? Even at the present day in Italy, where the mystery of iniquity is working so fearfully, what is it that keeps the vast majority of the people sound at heart, except their deep-rooted faith? So, too, with the clergy. Twenty years ago it was the fashion to speak of the corruption and unbelief of the Italian clergy; yet how very few—they are so few that they can be easily counted—have given in to the false nationalism which is blighting their beautiful land. Surely it would have been far otherwise had unbelief been common, or corruption prevalent, and all the more so, as they have nothing to gain, in a human point of view, from remaining true to the Holy Father. Contrast the ready compliance of so many of the bishops of England with the views and wishes of the King at the Reformation, with the attitude of the Italian Episcopate and clergy at the present crisis, and in how much more favourable a light will the latter appear. (See upon this subject an article in this REVIEW, July, 1869, on the "Suppression of the Religious Houses in Italy.") At page xxii. of his Essay, F. Dalgairns points out that at the beginning of the fourteenth century the influence of the Church was sensibly growing less, and that simultaneously with the fierce attack of Europe on the Papacy of which the treatment of Boniface VIII. by Philip the Fair was the beginning, there arose an undoubted outburst of sin, a marked progress in vice. He then proceeds to enlarge upon the well-nigh universal degeneracy of the times,

Church which both preceded and followed it, we must now look more closely into the nature of that period itself, in order to see how, in almost every way, it deserves to be called "central." Speaking of the thirteenth century, a recent Church historian has said that in it "the clergy, both secular and regular, gave a splendid example of every virtue. Science and sanctity, that twofold crown of the priesthood, never shone more brightly; the whole world, led on by the powerful influence of the Papacy, was steadily advancing in the true path of Evangelical perfection; and to every true Christian this period must appear the most fruitful and wonderful in works of faith, charity, and devotedness."* Of the power and vigour of the Holy See during this period we need say but little; there are probably few at the present day who would contest it. And although we agree with F. Dalgairns in thinking that "even in the thirteenth century the Church was by no means omnipotent" (p. xxii.), we still hold that she then came as near to sovereignty over the world,—as nearly succeeded in making Christ's kingship over the earth a reality to the eyes as well as in the hearts of men,—as she ever could or can do in a world, which, although God so loved it as to send His only-begotten Son to be its Saviour, has ever hated the Church, as it hated her Lord before her. Enough for us to say, that during this period the Vicar of Christ controlled the world by judging, and, when necessary, condemning Emperor and kings and peoples, and this too when Emperor and kings were mighty, and peoples headstrong; when men like Henry IV., Frederick Barbarossa, and Frederick II., of Germany, and Henry II. of England, reigned upon the earth. More than this, and because of this, we may say that never before this period, and never since, did the Christian nations of the earth form so completely one body, corporate and politic, knit together and animated by one policy, and that policy subservient to God's laws, and the interests of God's Church: so that the Common Father of the faithful could rule over them, as over the whole vast family of God. Never before nor since has there been a period, when the middle wall erected between nations by the spirit of false nationalism has been so completely broken down,—when all the Christian nations formed so completely one family, in which Christ was all in all. The Vicars of Christ controlled the world, and in

* Darras, "History of the Church," vol. iii. p. 420. The statement about the clergy must not be taken to imply that there were not, even in the thirteenth century, many abuses in particular places. The historian is taking a general view of the period.

them Christ Himself ruled and reigned. In all this, the period of which we are speaking stands alone ; all the previous history of the world leads up to it ; all the after-history of the world reflects its greatness ; before it, the world saw nothing like it ; as soon as it had passed away, the first shadowy signs of the world's apostasy and reprobation appeared. It is thus, as it were, the centre of the thousand years during which Satan is bound, that he may no more seduce the nations, until they be finished, corresponding with the thousand years of the first resurrection, in which the Saints reign with Christ in glory, and, as patron Saints of the kingdoms of the earth, have power over the nations.* But, as whenever the Holy See is free to exercise its creative, life-giving, and providential influence over the world, all good things come together with it ; so we need not be surprised to find that this period also witnessed the happiest development of sanctity and science. "The episcopate of the Church," says the last-mentioned writer, "bound to the Papacy by the closest ties, formed but one solid body, communicating to the farthest extremities of the earth the influence of the Holy See. . . . The hierarchy of the Church, thus constituted in strength and power, was in a condition to act with vigour upon the society of the Middle Ages. This influence was outwardly displayed in the crusades against Islamism and the Albigensian heresy, and by the spread of the gospel among heathen nations ; its inward working was seen in the wonderful development and spread of a spirit of faith and holiness ; by the foundation of religious orders ; by the intellectual movement which regenerated learning, established a new school of Christian art, and dotted the world with universities. . . . In its laws, habits, and manners, society seemed to aim solely at Christian perfection ; and this tendency was displayed by prodigies of virtue and holiness in every rank and condition." (Vol. iii., 5th par., ch. x.) What the Christian world would have become had this happy period lasted, and civilization been allowed to develop itself under the guidance and control of the Church and the supreme direction of the Holy See, we may gather in some measure

* In vol. ix. p. 72, Milman has some very severe remarks upon the worship of the Saints during the Middle Ages, apparently quite unconscious that his own words testify to the truth of our Lord's promise, as revealed to S. John. "To him that overcometh will I give to sit on My throne, and I will give him power over the nations." If for Christ to sit on His Father's throne is to share His Father's power, then to sit on Christ's throne is to share in Christ's power. Surely no one, who fails to grasp the doctrine of the Incarnation in its fulness,—that is to say, that the Church is Christ's body,—is able to write a history of Christianity.

from what the Holy See and the Church were able to do then. With the Vicar of Christ for arbiter in the quarrels of nations, and judge over the whole Christian world, wars might have died out of the earth: the vision of the gospel-prophet might have been literally fulfilled: "And many people shall say, Come let us go up to the mountain of the Lord and to the House of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us His ways, and we will walk in His paths: for the law shall come forth from Sion, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge the nations and rebuke many people; and they shall turn their swords into plough-shares and their spears into sickles: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised to war any more. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree, so shall be the days of my people, and the works of their hands shall be of long continuance. They shall not hurt, nor shall they kill in all my holy mountain, for the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea." The intellect of Christendom, which we see during this marvellous period quickening into life with all the first flush of its glorious promise, would have been developed in harmony with the Divine Revelation, and in that only true and perfect freedom which comes from the light of God: for the license of error, like the license of sin, is not freedom, but the slavery of darkness, causing men to grope about and feel their way, and retrace ever the same circle, instead of going forward to perfect knowledge. Informed by the light of God, it would have arrived at this perfect knowledge, not by spasmodic efforts, often self-contradictory as well as opposed to God's truth, but by one calm onward march; still less would it have contented itself with fragments of God's truth, but, becoming enlarged by a higher power than its own, would, in the due course of time, have formed a still nobler synthesis of all science, divine and human, than that which, as we shall see, was then formed, noble though it was. Reason, instead of becoming first a rebel against, and then a tyrant over the Faith of Christ, would have continued its handmaid, looking to its definitions as finger-posts, not as obstacles; helping to build up and strengthen the temple of revealed truth by the bulwarks of her arguments, and laying the results of all her investigations and discoveries at the foot of Christ's Cross. The sciences would still have continued to recognize theology as their queen and mistress; the arts, which carry on for the delight of men the development of the beautiful, instead of slaking their thirst with impure and troubled waters, and

building for them aqueducts and cisterns, broken cisterns that hold no water, would have drawn even deeper and deeper from the crystal and living well of all beauty, which is at the same time the well of all truth and goodness. Civilization, instead of being of the earth, earthly, dragging men down to mere material comfort,—to the lust of the eyes, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life,—would have helped them forward to their eternal end, and made the earth the very footstool of God's throne. In a word, "the earth would have been the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and all they who dwell therein." But the Church is not above her Lord, it is enough if she be as her Lord: and the hosannas which greeted the Church as queen of the whole earth, like those of her Lord, were destined before long to be drowned in the cries of "Crucify her, crucify her!" God in His wisdom has willed it so to be, and all that we can do is to comfort ourselves with the knowledge that in His own good time all shall be well; that as He Himself revealed to one of His servants, who lived just when the Church's glorious era had passed away, and who, in her little quiet cell at Norwich, was sorely troubled with the "ugly sight" of sin that was coming over Christendom: "All shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well. I may make all thing well, and I can make all thing well, and I shall make all thing well, and I will make all thing well; and thou thyself shalt see that all manner of thing shall be well, for sithen I have made well by the most harm, then it is My will that thou know thereby that I shall make well all that is less."*

Have we exaggerated the glories of this period of the Church's meridian earthly splendour? Are we wrong in applying the term "meridian" to any part of her past life on earth, even in reference to her influence over the world? Do our readers think that we have not as yet shown sufficient grounds for calling this period of her nearest approach to sovereign power over the world the central period of her history? If so, we must ask them to bear with us a little longer, while we examine it still more in detail. We are not contending for a mere view, but for a theory, which, as it seems to us, is the only one which can rightly explain the philosophy of her history as well as that of the world. We have no wish to build up any mere picturesque structure of argument, which, however apparently harmonious in the proportion of its parts,

* "Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love," made to a devout servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an anchoress of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III. 13th Rev., ch. 27, 29, 31.

may rest on no solid foundation ; but we wish to show that the central position of the period in question is borne out, not only by what we have already said, but also by its general nature and character. While contending that the outward growth of the Church in wisdom and grace has never ceased, and can never cease until the great day of her translation from earth to heaven, we are not by any means prevented from maintaining at the same time that in the process of development there is one central point in which the rays of the Church's wisdom and grace become as it were concentrated. So was it in the life of our B. Lord Himself, when He stood transfigured upon the holy mount, the voice of God the Father coming down to Him from the excellent glory, and confirming His whole Divine life—past, present, and future—by the manifestation, while His flesh was as yet unglorified, of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. The glory of the Godhead broke, as it were, through His human flesh, and showed him to be indeed the Lord of Glory, the Lord of lords, and King of kings. Even so also the period of her brightest glory upon earth may be called the Church's Tabor, not because she was surrounded with merely earthly glory—God forbid ! that would be, indeed, to take an unworthy view of the Church's mission—that would, indeed, be no transfiguration ; but because the Divine glory of the kingdom of God, which will only be revealed in its fulness when "all principality, and power, and virtue has been brought to naught," broke through the Church's human life, and showed her for a little while to be the mistress of the world. Now, this manifestation of the Divine glory took place in other ways besides those already mentioned, and these, again, seem to us amply to justify the title of "central," which we have given to this period.

Take for example the development of the Church's dogma. Which is the great central dogma which gives life not only to all the rest, but to the Church herself, and to all her members ? Is it not that of the Real Presence of Christ's Real Body enthroned in the midst of His Mystical Body, the Church ? that Real Presence which is the source of all her wisdom and grace, the secret of all her strength, the centre of all her life, the pledge of her future glory ? Yet, what do we find ? When was it that the solemn enthronement of Christ's Real Body in the worship of His Mystical Body took place ? We do not of course speak of the truth of the dogma itself, which had been held from the first and in all places, but of the position which the definition of the dogma occupies in the process of development of the Church's dogmatic teaching, and of the immense increase of devotion to our Lord in the B. Sacrament which

followed that definition. When writing last year in the pages of this Review on devotion to S. Joseph, we made use of these words : " Our readers will have perceived that in the course of our rapid sketch of the Church's doctrinal development, we paused at the solemn enthronement of the Real Body of Christ in the outward worship of the members of His Mystical Body. We did so advisedly, for we believe that in very truth this was the centre and turning-point of the Church's mystical life. From that moment the current of her thought and love passed into another channel ; but it was only the channel that was changed, the deep waters of her doctrine and devotion were still the same. . . . The cycle of the doctrine relating to Christ's Real Body having been completed, these in their turn began to give place to those which related to His Mystical Body. And so the Church unfolded before the eyes of men its institution, its authority, its sacraments, and its rites, ever bringing out into clearer light the mutual relationship of its members, whether militant, suffering, or glorified, as well as the royal dignity, prerogatives, and privileges of its earthly head, the Holy Roman Pontiff, until that long-looked-for Midsummer day came at last, when not yet a year ago she crowned her doctrine about Christ's Mystical Body with the solemn definition of the Infallibility of His Vicar upon earth."* Borrowing a comparison from the architecture of the Mediæval Church, we said that the dogma of the Real Presence formed as it were the high altar and tabernacle of a vast cathedral, standing between the costly sanctuary of the doctrine relating to Christ's Real Body, which had been first built, and the long nave or central aisle afterwards to be raised out of the hewn stones of the doctrines which relate to our Lord's Mystical Body ; the aisle of our Lady on the right hand, with its delicate and smaller proportions growing up by the side of the central aisle, although the Lady chapel of the worship of God's Mother, out of which it sprang, had been erected from the first, along with the sanctuary of Christ's Real Body ; the third aisle of S. Joseph beginning to lift up its walls just at the very time the high altar of the B. Sacrament was being completed, while the chapels of the Saints first of all cluster round the sanctuary, and then gird the aisles, forming, as it were, an outer circle of worship around Mary, Jesus, and Joseph.† Thus rose up, thus still is rising up, the

* "Devotion to S. Joseph," DUBLIN REVIEW for April, 1871.

† The writer of this article may perhaps state at once, that although entertaining the warmest admiration for Mediæval architecture, as the expression of some of the noblest thoughts of the human mind, he still feels most strongly that there are other thoughts, no less noble, that find their best expres-

three-aisled temple of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, with the central dogma of the Real Presence as its glorious altar-throne. Now it was during that period of the Church's history that we have called "central," that this altar-throne was erected in the midst of the Church; that this central dogma reached the perfection of its development in the definition of Transubstantiation, and in the solemn enthronement of the B. Sacrament in the outward worship of the Church by the establishment of the Feast of Corpus Christi. In 1208, B. Juliana, of Mont Cornillon, beheld in vision, under the figure of a moon, full all but in one little point, how there was wanting yet some little thing to the fulness of the adoration of the B. Sacrament, and this, as she was told by God, was the institution of a special feast in its honour.

In 1215, Innocent III. opened the fourth Council of the Lateran, taking for his text the words of our Lord, "With desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you." This Council was for the Middle Ages what we had hoped would have been, and still hope may be, if God so will, the Vatican Council for our own times. It seems to have met every want of the Church; it consolidated and re-consecrated the great work of S. Gregory VII., and its decrees have served as a foundation for ecclesiastical discipline down to the present day. It was meet and right that this foundation should itself rest on the foundation of all unity, and holiness, and strength; and so in the first Canon we meet with these memorable words: "Of the faithful there is only one universal Church, out of which no man is saved. Jesus Christ is Himself its Priest and Sacrifice. His Body and Blood are truly contained in the Sacrament of the Altar under the species of bread and wine, the bread being transubstantiated into the Body, and the wine into the Blood, by the power of God, in order that, for the perfecting of the mystery of unity, we may receive from Him what He has received from us." Just as the term "Consubstantial," consecrated by the Council of Nice, condenses, so to speak, into one word all the Church's early doctrine concerning her Lord's Godhead, so all her past doctrine concerning His Real Body becomes, as it were, condensed into the one word, "Transubstantiation." Even as the bread and wine are transubstantiated into Christ's Body and Blood, so the Church now stands before the world "His own Flesh," and all her children "members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones." But the thirteenth century had yet one more act of homage to

sion in other styles. His remarks, therefore, upon Mediæval art, towards the close of this paper, must be understood rather of the spirit which animated it, than of itself, as a style.

pay to the centre of the Church's life. The vision of B. Juliana received its fulfilment, and the full moon of the Church's adoration of the B. Sacrament shone down upon the Christian world, and has shone ever since, when in 1264 Urban IV. established the Feast of Corpus Domini, by means of which, when all the great feasts of the year are over,—when Passion-tide and Easter have come and gone, when our ascended Lord has sent down the promise of the Father, the Holy Ghost the Comforter, while the faithful are still bowed down in adoration of the mystery of mysteries, the ever glorious Trinity, the Son of God and the Son of Mary is carried in triumph through city and village, and quiet country fields, to bestow upon the homes and possessions of men, as well as upon their souls and bodies, as Lord of the whole earth, the fulness of His blessing. When we think of the close connection between doctrine and devotion, between dogma and the spiritual life, it will be hardly too much to say that all the doctrines of the Church, all the many varied phases of the spiritual life of her children in after-ages, down to our own time, have been affected, quickened, developed, by the solemn enthronement of the B. Sacrament in the outward worship of the Church in the thirteenth century, and by the greater familiarity with its life-giving Presence, which has been the blessed fruit of that enthronement; just as the effects of the Definitions of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady and of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff will be felt long beyond our own times. But this we shall hope to show more clearly in another article.

Again, in the development of the science of theology, what do we find? Do we not see this period, and especially the thirteenth century, assume the same central position, as in respect to the more solemn development of dogma and worship by the Church herself? Kneeling before the B. Sacrament, now enthroned high above the Church's Altar, we see two great doctors, each offering his gifts. The one is the Angel of the Schools, the other the Seraphic Doctor. Both were asked by Urban IV. to write the office and mass of Corpus Christi; but one alone, the Angelical, was to be known as the Doctor of the B. Sacrament. We are told that when S. Bonaventure read the office written by S. Thomas, he tore up his own; and can we wonder? We are writing this while the words of the "Lauda Sion" are still ringing in our ears, still melting the heart of the whole Western Church,—the *Lauda Sion* which is the Sum of his theology, centred on the Bread of angels, while the marvellous unity of the office of the B. Sacrament is still rising up before us in the magnificence of its proportions, and we seem in some poor way to understand

how it is the special privilege of angelic purity of heart, more even than of love, to *see* God—we do not say, to feel Him. Yet not one of these great saints but has his own gift to offer before our Lord's Sacramental Throne. The one throws upon the living coals of his thurible all the wisdom of the old heathen past, and purifies it from its dross, and transmutes it into the pure gold of scientific truth, worthy to form a crown of gold round about the Ark of the New Covenant, and the cherubim of beaten gold on the two sides of the propitiatory, and the seven-branched golden candlestick to stand with its lamps in the Holy Place. To the wisdom of the old heathen past he adds the fragrant spices and priceless gums of his knowledge of the Holy Fathers, Greek and Latin, and of the written Word of God, so that the sweet perfume of the whole may rise up in fleece-like clouds and twine themselves round the columns of the Tabernacle wherein the mighty Sacramental Presence is enshrined. Then he who is Plato and Aristotle in one, and greater than either, offers in the midst of the incense cloud the work of his own angelic mind; he takes the whole faith of Christ, together with all that human reason had produced, and forms one glorious synthesis, harmonious and perfect in all its parts, “a transcript of the mind of the Universal Church,” and lays it at the feet of Him who is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last.* The Sum of S. Thomas is the gathering in of the highest human wisdom to obedience to the Eternal Wisdom, the Word of the Father; it is the summing up of all science, human and Divine, so far as was then possible; it is the concentration of all doctrine; it is the perfecting of philosophy, and its consecration to the service of the Church. So perfect is the reconciliation of theology and philosophy, that the queen of sciences condescends to clothe herself in a dress woven for her by the hands of her hitherto often too rebellious sister, and even to shadow forth to the intellects of men the great central dogma of the faith in the terminology of human speculation. Nor is this all; for from the subtlety of his piercing intellect S. Thomas's gigantic and systematic summary of all doctrine anticipates almost all future error; so that even in our own day there is hardly an objection which can be brought against the Faith which has not already received its death-blow, in the principles at least, laid down by the Angelical; even those who are strangers to the mind of the Church, and blind to the true philosophy of her history, feel the truth of what we have been saying. “Thomas Aquinas,” says the historian of Latin

* See upon S. Thomas and his work, his Life, by F. R. B. Vaughan.
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Christianity, "is throughout, and above all, the Theologian. God and the soul of man are the only objects truly worthy of his philosophic investigation. This is the function of the Angelic Doctor, the mission of the Angel of the Schools. In his works, or rather in his one work, is the final result of all which has been decided by Pope or Council, taught by the Fathers, accepted by tradition, argued in the schools, inculcated in the Confessional. The Sum of Theology is the authentic, authoritative, and acknowledged code of Latin Christianity." * "Take away Thomas," said an heresiarch of the sixteenth century, "and I will destroy the Church." So again another modern writer has said: "Thomas Aquinas has abundantly fulfilled his master's prophecy of him. The bellows of that Bull have been heard throughout all countries and in all generations; there is more than a feeble echo of them in our own. He has governed the schools, moulded the thoughts of nearly all Roman Catholic students, given a shape to the speculations of numbers who have never read any of his writings, and to whom his name is rather a terror than an attraction. . . . From first to last he was thinking of all that could be said on both sides of the question he was discussing, chiefly of what might be said in favour of the opinion which he did *not* hold, and which he was ultimately to annihilate. Those who suppose that he was afraid of approaching heretical or infidel opinions, can have very little acquaintance with him. His books are a storehouse of arguments for such opinions. The reasoner against almost any tenet of the Catholic faith may be furnished at a short notice with almost any kind of weapons out of the armoury of *the great Catholic doctor*." † Now it is to what we have called the central period of the Church's history, to the most splendid portion of it, that this central synthesis of Catholic doctrine and of true philosophy belongs.

But kneeling by the side of the great Dominican before the now solemnly enthroned Centre of the Church's life, there is, as we have said, another doctor, the glory of the Franciscan Order, the theologian of seraphic love; and he, too, has his own gift to offer, which, although of a different kind, has ever the same end in view as that of his brother saint. The gift and the work of S. Bonaventure, for they are the same thing, is to show the relation of all the sciences and all the arts to theology, and above all, to bring theology to bear upon the heart through charity, "towards which all Holy Scripture tends, and in which it terminates, which is the end consequently of that illumination

* Vol. ix. b. xiv. ch. 3.

† "Mediæval Philosophy," by Frederick Denison Maurice, pp. 184, 188.

which descends from above, without which all knowledge is vain, for there is no coming to the Son save through the Holy Spirit, Who teaches us all truth, Who is blessed for ever and ever. Amen." As S. Thomas represents the dogmatic side of theology, so S. Bonaventure represents its mystical side; while each may be said, in his own province and by his own synthesis, to occupy a central position in this central period of the Church's history. But these two great doctors; prominent as they are in themselves, may also be said to be embodiments of the two great tendencies of the age in which they lived.* Nor are they kneeling alone while offering their gifts of intellect and love. Dominic and Francis, their great fathers, the authors of their spiritual life,—the one encircling the Church with his "Order of Truth," the other with his "Seraaphic Order," and an intense love for nature, are kneeling behind them; and, as has been well said, in the two great mendicant orders nearly all the philosophy of the thirteenth century is comprehended.

There too on the one side is Albert the Great, S. Thomas's "myriad-minded" master, only less than his disciple, the two grand objects of whose life seem to have been to christianize Aristotle, and to form Divine and human science into an organized whole, and to whom, therefore, the Sum of S. Thomas itself is due;—Albert, who, to the shame of after-centuries, is said to have understood the Stagyrte, even through the clouds of a Latin translation, better than his modern commentators with all the light of sound Greek philosophy;† who, in his superhuman work of twenty-one folio volumes, has not only gathered up all the treasures of ancient science, but has enriched them with large contributions of his own on every branch of it; who also stands before us as the

* "Mediæval Philosophy," by Frederick Denison Maurice, p. 212. "History of Latin Christianity," vol. ix. b. xiv.; where, after observing that it might have been supposed that the popularizing of religious teaching, which was the express object of the Friar Preachers and the Minorites, would have left the higher places of abstruse and learned theology to the older orders, or to the more dignified secular ecclesiastics, Dean Milman adds, "But the dominant religious influence of the times could not but seize on all the fervent and powerful minds which sought for satisfaction for their devout yearnings. No one who had strong religious ambition [we should say, "zeal for God's glory"] could be anything but a Dominican, or Franciscan."

† "Zur Beschämung späterer Jahrhunderte, wird man gestehen müssen, dass im 13. Jahrhundert, die Aristotelische Lehre zwar nicht ohne Vorurtheile, aber besser erkannt wurde, als noch in unsern Jahrhunderten."—Ritter, 8. Theil, doch Buch 12. In another place he says: "Albertus habe den Aristoteles wohl besser verstanden, als unsere neueren grossen Philologen." See also the chapter on Albertus Magnus in F. Roger Vaughan's "Life of S. Thomas Aquinas."

anxious investigator of the mysteries of nature; the subtle chemist, the bold astronomer, the able interpreter of the theorems of Euclid, who went about Christendom scattering the seeds of knowledge at Cologne, Hildesheim, Fribourg, Ratisbon, Strasburg, and Paris;* and who, best of all, through all the masses of scientific research, knew how to keep his mind fixed upon his heavenly Master, and to cleave unto God.† “The result of the labours of Albert,” says Hauréau, “was nothing less than a veritable revolution.”‡ And there also, on the same side, is Vincent of Beauvais, the father of modern encyclopædists, who seems to have been among the first to discover the importance of the philosophy of history, especially of Church history, and whose best work, with its three grand divisions of nature, doctrine, history, all reflecting, under different aspects, the greatness of God and His Providence, forms not only a complete encyclopædia of all that was known in his own day, but also a general mirror of the world. There, on the other side, is the Englishman, Alexander of Hales, the “irrefragable doctor,” who shares with Albert the Great the glory of having digested the wisdom of the past and of his own times, and by his Sum of universal theology, of having prepared the way for the masterpiece of S. Thomas,§ but whose chief glory seems to us to

* Hauréau, “Philosophie Scholastique,” ii. p. 103. Jourdain’s estimate is not less favourable; he considers Albert, whether looked at as theologian or philosopher, to have been one of the most “extraordinary men of his time, and even one of the most astonishing geniuses of past ages.” This is very different from the estimate formed by Fleury, who saw nothing great in him, but his volumes; or of Hallam, who, although he has evidently never opened his works, but trusts entirely to Meniers, can think it just to speak of the “evil inflicted upon Europe by the credit Albert gave to astrology, alchemy, and magic.” In a later edition he adds, it is true, a note, in which Jourdain’s favourable estimate is quoted; yet he never seems to have thought of going himself to consult the works of this truly great and wonderful man. Most of Hallam’s knowledge of the literature of this period seems to be second-hand, and is therefore of very little weight.—“Int. to Lit. of Eur.,” vi. p. 79, 7th ed.

† Those who, like Ritter, Hauréau, Maurice, and the later German writers upon the Middle Ages, have read his work *de adherendo Deo*, and the great scholastic doctors, know how to appreciate them.—(See Maurice, “Med. Phil.,” pp. 173–184.)

‡ Hauréau, ii. p. 103. Milman quotes Hauréau with approval, but differs from him, in thinking that Albert “rather foreboded than wrought this revolution.” Yet only a few pages before he had compared the tomes of the Scholastics to the pyramids of Egypt; oppressive from the sense of power for no discoverable use. “Whoever penetrates within, finds himself bewildered and lost in a labyrinth of small, dark, intricate passages and chambers, devoid of grandeur, devoid of solemnity; he may wander without end, and find nothing!”

§ In saying this, we do not wish to imply that Alexander of Hales was the master of S. Thomas, as has sometimes been said. That this was not the case,

have been in having laid the foundation of scientific thought in the Franciscan theology and philosophy, which afterwards served to keep the balance straight between excess of mysticism or ascetical fervour on the one hand, and too passionate an investigation into the mysteries of nature on the other, — dangers recurring from time to time in the course of the development of Franciscan thought.* There, too, as if that the first rays of the dawn of physical science, although the time for its full development had not yet come, should not be absent from this glorious period, is Roger Bacon, of whom it has been said that of all men he seemed to have been surprised, perhaps overwhelmed, by the mysteries of nature, with whose teeming inexhaustible life and productive powers he was ever seeking to come directly into contact, † and who, with all his faults, not only anticipated the principles of inductive philosophy, and beheld almost in dim outline very many of the glories of modern science, but to whom even the second Bacon may have been more largely indebted than is commonly supposed. ‡ There also is the Irishman Duns Scotus, who shows us the scholastic side of Franciscan thought, with its strong Platonic tendency, just as S. Bonaventure represents its spiritual and mystical, and Roger Bacon its natural side, and who in two hundred distinct propositions becomes the champion of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady. § How magnificent is

see F. Vaughan's "Life of S. Thomas," i. 422. That Alexander of Hales prepared the way for the Summa, see vol. ii. 826-30.

* For example, the Spirituals or the Fratricelli in the 14th century, whom Michael of Cesena, General of the Franciscans, and William Occam supported. Not that Dominican thought had not also its own especial dangers, but these were themselves rather of a scientific nature. However, Dominican thought had even a more solid foundation than Franciscan, resting as it did on the works of S. Thomas.

† See Maurice's "Med. Phil.," p. 235.

‡ See Foster's "Mahomedanism Unveiled," quoted by Hallam, "Int. to Lit. of Eur.," vol. i. p. 117.

§ Maurice points out, and we think correctly, that although Scotus preserves the terminology respecting form and matter, which the schoolmen had chiefly borrowed from Aristotle, that terminology acquires a new meaning in his hands; while in saying that the one efficient principle is the exemplar of all forms, Duns is Platonical. Hallam, as usual, has read nothing of Scotus, except some extracts in Turner, and these seem to him "very frivolous."—"Europe during the Middle Ages," p. 684 (Murray's reprint). He adds: "I have met with four living English writers who have read parts of Thomas Aquinas,—Mr. Turner, Mr. Barrington, Mr. Coleridge, and the Edinburgh Reviewer. Still, I cannot bring myself to believe that there are four more in the country who could say the same. Certain portions, however, of his writings are still read in the course of instruction of some Catholic universities"! It is difficult to see how Mr. Hallam could sit down to write about the Middle Ages at all, most of the works of the schoolmen being unknown to him, as he con-

this spectacle of the intellectual, moral, spiritual, natural tendencies of science, while interpenetrating one another, all grouping themselves together in the persons of these great doctors round the centre of the Church's life, now solemnly enshrined on her great altar-throne in this central period of her history, and forming one vast synthesis of universal doctrine in its honour ! Of a truth, Wisdom hath built herself a house, she hath hewn her out seven pillars ; the opposition of science, falsely so called, although, as ever, active and restless, seems for a little while to have ceased to prevail, and even to the wise and prudent the Church has become the Seat of Wisdom.

If, however, the B. Sacrament receives in the Church's public worship at this memorable period a more open recognition as the very centre of her life, so by a parallel impulse of the Spirit of God, the worship of God's Mother receives a no less striking development. Our Lady, too, in her own measure, is the very life of these ages. "All the greatest men of this period appear as the faithful servants of that Queen of love. S. Francis takes her for the *Charter of his Indulgences* ; S. Dominic weaves her a chaplet of roses, to which every hand contributes a flower. To her S. Thomas Aquinas owed the gift of purity, the sister of genius. S. Bonaventure speaks her praises with the affection of a child for his mother, of an exile for his home. For her Alexander of Hales foregoes the glory of an illustrious name, the applause of the schools, the joys of science ; and from her Albert the Great seeks the knowledge of the mysteries of nature."* The doctrine of her Immaculate Conception, the definition of which only our own age has seen, was ever on the lips of the subtlest doctor of the schools. If our Lord received a new increase of homage from Sums of theology composed in His honour, our Lady too was not without the Sums of her own spotless life, the "*Marials*," which formed so distinguishing a feature of this period ; while, as if to crown its close with a work of her special favour, —we must ask our modern critics to forgive us,—she bade the Angels carry her own Holy House of Nazareth from the East to the West, and set it down among the laurel groves of Italy to be the joy of Christendom. Our Lady takes her place upon her Son's Throne, as the Queen of the whole earth. It was during this period, too, that devotion to S. Joseph began in

fesses, except in the pages of others. As if to make the matter still more ludicrous, he tells us that he could find no better guide than Brücker, who also confesses that he has not read the original writings of the schoolmen. Yet Mr. Hallam's works, we believe, are still considered text-books in England.

* Darras's "*Hist. of Church*," vol. iii. p. 427.

the West, and he who had covered our Lord with his mantle, as he carried him into Egypt, came now to cast his mantle of protection over the Mystical Body of Christ, just as the doctrines relating to it were beginning to receive fresh development. The third aisle of God's great Mystical Temple rises up from its foundations under the patronage of the Foster-father of the Son of Mary.*

As with the sciences so with the arts. They, too, at this period began to gather round Christ's Sacramental throne, and offer their gifts with a beauty of holiness which has never been seen again. From faith alone they borrowed their inspiration, and for faith and in faith alone they worked. Some, like architecture and sculpture, realized even then the ideal of all perfection; others, like statuary and painting, took their rise then, and gradually blossomed into beauty. Those Christians of other days, if we may use a beautiful thought of Montalembert's for a somewhat different purpose, when in their thoughts they had taken in, so far as might be, the heavens and Him who dwells therein, and His Mother, and the Blessed Saints, turned their thoughts to earth, and tried to make a heaven there, or rather they tried to lift nature up to heaven. Revelation and Nature met together beneath the azure vault of the great cathedral, and kissed each other. The three-aisled nave, the triple doorway, spoke to the minds of men of the glorious Trinity; the whole building of nave and transepts was in like manner three in one; but in unity it was a cross. "The pointed arch," said de Lammenais, before he had yet closed his eyes to the only light in which the Divine and the Natural blend themselves into harmony; "the flying buttress and graceful spire springing into space; the upward tendency of every part and of the whole mass, speaks to the soul of the natural aspiration of the creature toward God, its beginning and its end. The temple has its vegetation too. Its walls are covered with flowers, twining themselves into garlands opening in the sunshine, creeping along the fretwork, clinging around the slender pinnacles, and shooting upward with them, while the delicate clustered shafts are crowned with flowers and foliage." It was in the thirteenth century, just at the very time that we have seen the master-works of mediæval science consecrated to God,—and the relationship between them, as F. Vaughan points out, is surely something more than accidental,—that the great architectural glories of Christendom arose.† Burgos and Toledo, Salisbury and York, the nave

* See "Devotion to S. Joseph," already quoted.

† "Life of S. Thomas," vol. i. p. 345, *note*.

of Durham, the choir of Ely, Cologne, Fribourg, and Strasburg, Chartres, Rheims, Amiens, Beauvais, the Sainte-Chapelle, and Saint Denis, the façade of Notre Dame, these were raised *then*, as has been happily said, by the faith that can move mountains, and they are standing *now*, to shame our modern degeneracy. Or if we cross the Alps, for we are more concerned with the spirit of architecture than with its styles, we shall find it culminating in the fourfold glories of Pisa, or in that fair bell-tower at Florence, which Giotto himself, architect and painter, "has made a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."*

Out of the architecture of this period Christian sculpture took its rise: the form of the Son of Man coming in His glory, or of the Virgin Mother, or of Angel or of Saint; or again, the sleeping form of Pope or Bishop, or king, or lord, or lady, until in the fourteenth century the great Christian sculptor, Nicolo Pisano, appeared, offering the first-fruits of his genius at the shrine of S. Dominic of Bologna. The rules and theories of Grecian art had been long forgotten, but now Grecian grace and ease came to life again, sanctified by Christian modesty, purity, and sentiment. Alas! too soon, as the spirit of the middle ages began to die away, and men's minds becoming absorbed in the study of pagan antiquity, the old pagan taint again broke out, and the exclusive worship of form opened the way to sensuality and meretriciousness in art. Sculpture no longer drew its inspirations from faith, but from the models of antiquity; the adornment of galleries and pleasure-gardens rather than of the shrines of the Saints, or the Chair of truth, or the baptisteries of noble churches, became the end for which it worked, man's enjoyment, not God's glory, its highest aim, until at a later period it sunk far below the grace and dignity, and even the purity, of pagan times.

It was in the same fruitful period that Christian painting sprang into new life and vigour. Unlike her sister art of sculpture, painting had ministered from the first, and all through her history, to the Church of God. It would hardly be too much to say that in the subjects chosen by painting for representation at different epochs we can alone read her whole history. The symbolic representations of the Catacombs, where, although during a time of martyrdom, everything speaks of the Resurrection, the martyrdoms, although martyrdoms had ceased, the last judgments, and the sufferings of hell, so common during the earliest part of the middle ages,

* Those who have seen Giotto's campanile, after having read Mr. Ruskin's works, will be better able to understand not only that great architect and painter, but the art-critic himself.

the more devotional and touching subjects of later times,* the very attitude of the Redeemer of the world, and the expression of His face, first as the gentle Saviour, then, when the kingdoms of the world had become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ, as the King of Glory; the mighty Mother standing with uplifted hands, or enthroned and holding the Holy Child—all these, whether roughly, or grandly, or sweetly painted, represent distinct phases of the Church's life on earth, as well as of the development of her doctrine and devotion.† But at the time of which we speak painting, whether of the Christian-Roman or the Byzantine type, or as the result of the intermingling of both types, rises with a noble vigour to the knowledge of its noblest functions, and strives to realize that happy harmony of nature and of art for God's glory, that blending together of the supernatural and the natural, the Divine and the human, which we have seen so marvellously mastered in the architecture of the same period; but all this in such a way that what is Divine and supernatural may reign supreme. Cimabue and Giotto arise, and as sculpture consecrated its first fruit at the shrine of S. Dominic, so too the double Church of S. Francis of Assisi,—of that marvellous saint, in whom the love of God and of nature met together in such perfect harmony,—becomes the treasure-house of the first triumphs of Christian painting, in the golden-hours of its glorious renewal. In the great Dominican order it rose a little later to a still higher level, and culminated in the mystic painting of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, before whose ecstatic gaze the heavens seemed to have rolled away, and revealed the secrets of the Holiest. Never before, never since, have the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, the beauty of holiness, the Godlika in the creature, been so marvellously shadowed forth before the eyes of men. Yet, as if to fasten the glory of this great renewal to this especial period, no sooner have its Christian traditions begun to be slighted and forgotten than painting, like sculpture, ceases to be distinctively Christian, and becomes too often the minister to men's passions, the incentive to impurity and lust; the divinity of the human countenance, the holiness of spiritual expression, is seen no more.‡

* See Didron, "*Manuel d'Iconographie*," p. 182.

† Durandus, "*Rationale*," i. c. 3.

‡ See upon Christian architecture, sculpture, painting, Milman's "*Latin Christianity*," vol. ix. b. xiv. ch. 8, 9, 10, where, however, the writer is evidently torn one way by his artistic, and another by his religious feelings. The same may be said of Mr. Ruskin, with this difference, that the latter, from his more Catholic mind, is obliged, whenever he comes across the doctrines of the Catholic Church, to do greater violence to himself.

Lastly, this was the period which witnessed the apogee of Christian monarchy under S. Louis, the liberation of modern languages from the throes of their birth, and the rise of Universities, to which, with all their faults, all the unbelief and heresies with which they were too often infested, the intellect of Christendom still owes its training; truly a magnificent period of intellectual emancipation and admirable progress, presided over by the faith which has overcome the world, a period in which it has been said that "individualities triumph through unity; and while nations have their own proper existence, Christendom is crowned with universal glory." "Let us pause yet a moment," says the same writer, "and before delivering over to the torrent of ages the great period which we have been examining, let us cast upon it one last look of love and immense regret. It is an epoch that stands alone in the annals of humanity, a time of perfecting and of glory, in which the harvest of two hundred years of labours is gathered in. . . . Never has it been given to man to behold a spectacle like to this; never has the superiority of the West over the East shone forth more brightly; never has the cause of God and of Christendom appeared more triumphant or more glorious. Something of the magnificence of Sinai accompanies the victory of the Cross. As over the doorway of the great cathedrals which this period has raised the Son of Man is seen coming in His majesty, and all the voices of nature, all the powers of earth and of heaven, celebrate His greatness."*

We have dealt chiefly with the thirteenth century, because in it all the chief glories of the Middle Ages are centred,—their leading characteristics seen at their best. In saying this we do not at all mean to say that each century had not also its own special characteristics, good or bad, or to deny what F. Dalgairns asserts, that there may have been as much difference between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries as between the fourteenth and the nineteenth. Still we believe that throughout the period known as the Middle Ages, while each century has its own very marked features, there are certain broad and leading characteristics which run through them all, and distinguish them both from earlier and later times; just as the last three centuries, although each bears upon it the mark of some special form of rebellion against God and His Church, may all be classed together as ages of Apostasy. These leading characteristics may be thus summed up: the universal public recognition of the Christian principle, as the foundation of all order, all civilization, in other words, of

* De Riancey, tome viii. pp. 301, 331.

Christendom; so that however often order might be disturbed, or the course of civilization interrupted, recovery was always possible, and even comparatively easy; the public homage paid to Christ's kingship over the earth in the subordination of the temporal to the spiritual, of emperors, and kings, and peoples, to the Vicar of Christ, at least for a time, when the harvest sown by S. Gregory VII. had been gathered in,—a subordination not perfect, it is true, but so far perhaps as was possible in a world always by nature antagonistic to Christ; the general subjection of all science and learning to faith, so that however much unbelief might break out in individuals or in particular places, as in some of the universities, or heresies, at first of Eastern origin, although later on of Western birth, fasten like a blight upon some of the leaves of God's beautiful flower of Christendom, then opening into fullest blossom, the beauty and glory of the whole were not, substantially at least, impaired; the obedience of all the arts and their ministry to the service of the Church of God, so that she stood out before the eyes of men clad in a vesture of gold, girt about with variety. Add to all this the central position occupied by this period in the history of the development of the Church's doctrines and devotions by the Definition of the fourth Lateran Council, touching the Sacramental Presence of the centre of the Church's life, and by its more solemn enthronement in her outward worship; the immense expansion of the public worship of God's Mother; the rise in the West of devotion to S. Joseph; the gathering up of all science, Divine and human, so far as was then possible, into one vast synthesis, by the Doctor of the B. Sacrament, as if in honour of our Lord enthroned therein as the King of the whole earth; and we shall hardly be wrong in saying that no other period of the Church's history so nearly realized upon earth the harmony of the natural and the spiritual, the natural and the supernatural, the temporal and the eternal, the human and the Divine. It was the temporal reign of the Church on earth, a brief foreshadowing of her more perfect reign hereafter, when the creature itself, which now groaneth and travaileth in pain, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the children of God; and yet only brief, because of the growing wickedness of men, not because of any growing weakness in herself. For although the above leading characteristics are for the most part centred in one century, yet the whole period shares in them more or less, either by leading up to and preparing the way for their more brilliant and striking manifestation, or because, after their full splendour had shone forth, their rays did not at once fade away, but still continued

for a while to illumine the world. Thus, on the one hand, Charlemagne, S. Leo III., and Sylvester II., led up to S. Gregory VII. and his mighty work, the fruits of which were gathered by Innocent III.; Joannes Erigena, Gerbert, Lanfranc, Anselm, S. Bernard, Hugh and Richard of S. Victor's, and Peter the Lombard, prepared the way for Albert the Great, S. Thomas, and S. Bonaventure. On the other hand, while Boniface VIII., Calixtus III., and Pius II. continued the policy and guarded from attack the work of S. Gregory VII., preserving for Christ at least His Kingship over the West, Gerson, Ruysbrock, Thauler, B. Henry Suso, Gerard Groot, the author of the "Imitation," and our own Walter Hilton testified still to the supremacy of the highest wisdom, the contemplation of God, upon which S. Thomas had founded his theology,* "all the great men of the fourteenth century," we may again repeat, on the authority of Victor Cousin, "were mystics." Prominent among all, Dante, the creator of Italian poetry, and almost of the Italian tongue, the spokesman, as Carlyle has truly called him, of the Middle Ages, summing up their inner life, embodying in all respects save one,—the temporal Supremacy of the Holy See,—the triumphs of the Mediæval Church, enshrining in all else the sublimest soul of Mediæval Christianity in a "mystic, unfathomable song," building up the whole theology of the schools, the dogma of S. Thomas, the mysticism of S. Bonaventure, into one vast cathedral of glorious poetry, into which the mythology of old heathen days is forced to enter and offer its gifts to Christ the Lord of all.† The "*Divina Commedia*" is the partial Sum of the Middle Ages themselves, as well as of their theology and philosophy, the shrine in which they are preserved for the veneration of all after-ages. Upon it stands the image of Christ risen from the dead, and round about it we may still read the words, "*Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.*"‡

To conclude. We keep in mind the important distinction between the Church's own outward growth in wisdom and grace, which will never end on earth, and her influence over the world, which has varied at different periods of her history; in other words, between Christianity and Christendom. We have seen that there is one point in that history, up to which her influence over the world and its civilization gradually increased,

* F. Vaughan's "Life of S. Thomas," vol. i. p. 800.

† Carlyle, "Lectures on Heroes," Lect. iii. Milman's "Latin Christianity," vol. ix. b. xiv. ch. 2 and 5.

‡ Ozanam, "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au treizième siècle," partie iii. ch. 4 and 5.

at which it culminated, and after which it gradually declined,—a point in her history which is also a central point in the development of her dogma, devotion, and theological science—and when all these good things of which we have spoken above, and need not now repeat, come together at her bidding to the feet of Christ as King over the earth. We have discovered moreover, that the ages which immediately preceded and followed this great central period shared more or less in its glories and leading characteristics. Above all, we cast our eyes upon our own times, the offspring of three centuries of rebellion against the Church, and behold Christendom a heap of ruins; the corner-stone of the temporal principedom of the Vicar of Christ removed out of its place; the intellect of man in open enmity to God; sciences and arts divorced from religion; the Christian principle ignored; all the governments of the world apostate from Christ; a corrupt and material civilization, in which the naturalism and paganism of the old Roman empire have come to life again, eating away the energies of men; the great antichristian Revolution that maketh desolate, triumphant in the city of the Saints. And as a conclusion from all this, we do not see how we can avoid the conclusion, that never did the Kingdom of God, which itself can know no decrease, take such possession of the world as in the Middle Ages. No doubt, as we have always owned throughout, there were then many evils, as there must ever be; much sin, much corruption of heart even in high and holy places, even unbelief and heresy from time to time; much darkness and ignorance, notwithstanding all the light. No doubt the later glories of material civilization were wanting, for then men's minds were absorbed in the higher sciences; but these too would have come in as rich abundance had the reign of the Church continued, and they would have come, too, stripped of many of their present dangers; nay, even then were coming. "We doubt," says Macaulay, * "whether any country of Europe, our own excepted, have at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as Italy had attained four hundred years ago." Still, the glory of the Middle Ages lies in this, that however great their evils, however strong the opposition of the world, Christ's law, as the public law of Christendom, was stronger; the Christian principle was the principle of all, and so Christ reigned. The Middle Ages, therefore, may be said to differ from earlier and later ages in having witnessed—for too short a time indeed and in too poor

* Essay on Machiavelli.

a way,—but still for some time and in some way, which might also have been longer had it not been for men's perversity, the temporal reign of Christ and of His Church upon the earth, as distinguished from their spiritual reign: an anticipation, a foreshadowing of their final victory over all things, when Christ himself shall come again to judge the earth at the latter day. Whether in the unknown future such a time may ever come again to the Church before the end, even as more than once there have been foreshadowings of the last Antichrist, is known to God alone. But surely it is a solemn thought that, while the first twelve hundred years of her history were but a preparation for her earthly crowning, the last six hundred have but witnessed her gradual temporal deposition and ultimate temporal dethronement; although, to her children of course, she is ever queen, and dearer far in her crown of thorns and robe of scorn than on her throne of glory.

It may perhaps be said that this view of the Church's influence over the world might lead men to suppose that, after all, the Church is a human institution, able to influence the world for awhile as long as she had some special work to do in it and for it, and then gradually losing all influence over it, and becoming a thing of the past. There would be truth in this objection, if it could be shown that there is any decay in the Church herself, to which the decrease of her influence could be attributed, rather than to the perversity of men. But we have seen that the Church is ever young, and that for her there is no decay; any more than there was decay in our Lord's work of redemption, or want of vigour in His teaching, when men's hearts turned against Him, and they cried that they had no king but Cæsar. The Church is as Divine, as royal in the hour of her dethronement by the world, as her Lord in the hour of His rejection by the Jews. In the end, too, the victory will rest with the Church; none of God's works fail, although there is much of seeming failure in all His works. Seeming failure is one of the mysteries of the kingdom of nature, as well as of the kingdom of grace. The greater number of seeds cast into the earth never spring up into life. The greater number of men born into the world never reach their prime. God created the angels, yet vast hosts of the angels fell away from Him; He created the world and man, and straightway by man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. God sent His Son into the world to save the world, and men crucified Him. But, even as the failure of what is sown in nature cannot rob her of her glory and her beauty, or the premature falling away of so many men interfere with the destinies of the human race, so shall nothing in the kingdom

of grace fall short of its purpose and its glory in the day when death shall be swallowed up in victory. The Church, as the kingdom which the God of Heaven hath set up, can never be destroyed, nor shall it be delivered up to another people, but it shall consume and break in pieces all the kingdoms of the earth, and itself shall stand for ever.

We have finished our task, however imperfect the result. Hereafter we hope to examine with our readers one particular phase of the Mediæval period,—its mystical and ascetical teaching. This we shall be able the better to understand, now that we have seen the position held by the Middle Ages in Church history; have noticed their leading characteristics; have weighed, above all, their relation to the development of the Church's dogma, theological science and devotion, which have all necessarily affected her spiritual life. No one at least, we are convinced, will ever be able to grasp the full meaning of the mystical and ascetical works of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who forgets Christ's kingship over the earth, or the establishment of the Feast of Corpus Christi:

In hæc mensâ novi Regis,
Novum Pascha novæ legis
Phase vetus terminat;
Vetustatem novitas,
Umbram fugat veritas;
Noctem lux eliminat.

On this table of the King,
Our new Paschal offering
Brings to end the older rite;
Here for empty shadows fled,
Is reality instead;
Here, instead of darkness, light ! *

ART. III.—CATHOLICITY IN GERMANY.

Ein Wort über den Staat-Gott. Von Dr. G. FELIX. Regensburg und New York: Verlag von F. Pustet.

(*A few Words on the Idolatry of the State.* By Dr. G. FELIX. Pustet: Ratisbon and New York.)

Germany, Italy, and the Jesuits. A speech delivered before the Catholic Union. By T. W. ALLIES, M.A. London: Burns & Oates.†

DR. FELIX is one of many writers, who set themselves to encounter views and principles which are as yet little known in England. In this country the Church has to contend with intolerance; but it is intolerance which is afraid for the

* F. Caswall's translation.

† The first part of this article was in type, before the Cologne Congress had met, and before Mr. Allies's speech had appeared in print.

most part to avow its real character, or else it is the intolerance of religious bigots rather than of infidels. In Germany it is otherwise. There the old-fashioned liberalism, which proclaimed freedom for every sect and opinion, has passed away; and the State asserts its right of exercising an absolute control in religious matters. The comments in England and in Germany on the law for the expulsion of the Jesuits, may serve as an illustration. One at least of our influential journals condemned the law altogether, as an infringement of religious freedom. The "Saturday Review" defended it, but only in the most timid and apologetic way, and with an evident consciousness that it was sacrificing principle to party spirit. One daily paper laboured to show that Prince Bismarck's motives in driving out the Jesuits were entirely political. But organs like the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," or the "old-Catholic" "*Deutsche Merkur*," speak in a very different tone. They look upon the religious education of the people as the special business of the State; and in their judgment a body which propagates opinions, regarded by the dominant party as opposed to "enlightenment" or "progress," is at once convicted of treason against legitimate authority. They make no apology for the apparent intolerance of such a measure; for in their eyes a liberal State, which permits anti-liberal influences to exert themselves within its territory, is resigning its proper office and betraying its own weakness. The persecution of the Jesuits is only one part of an avowed and organized system for the persecution of the Church in general. Since the secularization of 1802, freedom in teaching has been unknown in Germany. No college or school can be opened without leave from the government, and liberals have consistently curtailed the freedom of Catholics in this respect whenever they thought it safe to do so. They are now interfering with the freedom of the pulpit and the immunity of the confessional. The other day a liberal paper said the government ought to insist that all candidates for the priesthood should go through a complete course in the Gymnasium and the University, under professors appointed by the State. After that, the bishops might place them in seminaries, and teach them, if they pleased, the irrational dogma of Papal infallibility. But even this modicum of liberty aroused the indignation of the "old-Catholics." Their official paper, the "*Deutsche Merkur*," protested against half-measures like this, and declared that any statesman who wished his country's good must see to it, that the doctrine of Papal infallibility was taught neither in the universities nor in the seminaries. These proposals are made in plain terms, and without any attempt at apology or concealment. In fact German liberals seem to have forgotten the very possibility of any one seriously

believing in toleration and liberty of opinion. In a recent article on "Catholicity in England," the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" expressed its amazement, that the English Government could sit with folded hands, while convents arise in every part of the country and ultramontaniam is rampant. It could find no explanation for this extraordinary phenomenon, except in the sage supposition that Jesuit influences were brought to bear upon Mr. Gladstone. And though it is against the Catholic Church that the liberal fanaticism is chiefly directed, it by no means ends there. "The State," Hegel said, "is the living God"; and many of his countrymen seem resolved to carry out the principle in all its consequences. If the State is absolutely supreme, religion is no more than a means for promoting order, which the State can alter and modify at will to secure its own ends. The Catholic Church is the first great obstacle in its path. It makes a marked division among Germans, whose one and only thought should be the political greatness of Germany; while its hierarchical constitution, and connection with foreign countries, are a constant check to political absolutism. The Church is to be got out of the way to begin with. When that is effected, the main part of the work is over. Still something remains to be done, before Germany can be called really one. "The efforts of ecclesiastical parties among German Christians," says Professor Holtzendorf,* "are essentially anti-national. Catholicity, which has now degenerated into ultramontaniam, is the enemy of the people. The Protestant national Church is the enemy of German unity." Besides, there are dogmatic differences among Protestants; and to get genuine unity among Germans, there must be a German Christianity from which dogma is eliminated altogether. The "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" has devoted a series of articles to this subject.

Dr. Felix shows in his pamphlet, which is written with a good deal of ability, the effects to which this idolatry of the State necessarily leads. If people are brought up to believe that the State is absolutely supreme, and that God has no claim on their consciences, they will not be content to stop there. Selfish and individual interests will become the rule of action. The lower classes will refuse to submit to the supremacy of the State, so long as the State is identified with the educated few. Liberalism will pave the way for communism; and prove fatal to the interests of government, which it was meant to serve. It begins by declaring war on religion, because it considers

* "*Das deutsche Reich und die Constituirung der christlichen Religionsparteien auf den Herbstversammlungen im J. 1871.*" Berlin: 1872.

religion unpatriotic: it will end by destroying patriotism as well. Dr. Felix supports his assertion with a number of theological arguments. The events of the late war have practically demonstrated the ruin which irreligion brings upon a nation. Infidelity has long been widely spread in Germany. Still, the influences of religion have not been so systematically banished from the schools, as in France. During the war, the Germans showed themselves a more religious and a more moral people than their enemies; and to this, as Bishop Ketteler said last year in the Mayence Congress, they owed their victory. But though the French were conquered, French principles have taken the Germans captive; and German statesmen are doing their best to carry out the anti-Christian principles, which have already brought about the destruction of France.

We cannot expect, that either reasoning like that of Dr. Felix, or the evidence of recent history, strong as it is, will produce much effect upon the dominant party. Even the more orthodox of the German Protestants are ready, as a rule, to unite with infidels in attacks directed primarily against the Church, but ultimately against all belief in the supernatural. There are indeed Protestants, and they deserve all honour, who are free from such sectarian blindness, and are large-minded and courageous enough to support the "Central Faction," which represents Catholic interests in the Imperial Chambers. But cases like this are quite exceptional; and in the struggle between the State and the Church, Catholics must rely upon themselves. We propose, then, to try and form some estimate of the state of Catholics during this crisis in Germany; of the dangers which threaten them; of the forces which they have at their command; and of their prospects in the future.

To begin with the dark side of the picture. The religious orders have not exercised during this century any appreciable influence on the higher education in Germany; but teaching orders have been employed to a considerable extent in the education of the lower orders, and the secular clergy have been closely connected with the gymnasia and universities. In Bavaria very many, and in other parts of Catholic Germany a considerable number, even of the secular professors are priests; and out of school the pupils have enjoyed full religious freedom. Since the Council, very important changes have been introduced. In Prussian territory the religious orders have been forbidden to teach, while the law regarding school inspection has loosened the bond between the clergy and the parish schools. In the universities, some of the theological chairs are occupied by priests who have abandoned the Faith; and in the gymnasia the children of Catholic parents are forced to receive religious

instruction from ecclesiastics of the same kind. The pupils at the Catholic schools and colleges are now forbidden, under pain of expulsion, to join pious confraternities; and we must remember that in Germany exclusion from the gymnasium means exclusion from all public preferment. Moreover, under the Prussian Government, a priest who is devoted to the interests of the Church has little chance, whatever his learning or abilities may be, of obtaining even a theological chair. At Bonn, for instance, all the professors except one belong to the old-Catholic movement, and receive their salaries, though they give no lectures; while Dr. Kaulen, a biblical scholar of great reputation, but a decided Catholic, has been for many years a *privat-docent*, and is likely to remain in this humble position for many years to come. All this is bad enough, but unless the government is alarmed by the energetic resistance of the Catholic population, it will only be the beginning of evil. An extract from a pamphlet of Dr. Hinschius may give us some idea of the laws which may be in store for German Catholics. He is a canonist supposed to be in special favour with the court of Berlin; he has just been appointed to a professorship in the university of the capital, with a seat and a vote in the Prussian ministry of Public Worship, so that his utterances are invested with a semi-official character. He professes* that the "neo-Catholics" (i.e. of course *all* Catholics—all persons who accept the definition of the Vatican Council) "should be excluded from teaching religion in all State or communal schools: that in these schools the teaching of the neo-Catholic doctrine should be prohibited; that an end should be put to the Catholic faculties of theology in the universities." In other words, he wishes to make the schools and universities anti-Catholic; and to force the children of Catholic parents to attend them, or else to sacrifice their prospects in life. There is no need to dwell upon the effects of such measures if they can be carried out.

Fortunately there is much to be set on the other side. The Prussian liberals, and their allies in the dependent states, may find after all that the auspicious moment for a thorough-going persecution of the Church has not yet arrived. Great hopes were entertained of the old-Catholic schism, but it has proved a ludicrous failure. Thirty out of the thirty thousand priests in Germany have rebelled against the authority of the Church. Some of them, it is true, are men of learning; but except Dr. Döllinger himself, none of them stand in the first rank

* "Die Stellung der deutschen Staatsregierungen gegenüber den Beschlüssen des vatikanischen Concils," 62.

either of learning or ability. They have found hardly any support among the laity. Here and there a few Catholics, generally the children of mixed marriages, have joined the schismatical congregations; but their adherents for the most part are free-masons and free-thinkers, who talk loudly against the infallibility of the Pope, but feel the same contempt for the infallibility of the Church or the sacrifice of the Mass. There are signs too that the liberals who have used the old-Catholic party as a convenient excuse for interference with the affairs of the Church, are getting tired of them, and no longer care to defend men who occupy a position so absurd and illogical. The "*Deutsche Merkur*," which is under the influence of Döllinger, lately denounced Frohschammer for calling himself a Catholic while he professed principles which are simply infidel; and the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," the paper in which Janus first appeared and the great patron of the old-Catholics as long as they had any chance of success, replied by sneering at the inconsequence of people, who rejected the infallibility of the Church, and then erected their own infallibility in its place. What right, it said, has the "*Deutsche Merkur*" to go a certain length in antagonism to the Church, and insist that everybody else should go just so far and no further? This amount of inconsequence was involved in the old-Catholic position from the beginning. If the infallibility of the Pope was a novelty, the appeal on the part of Catholics from a council to a handful of professors, was a novelty more startling still. Döllinger and his followers boasted, that while a Council had transformed the constitution of the Church, they themselves were continuing to believe and teach what they had always believed and taught; and then, in the same breath, they made appeals from the Church to "science," and to "cultivated men," which are natural enough in the mouths of Protestants and Rationalists, but which sound a little strange when they come from persons who profess their strict attachment to the Catholic faith. The history of the schism, brief as it has been, has thrown additional light on the contradictory nature of old-Catholic principles, and the impossibility of remaining stationary in such an untenable position. At first the old-Catholics maintained that they were true Roman Catholics, and were faithful to the decisions of Trent and the creed of Pius IV. Since then some at least of their acknowledged leaders tell us that the Greek Church has the same, if not a better claim, to be considered Catholic as the Roman, and that there have been only seven Œcumenical Councils. In 1871 they protested that they adhered to the ancient canons and constitution of the Church. In 1872, in defiance of canons which date from the

earliest times, and were repeated at council after council, they have invited a bishop of the Jansenist sect, himself uncanonically consecrated, to administer the sacrament of Confirmation in the dioceses of other bishops. Very soon the old-Catholic Congress is to meet at Cologne; and, before it is over, we may expect fresh instances of the internecine conflict which is the characteristic of the sects. A year ago the Protestant Congress at Darmstadt, after vainly trying to come to an agreement upon any positive doctrine, were at last united in a resolution to petition for the expulsion of the Jesuits; and probably the argument of the Congress at Cologne will begin and end in a similar way.

But we have other and better grounds of hope for the future of the Church in Germany, than the failure of the old-Catholic delusion. Infidelity has made some way in the large towns, but even the large towns of Catholic Germany offer a very favourable contrast to the cities of France. In the former, the large majority of men hear mass on days of obligation; the working men and the shopkeepers are still in the main faithful to the Church, and ready to defend its interests. During the last eight years Catholic clubs or "casinos," as they are called, have been established in most of the towns. They meet once a week to discuss Catholic questions, and their success has done much to counteract the influence of the liberal papers. In Würzburg, for instance, which has a population of rather more than forty thousand, the Catholic "casinos" number more than five hundred members, all of them men, and most of them belonging to the middle classes. The meetings are always numerously attended. In the same place, among the students attending the university, there are two Catholic corps, the Walhalla and the Marcomanni. The members bind themselves to maintain Catholic principles. They walk together in the procession at Corpus Christi, and lose no opportunity of coming forward as consistent and decided Catholics. One of these corps, the Walhalla, counts eighty members, a very considerable proportion in a university of four hundred and fifty students, many of whom are Protestants. In the country districts, the population is a source of great strength to the Catholic cause. The German Catholic peasantry is second to none, either in intelligence or in piety. And it is precisely in the tracts of country which are Catholic to the core, that the peasants are most prosperous. In the Catholic half of Westphalia, they are more like well-to-do farmers than like peasants in the English sense of the word. They have the power to make themselves felt in a political crisis, and they do not want the will.

But it is in the present condition of the clergy that we find the

strongest motives for encouragement and confidence. It is not only the present character of the German priests, it is the contrast of what they are with what they were fifty years ago, which forbids us lose heart, and bears witness to the power of renovation and reformation, in the true sense of the word, which never dies in the Church of God. Fifty or sixty years ago they were corrupted through and through with Josephinism; and it seems almost a miracle, that Catholic Germany was not severed altogether from the Holy See. At the beginning of the century the printed sermons of Protestants were read from Catholic pulpits; it was a common view among the clergy, that the recital of the office was a counsel, not a precept; discussions were held in clerical conferences as to the amount of food a priest might take before saying mass.* No secret was made of these opinions. A priest in his published writings declared that the Breviary was the worst book of devotion in existence, and supposed he might take it for granted that most of the German bishops never said their office. The same exemplary ecclesiastic boasted, that he had persuaded his parishioners to give up the use of the rosary. In many churches the parts of the Mass which are uttered aloud, were sung in the vernacular. Even this did not satisfy the liberal spirit of the time. The bishops were exhorted to introduce a Missal entirely German into their dioceses; and if the Pope offered any hindrance, the bishops were to remember that each of them had in his own diocese as much authority as the Pope had in his, and to resist the despotism of Rome.† In 1830 a bishop of Limburg issued a ritual for the use of his diocese, in which even the sacramental forms were in German; ‡ and as late as 1839, Rellor, Bishop of Rottenburg, published an ordinance, in which he repeated, with additions and aggravations, the rules of the Jansenist synod at Pistoia. Among the schemes for the improvement of the Church, some implicitly denied the formal teaching of the Tridentine Council on the sacrifice of the Mass.§ Happily, this state of things has passed away, and let us hope for ever. It is needless to dwell on the various influences which, beginning in great measure from Möhler and the noble school which he founded, have gradually made a Church once so full of scandals, eminent for its Catholic spirit. Whatever dangers may be in store for the German Church, she can at least rely upon her clergy.

* See Guéranger, "Institutions liturgiques," ii. 709.

† See Dr. Huber's article in "Freimüthige Blätter," 1835, p. 367.

‡ "Katholisches Ritual," von Jakob Brand, Bischof von Limburg. Frankfurt, 1830.

§ See Werkmeister's "Predigten," ii. 320.

The period of so called "enlightenment" in Germany was singularly barren in works of research or of literary merit, and the revival of learning in Catholic Germany dates from the revival of Catholic spirit. One learned historian, who contributed in no small degree to the promotion of ecclesiastical studies, has fallen away from the cause he defended for so many years, and is now labouring, though it is labour in vain, to destroy the work of his past life. But a Church, which counts among its clergy men like Kuhn, Hagemann, Kraus, Hettinger, Hergenröther, Haneborg, and many others worthy to be named with them, is well equipped for the intellectual conflict. And it is worth noticing that an unusual number of learned works has been announced since the Council. Hergenröther is preparing a book on the relations of Church and State. A "Catholic library" is promised, in which Hergenröther is to contribute a manual of Church History, and Scheeben a compendium of Dogmatic Theology, while Hettinger and Hagemann are to furnish the "Apologetik" and "Encyclopædia." Kraus has undertaken to edit a dictionary of Christian Antiquities, with assistance from Hagemann and Hefele.

The attack upon the Church comes from the revolutionary party, which is plotting the destruction of the Church in every country of Europe. In Germany, the persecuting government is intoxicated with the pride of conquest, and it will require no slight obstacles to arrest its career of injustice and oppression. But of one thing we may rest assured. It will not succeed in sowing division in the Church; it will not be able to flatter or cajole Catholics into rebellion against ecclesiastical authorities. In the Catholic towns it will meet with a percentage of unbelievers who will accept or applaud its measures. But when it comes "to the Catholic people, to the Catholic clergy, to the Catholic bishops, it will find them like a wall; like a wall, as the prophet says, built for the defence of the house of God."*

Since the preceding remarks were in type, the old-Catholic Congress has met at Cologne; and most significant is the lesson derivable from its proceedings. Several Catholics, even among those who saw most clearly the necessity of the Vatican Definition, regretted nevertheless the loss of Dr. Döllinger and his friends. They regarded this evil of course as far more than counterbalanced by other considerations; but they thought it an evil nevertheless. For our own part, we need not say indeed how keenly we should rejoice, if Dr. Döllinger or any

* From Canon Moufang's Speech at the Mayence Congress.

like-minded person would renounce his past habits of thought: but we have always held that, so long as he *retained* those habits, his nominal Church-membership was a serious public calamity. "There is no Act of Pius IX.'s Pontificate," we said in July, 1871 (p. 216), "which will have added greater strength to the Church, than the exclusion from her body of such treacherous and injurious members."*

Now if the old-Catholics at Cologne had proposed to themselves as an end the emphatically confirming such adverse judgments, they could not have more effectually succeeded in doing so. They had started with the profession, that their doctrine was identical with that which prevailed universally among Catholics before the Council; and they chose the very name "old-Catholic" to express that stand-point. Yet within the short space of two years, not only such profession has ceased to possess the faintest and most superficial plausibility, but they have almost in so many words abandoned the profession itself. What kind of Catholics can those men have been in the year 1869, who take part in such theological orgies as those of 1872? We need not attempt ourselves to enter into particulars; because we find the work done ready to our hand, in the "*Spectator*" of Sept. 28th. We will place then before our readers in extenso the vigorous article to which we refer; an article written of course from the Protestant point of view, but hardly containing a word to which the Catholic would demur. We observe indeed one difference between the writer and ourselves. Our own impression is, as we have said, that Prince Bismarck is tired of the old-Catholic movement; whereas our contemporary holds that it is still under the Prince's influence. The "*Spectator's*" view in fact is, that the old-Catholics are Protestants pure and simple; differing however from those other Protestants by whom they are surrounded, in more abject submission to a purely secular influence. The article runs thus:—

Dr. Dollinger's prudent Conservatism in claiming for his followers the title of the "Old" Catholics is becoming every day more and more inconvenient. He meant, and asserted that he meant, by "the Old-Catholics," the Roman Catholics as they were before the Vatican Council was summoned, the Roman Catholics of 1869. But since then they have become so much older Catholics, that the question now debated by the most moderate of their

* Our only point of difference from Mr. Allies's impressive speech relates to Dr. Dollinger. Mr. Allies thinks that that writer has "destroyed by" one "act of intense pride and overweening self-sufficiency the glory of so many years spent as a defender and champion of the Church" (p. 16). We consider that, long before the Vatican Council, Dr. Dollinger had forfeited all claim to be accounted "a defender and champion of the Church."

critics is whether they desire to be thought in sympathy with the Catholics of the eighth century, or with the Catholics of the fifth century. In short, their theology has grown older by at least 1,100 years in the two years of their existence as a Church. For example, the priest Kaminsky, who has made so much noise in Prussia, called out at one of the meetings of the Congress for an immediate settlement of the reforms needed in discipline and worship, asserting, according to the excellent report in the *Débats*, that he was weary of playing a part in the comedy of the hierarchy, that it was time to give effect to the reforms which the conscience demanded, and especially to the abolition of celibacy and auricular confession; that the Old Catholics might almost as well pretend to infallibility, if they were to display so much timidity in going forward, and that the Congress ought to declare that they wished to return at once to the Christianity of the eighth century. The accomplished correspondent of the *Débats* who reports this demand, who is no other than M. de Pressensé, one of the most thoughtful and spiritual of French Protestants, remarks on the capriciousness of the date on which Herr Kaminsky had fixed, and suggests that for his own part he should rather consider the general tone of the Old-Catholic Congress as belonging to the fifth century, while he himself would gladly see it go back to the very origin of the faith in the first century, as his own Church endeavours to do. For ourselves, we suspect that the Congress will not succeed in going back to the theology of any particular century; the powerful influences to which the new body is more and more subjected are of a kind wholly antagonistic to the sort of antiquarian faith of which our own Puseyites, for instance, have been dreaming. We believe that the "Old" Catholics will utterly disappoint the Anglican party in this country, which, as Bishop Wordsworth has confessed, while extremely anxious to get them to repudiate the Council of Trent, is quite as anxious that they should hold fast by the general features of what is called Patristic Christianity—the Christianity of the Fathers; and that they will before long take up a position much nearer to that of the German Catholics of 1846,—the Ronge school of rationalizing Christians who held to the name of "Catholic" only for the sake of the comprehensiveness which the word implied,—than to that of the Anglo-Catholics on whose behalf Dr. Wordsworth speaks. The "Old" Catholics were indeed getting newer and newer every day the Congress lasted; and though Dr. Stanley may very possibly still give them his sympathy at the Congress—if there be a Congress—in 1873, we suspect we shall find that the yearning glances with which such prelates as Dr. Harold Browne and Dr. Wordsworth turn towards them now, will be exchanged by that time for the cold neglect of disapproving recollection. Let us briefly justify this expectation.

We need not recall the strong expressions of the Old-Catholics' wish for reunion with the Episcopal Churches of England, Russia, and America. Those expressions are well known, and would be quite consistent with the Puseyite idea, if indeed the desire for unity were not expressed in a way to indicate a good deal of indifference about the standard of creed. But Professor Michaelis—who not only appears to be "somewhat" among the Old-Catholics, but is one of the class without whom the Döllingerites would

get exceedingly little hold of the people at all—is reported to have declared at the first public meetings at Cologne that the party wanted the intelligent “co-operation” of the German Protestants to further the movement. He declared against the Scholastic theology,—a declaration which would horrify Dr. Pusey,—and professed the object of his party to be to find a Church suited for “the whole of humanity,” and of course in the sense not merely of bringing the whole of humanity into the Church, which every Church professes to desire, but of adapting the Church to the aspirations of the whole of humanity as it is now outside the Church. Professor Schulte, another of those who “seem to be pillars,” declared his wish for a reunion with the German Protestants. And though Professor Bluntschli declared on behalf of the German Protestants that they differed too much amongst themselves to hope for any union of faith even amongst themselves, and therefore entertained no hope of hitting on any creed which would reconcile them with the “Old” Catholics, yet the whole tendency of the Congress was much more towards conciliating the approbation of modern ideas, than towards vindicating the orthodoxy of their confession of faith. Thus, Professor Knoodt, of Bonn, declared openly at one of the public meetings, what, as far as we know, none of the English “Old” Catholics have ever ventured to hint, that “infallibility” is a quality simply incompatible with any human organisation whatever; that there is no such thing as infallibility possible in the Church at all. He positively declared that a human intelligence *could* not be infallible; that inspiration is conceivable, but not infallibility,—in which, as far as the conceivability of the thing goes, we confess we cannot follow him, though we accept his statement as a description of the obvious fact. Does not Herr Knoodt’s extreme position imply that omniscience and omnipotence do not exist? If they do exist, it is clearly possible, though it is not true, that they might guard every human being from every possible error on any point God chose. If “inspiration” is intelligible enough, as Herr Knoodt admitted, so, as a matter of mere intelligibility, is absolute immunity from error. If God can keep us from error by His inspiration on any particular theme at any particular moment, He might, if He chose,—which He does not,—do so on the same theme at all moments. Infallibility is a dream, no doubt, even in relation to Revelation, but it is far from inconceivable. The mere existence of a real Revelation implies the probability of degrees in revelation, and what God can tell us at all, He clearly *might* tell us so that we *could* not mistake or misunderstand it. The Romanist dream of infallibility is far from an unnatural or unintelligible development of the very conception of revelation. There is in some sense, we must all admit, a kind of paradox in the Protestant position,—which is nevertheless the true one,—that though God has revealed Himself to the world, He has revealed Himself so as to be differently apprehended and differently understood by those to whom His revelation came. No doubt the fact is so, but it is pushing the position of the Protestant quite beyond reason to assert that *à priori* no other result is conceivable. However, our interest in the matter is in the evidence that the Old-Catholics are embracing the Protestant and not the Anglo-Catholic position. We doubt if any of the Old-Catholic party in England—any of

Lord Acton's and Mr. Oxenham's party,—ever yet denied the infallibility of the Catholic Church in some sense of the term ; only they assumed that so many things were necessary to get an infallible decree of the Church, that hardly any prudent person would venture, even on their own assumption, to claim infallibility for a single article of belief. But if the Old-Catholics go with Herr Knoodt of Bonn in denying the mere possibility of an Infallible Church, they are already far beyond the high Anglicans who strenuously maintain the infallibility at least of the Apostles, and of every statement which we can trace up to Apostolic authority. Now, everything that awakened any real enthusiasm in the Old-Catholic Congress was purely Protestant in its ring. The tone of Professor Friedrich, in speaking of auricular confession, for instance, was so far from Puseyite, so far from showing that anxious, fearful deference to external ordinances and external authority which Puseyism urges on the sinner as the only possible relief from sin, that it was contemptuous and even one of disgust ; and it seems to have carried the Congress with it, though at the private meetings the more conservative leaders of the Congress would not permit any declaration against auricular confession till the proper episcopal heads of the Church could be appointed to complete their organization. So, too, as regards the celibacy of the clergy. Professor Reusch, who had charge of this part of the private business, declined to let any decision be taken upon it till the Church was properly constituted ; but the leaders at the public meetings were not so careful. Professor Schulte declared that the Old-Catholics were fighting “not only against infallibility but against that false authority which kills true authority, and makes of the clergy an instrument of slavery” ; and he declared that this was done by the dry theology with which the child is shackled from his cradle, by the Romanist treatment of women as inferior beings not entitled to the higher education, by the smothering of national instincts, in not permitting the various peoples to worship in their own languages, and lastly, by the forced celibacy whereby Gregory VII. isolated the clergy from the general life of man. All that is no more in the tone of the high Anglicanism than in the tone of the old Romanism. It is good strong Protestantism ; indeed, a very decided whiff of pure rationalism was not wanting here and there to the more exciting speeches. There can be no doubt in the world that the Old-Catholic movement got at Cologne quite out of the hands of Dr. Döllinger. It is now for the most part in the hands of Protestants of the purest kind, though not Protestants in name, though they may still, some of them, hold Transubstantiation on the strength of Scriptural arguments and a certain fascination which it has always had for imaginative piety. Professor Reinken, who closed the Congress by a very powerful speech, which excited the greatest enthusiasm, definitely advocated, instead of the primitive Catholicism of Döllinger, Christian development of a kind the most opposed to the notions of our Anglo-Catholics. “The Church,” he said, “is marvellous in its height, for it comes from God ; in its depth, for it reaches and satisfies the highest aspirations of the soul ; in its breadth, for it would embrace universal humanity ; and in its length, for it has in it a principle of infinite development. Ultramontaniam has no height, for it

comes from the earth ; no depth, for it belongs solely to the region of the external ; no length, for it can no longer develop itself" [we thought the charge of "Old" Catholicism against it was precisely that of developing itself *too much* and not cleaving to the "old" doctrine] ; "infallibility is its final point, beyond which it cannot pass,—*for a doctrine which cannot develop itself must perish.* Let us, then, be sure of victory ; an immense movement has commenced in all churches ; the hour of mutual approximation is at hand, and this approximation will be realised only by life in union with Christ at the foot of the Cross of Calvary." These are eloquent words, but they are the words not of an "Old" Catholic, but of a New Protestant. And everything of mark, both in the private and the public sittings of the Congress, speaks with one voice of a movement which is gaining popularity only by casting away all appearance of conservative reserves.

There is, however, a marked feature in the Congress which may imply a conservative tendency of a far more vigorous kind than any which Dr. Dollinger can command. M. de Pressensé, the most kindly and acute of observers, declares that the tendency of the Congress to lean upon Bismarck and the State was manifest, and was, in his opinion, its greatest danger. One speaker, whom, however, he warns us not to regard as typical of the main body of the new Church, called out, "Prince Bismarck is too dilatory in this matter. We want here a General Moltke." Another speaker at one of the private meetings—one of the leaders, as we understand—said, "Gentlemen, don't forget that we need bread to fortify our bodies, and that if our bodies are weak, we cannot struggle against our adversaries. Let us try, then, so to present ourselves to the State that it will award us its patronage and its subsidies." And, indeed, nobody in the world doubts that the vast difference between the importance of this meeting at Cologne, and the last meeting at Munich, is really due to Prince Bismarck. His agitation against the Roman Catholics in Germany, his bill against the Jesuits, has really been the new force which gave fresh life to a movement that would otherwise have been quite insignificant. And no one can question but that what he desires is a movement which will act as a check on the orthodox Catholics, and serve him to play off against the Ultramontanes. Now the further the "Old" Catholics go in Professor Schulte's and Professor Reinken's direction, the less this will be the case. In that case they will become a mere addition to the force of the German Protestants, and probably not a sufficient addition to be of much moment. But while they keep to the Roman Catholic Church in all but their adherence to the Pope, they will be very useful to the civil power. This strikes us as the only real make-weight to the forces which are rapidly dragging the "Old" Catholics into New Protestantism. If Prince Bismarck can keep them in the old Dollinger track, we think he will. But whether the State can possibly control the centrifugal tendencies which are showing themselves so rapidly in the movement, we cannot be too doubtful. Loaves and fishes may make good ballast, but after all, attractive as they are, they will not much affect the rate of sailing when such a ship as this is once before the wind.

We are to notice lastly Mr. Allies's effective, and indeed un-

answerable speech. The meeting, at which it was delivered, was of a very important character, as showing (what Protestants are so slow to believe) the hearty and profound sympathy of English Catholic laymen with the fortunes of the Church. As to the speech itself, we have reason to believe that it was not published by Mr. Allies's own act; and the Catholic world has every reason for gratitude to the adviser, who carried its publication into effect. The "*Saturday Review*" ventured to characterize it as a piece of "frothy declamation": a remark curiously exemplifying the contemptuous and contemptible indifference to truth on things Catholic, which characterizes the English Protestant press. So far from being declamatory,—the speech bristles with facts, while it is singularly sparing in epithets. Mr. Allies doubtless felt that the facts might well be left to speak for themselves, and would only lose due effect if any attempt were made to illustrate them by declamation. Facts indeed are so closely packed in the speech, that it is impossible to do them any kind of justice in briefer space. It begins with Italy, and then proceeds to Germany. First as to Victor Emmanuel:—

He is installed as a housebreaker in the Palace of the Quirinal. This and no other is his position, as declared by himself. Shortly after his Minister had professed publicly that an attack upon Rome would be a violation of all international law, he seized the opportunity of the moment, when Europe was in the convulsions of a deadly struggle, to make that very attack. He became a lawbreaker whom he had denounced. Being a Sovereign, he attacked in full peace another independent Sovereign; being a Catholic, he raised his hand against the Vicar of Christ. He is thus a double criminal. (p. 6.)

Next as to his Government. It begins with injury to ecclesiastics "under circumstances of the utmost discourtesy and insult" (p. 6). It proceeds (pp. 7, 8) to forbid Christian poor-schools, under pretext of danger to the public peace. It then seizes convents, the property of nuns, giving the proprietors a ludicrously inadequate compensation; and even to that compensation gives the shape of interest in its own funds; thus making them (p. 8) "interested in the continuance of an usurpation which they abhor." It next (pp. 8, 9) seizes "all works of charity in Rome and the Roman States"—in other words large gifts which had been made in past centuries to the Holy See—"as belonging ipso facto to the usurping" power. It closes (pp. 9, 10) all access to the public service against those who may have received a Christian education: preferring to educate infidels as the appropriate instruments, for such work as servants of the State will now have to do. It compels

priests to serve in the army (p. 10). It seizes and puts to profit episcopal estates and even episcopal houses (pp. 10, 11). It threatens—so Cardinal Antonelli expressly testifies (p. 11)—to suppress all the religious houses in Rome.

We may add that the great mass of English Protestants are left in total ignorance of these facts. As the "Month" observed some time ago—on every other matter the English journalist spares no effort to arrive at true information, and feels that his credit depends on his success. But woe betide him, if he ventures on a similar course in regard to things Catholic; if he dares to place before his readers such facts as those recounted by Mr. Allies. His paper would at once grievously suffer, as exhibiting "Popish proclivities."

Mr. Allies then passes to Germany, which is our more immediate theme. He had hoped for better things (p. 12)—and we confess so had we—from the new German Empire. The Prussian kingdom had hitherto dealt altogether equitably with the Catholic Church (p. 12). The Charter of 1850 (p. 14) had expressly declared that "the Roman Catholic Church orders and administers its affairs independently." On the 30th of May, 1857, an act of excommunication had on this very ground been declared within the Church's exclusive competence (p. 14). Nay, even before the Charter the same principle had long been acted on, as in the well-known case of Ronge (p. 15). But now what takes place? The Bishop of Ermeland has done no more than notify to two heretical professors the state of excommunication in which they had placed themselves (p. 13): his salary is confiscated and he "is threatened with outlawry" (p. 16). In like manner, when another bishop inhibits a priest from saying Mass in a church devoted to the use of heretics, he "is either threatened with imprisonment or actually imprisoned" (p. 16). Both these blows are aimed, "not at religious orders, but at the essential law" and organization "of the Church" (p. 16).

A still more shameless outrage is, that the clergy are expelled from the inspection of schools (p. 17); or in other words that a direct assault is made against denominational education. Will those Protestants who lately addressed Prince Bismarck, commend such a measure as this?

Lastly comes the expulsion of the Jesuits. "Prince Bismarck was challenged in the Reichstag to produce a single act of a single Jesuit, which had infringed any law of the State" (p. 17). Why then are they banished?

They are attacked because of their pre-eminence. In this consists their guilt. And as it was wished to punish the Church in their persons, it was necessary, since no act could be proved against them, to pass a bill of attain-

der. You know our lawyers are said to hate bills of attainder. We have not had them for generations : their apparition would be an evil omen. But here we have one in the new German Empire in the case of the Jesuits, and such Orders as are like them—observe the ambiguity, loose enough to admit any Order which is zealous and influential enough to merit the ban—here we have a bill of attainder, because in any other form of bill you must prove a crime before you can punish it. But as here punishment was determined on, and crime there was none, this was the only course that could be pursued. And so Germans born, Fathers who for years have spent all the energies of a virtuous, nay, an heroic life, in the various labours of an apostolic ministry, are to be proscribed and banished from the German soil. Their beloved Colleges are to be shut up ; their community life abolished ; they are no longer to be allowed to teach the ignorant, to sit in the tribunal of penance, much less to be champions of the Church. The world, personified in Prince Bismarck, refuses to allow the Church any longer the liberty of a simple spiritual institution : it is afraid of poverty, self-denial, and learning when united with an unswerving faith and an unbroken union—and it banishes by a bill of attainder. (p. 18.)

We believe the truth to be this. European nations are more and more throwing off in their political action—we will not say the yoke of the Catholic Church, we will not say the yoke of Christ,—but the yoke of God. They detest the Church, not because she teaches this or that supernatural doctrine, but because she testifies unfailingly the eternal principles of honesty and justice. Yet even from their own point of view, what can exceed the infatuation of their course? No one detests, more cordially than Prince Bismarck, the whole crew of anarchists, rebels, red republicans : and yet he has broken with the only authority, which can give the German Empire permanent security against their assaults.

ART. IV.—THE LEGENDS OF SAINT PATRICK.

The Legends of Saint Patrick. By AUBREY DE VERE. London : Henry S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill. Dublin : McGlashan & Gill.

IT is not denied that our generation has produced a large quantity of verse ; but it is very generally doubted whether it has produced much poetry. Some few critics, who, if not the greatest, are certainly the most self-confident, assure us that we have among us no real, genuine poet at all. Others there are, equally self-confident and

equally rare, who think we have not alone one great poet but half a dozen. There are yet other critics of a less stringent and less dogmatic character, who hold an opinion mediating between these two. We have, they say, a sufficient number of real poets, but no one of the highest order. This view appears to meet with general approbation, and this view we are inclined to consider correct. Our age has produced many great things; but among its great productions it does not reckon a great poet.

When the cause of this phenomenon comes to be sought after, it is wonderful with what self-complacence the children of our generation speak. That we yet lack a great poet is, it is said, no fault of the gentlemen among us who find it necessary or agreeable to write poetry. They are quite as highly endowed as any men that have gone before them. It is all the fault of the age. No matter how God has made him, the poet is really the product of his own generation, is simply its highest incarnate expression; and our age is—well!—not highly poetical. The atmosphere of our quarter of the nineteenth century is cold and cloudy when it is not hot and perspiring, sunless and joyless when it is not burthened with blackness, or wrung with wailing; and in it no such tender plant as a great poet can have other than stunted growth and crabbed development. We are, says Mr. Matthew Arnold,

“Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other yet powerless to be born;”

and while in that extraordinary position between corruption and impotent life, catching into our nostrils the fetid odours of the one, and into our ears the low wails of the other, it is no wonder that we are sick and sad at heart. And Mr. Arnold sets himself religiously to prove his doctrine by his own example. He begins by writing poetry which, much to his anger—if such a placid creature can be angry—gets him called a “spurious Jeremiah.” He ends by renouncing poetry altogether, seeking “sweetness and light” in the less passionate regions of a very excellent and very natural prose.

Now, the doctrine which Mr. Arnold, in company with the great majority of contemporary writers, puts forward in explanation of our want of great poets, contains some particles of truth. But it is, in the lump, untrue. Poets are, as a matter of fact, very generally, like other men, what their age makes them. As a matter of fact, it may be admitted. But in each individual case the fault is the poet's own. Every poet, we know, will, *nolens, volens*, bear some marks about him to tell of the generation from which he comes. But the general character

of his soul is a thing which it is evermore in his own power to shape. And to the power there is added on the duty: no man, and especially no poet, can guiltlessly allow his soul to take its impress from the fingers or feet of passers-by. To the poet, the duty ought to be easy and sweet, for the more original a man is the more does he despise the vulgar models, and in proportion as he is conscious of his own higher endowments, in the same proportion is he jealous that these owe nothing to alien hands. Let us be just to our age, which has, of a verity, enough to answer for. If we have no great poetry, let us frankly admit that it is because we have no great poet. If we have no great poets, let us frankly say that God has not deigned to send them, or that, though He has sent them, they have not accepted the simplicity of the Lord's Prayer, and have learned, by irretrievable losses, what it is to fall into temptation. The age is not to blame. So far is the original man from being in the power of his age, shaped by it, living on its blown breath, that he it is who, in the natural order, is to fashion it and to supply it with the nutriment necessary to develop in it those higher and grander powers by which it may excel its forerunners. He comes with the "light which never was on land or sea"; it is his own, his gift from God for his own use and others; and woe betide him if he allow a generation that loves the darkness to extinguish it, or dim it, or direct one ray of it to an object that does it dishonour! If we wish to know the relations which the true man of genius bears to his age, we may learn them, but for obvious reasons only in a small way, from the life of Mr. Carlyle. He found our century a time of reckless self-ruin, its Coleridges taking to opium and its Byrons taking to gin; but the grave young lad from Dumfries kept himself clear of Circean revels. Later on he saw our century a time of trivialities, but it did not succeed in making him trivial. Still later he witnessed its adoption of the style and the strain lugubrious; but, sad stoic though he is at times, it did not find him even here willing to become one of its thousand echoes. Last of all, he beheld its transition to the period of calm despair and divine tranquillity—a fatal fatalism—killing, as soon as born, all noble purpose and heroic endeavour; but from him it still got nothing better than contempt and denunciation. He went on to make himself what we must all admit him, half pagan, half Puritan as he is, "a clear-sighted, true-hearted, noble, and valiant man"; and he went on to make his generation, some of its best souls at least, to his own image and likeness. As with him, so will it ever be with the genuine poet. If to mingle with his own generation would demoralize and despoil him, he will do as the Saints do,

quit the world, and form himself in solitude and silence. And out from his solitude he will, if he choose it, send the words that shake the world.

We therefore think that a main reason why our poets are what they are is because, forgetting their divine duty, they passively permit the world to shape them. But tending far more to the same result, is there another and more deplorable cause. One of the many lamentable things in modern verse is its practical atheism. Our poets write as if they had no God to think of, or as if He were not worth a thought. This is, of course, very disastrous for their readers, but it is quite as disastrous for the writers themselves. Without faith in the perpetual presence of the Divine which makes the Human intelligible, faith heart-piercing and absorbing, there is no true insight and no true inspiration. But our poets, as a rule, have no faith at all. They waste their splendid powers on things trivial or worse. They engender in themselves an incapacity to sympathize with anything except the mediocre and the low. And, as a consequence, whenever they enter upon those "higher arguments" which alone have permanent power over the heart of man, they, like performers who try an octave above their range, do not sing but scream.

The Catholic poet, when God sends him, will be very different. He will not permit the world to form him, for his faith will tell him that for such as he the world's touch is contamination. He will not fear the world's anger or the world's neglect, for he will be looking for a crown from higher hands. He will not speak as one sick or as one doubting, but as one convinced and as one having power. He will not rest in the small or sensuous, for his eyes will be ever seeing through faith, which is the argument of things unseen, not merely the divine idea but the divine and awful reality sustaining and glorifying all things that appear. He will show us a sin-laden and possible humanity, with its work to do and its cross to bear, but he will also show us man arisen!—the grave garments flung aside, and his whole self, body and soul, without one sorrow and without one flaw. His songs, while they pierce our hearts with sorrow for the fair earth which sin has marred, will swell our souls with gladness for the new earth and the new heaven, when sin shall be no more. No little studies and no little models will suffice for him. "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect," will be for ever in his ears. And with these words to guide him, he will for ever struggle to make more visible and more loveable—to gather all men's eyes to see, and all men's souls to worship—not any minor or mere earthly excellence, at which, because human longings

transcend humanity, the soul can never stop, but that infinite good and beauty, imaged for ever in every son of Adam, in revealing which art finds its one true function, in working for which the artist finds his one true felicity.

We have been led to make these remarks by Mr. Aubrey de Vere's last book. Mr. De Vere has now been a long time before the English reading public. During that time he has witnessed many of his contemporaries rising (and generally without much apparent trouble) to what, though after a few years it will be only poetic notoriety, at present passes for poetic fame. There was no difficulty in seeing how and why they rose. An orator, Mr. Gladstone has told us, gains his best successes by receiving the feeling of his audience in vapour and flinging it back in flood. That results from the fact that an orator's success must be instantaneous or nothing. The poet who wishes to succeed rapidly, whose nature hungers for instant admiration, has only to take the hint from the orator. And most of our modern poets have done so. They sang to an unchristian public the songs of an unchristian muse; and they sang them well. No one, we think, can without insincerity deny, that in the mere mechanical department of poetic art, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Morris, and even Mr. Swinburne, are among the most accomplished that our language has yet known. It was only natural that the world should love its own, and should love those among its own best, who are the best images of itself. Mr. Aubrey De Vere knew well that to enter upon the course which he has throughout consistently followed, would be to leave himself, as that other solitary singer left himself, who, too, had "fallen on evil days." But Mr. De Vere was equal to the sacrifice. For more than twenty years he has stood apart on the clear cold heights, where only the higher spirits dwell, and has left it to others to roll and revel in the mud and mire of the lowland pools. He himself tells us the reason in some exquisite lines "On Visiting a Haunt of Coleridge's:"—

The world's base Poets have not kept
Song's vigil on her vestal height,
Nor scorn'd false pride and foul delight,
Nor with the weepers rightly wept,
Nor seen God's visions in the night!

Profane to enthrone the Sense, and add
A gleam that lies to shapes that pass,
Ah me! in song as in a glass
They might have shown us glory-clad
His Face Who ever is and was!

The Legends of Saint Patrick.

They might have shown us cloud and leaf
 Lit with the radiance uncreate ;
 Love, throned o'er vanquish'd Lust and Hate ;
 Joy, gem-distill'd through rocks of Grief ;
 And Justice, conquering Time and Fate !

But they immodest brows have crown'd
 With violated bud and flower :—
 Courting the high Muse "par amour,"
 Upon her suppliants she hath frown'd,
 And sent them darkness for a dower.

Better half-sight and tear-dimm'd day
 Than dust defiled, o'er-sated Touch !
 Better the torn wing than the crutch !
 Better who hide their gift than they
 Who give so basely and so much.

* * * * *

Great Bard ! To thee in youth my heart
 Rush'd as the maiden's to the boy,
 When love, too blithesome to be coy,
 No want forebodes and feels no smart,
 A self-less love self-brimm'd with joy !

Still sporting with those amaranth leaves
 That shape for others coronals,
 I ask not on whose head it falls
 That crown the Fame Pandemian weaves—
 Thee, thee the Fame Uranian calls !

For wilder'd feet point thou the path
 Which mounts to where triumphant sit
 The Assumed of Earth, all human yet,
 From sun-glare safe and tempest's wrath,
 Who sing for love : nor those forget,

The Elders crown'd that, singing, fling
 Their crowns upon the Temple floor ;
 Those Elders ever young, though hoar,
 Who count all praise an idle thing
 Save His who lives for evermore !

Apart from its poetic excellences, from which too they might learn a lesson, we commend that extract to our popular poets for the wise counsel which it contains. Paganism and the passions of paganism are transitory; Christianity and its emotions are everlasting. And no song can live when those whom alone it moves have passed away.

It is now thought praiseworthy in a poet—and alas ! what an indication this is of the spirit of the times—if he has

"uttered nothing base." We do not offer such praise to Mr. De Vere. That he has never written a line which could bring a blush to the cheek of the most perfect womanly modesty, or excite indignation in the most sensitive and noble manhood, is simply a consequence of his being an earnest and sincere Catholic. But he can claim in this department much more than the negative purity claimed for Wordsworth. His sympathies have invariably been with nothing but the noblest and grandest things. The emotions in which he himself lives and under whose influence he draws his readers, are not only the most powerful but the most ennobling that can stir man's soul. He has such a horror of the base and impure and petty, that he hardly ever mentions them even in condemnation. Even for what is in itself good he has no great care, unless it be the very best of its kind. With what is called "love-poetry," for instance, he has no strong sympathy, and regrets with a lofty compassion its prevalence in the present age. The love that he speaks of (when he speaks of love at all) is not merely love freed from the dregs of earth, but love lifted up and glorified by the grace of heaven. This is as it should be. While no one denies to love-poetry a considerable place in literature, no wise man ever dreamed that its place is the highest. It is not a healthy sign when the general tendency is towards it alone. Poetry, we should ever remember, has not for its object merely to excite emotion, but, by exciting emotion, to raise humanity. It is not by such emotions, no matter how strong they be, as are excited by amatory verses, that humanity is raised. Milton, notwithstanding his trilogy of wives, had not much of the tender passion, and Shakspere not much of it except in his worst days. Mr. De Vere, in comparison with our modern poets, does not appear to have any of it at all. He has not certainly a particle of it as it is possessed by and possesses some of the most notable of our modern bards. He leaves it to them to do honour to "the darker Venus" and "the singing women of the sea." For him he most often moves—

—— through a land like a land of dream,
Where the things that are, and that shall be, seem
Wov'n into one by a hand of air,
And the Good looks piercingly down through the Fair !
No form material is here unmated,
Here blows no bud, no scent can rise,
No song ring forth, unconsecrated
To a meaning or model in Paradise !

Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur. Our blessed Lord's words

may be adapted in quite a special sense to the case of a poet. It follows therefrom that the character of a man's poetry tells the character of the man's self. But the higher a man's sympathies the greater and loftier the man's self will be. The poets, therefore, who by preference select little subjects or treat great subjects in a little way, are essentially little poets. But the subjects of our modern poets are generally extremely small. Even the Laureate has never been able to get beyond King Arthur; and King Arthur, though an exceedingly amiable person, is, when one comes to view him more closely, and to see through the haze around him, nothing better than a courteous, truthful English gentleman. But an English gentleman, no matter how courteous, and no matter how truthful, is, in comparison with what a man is capable of, not much more than what Mr. Mill calls "a starved specimen of humanity." We are not of those who decry Mr. Tennyson. We are sincerely thankful for even King Arthur, though we should be much better pleased if the "stammering and staring" passage between Sir Lancelot and Guinevere, with much else of the same character, had been kept for the Laureate's own private delectation. But though King Arthur is good, we want something better. Even the pagans have given us such as he. But we live in an age when, if society is to be saved at all, men must form themselves, not on pagan but on Christian models. The natural virtues are very good, but they are not sufficient. Veracity and courtesy and fidelity to a single love will not keep us from the scepticism, and disbelief, and materialism of the times. What on the other hand we particularly admire in Mr. De Vere is, that he has employed his powers, not in making a nation cynical, or trivial, or effeminate, or worse, but in placing before it those noble Christian models—given not by culture, but by God—beside which all natural gentlemen must be for ever contemptible. Catholicity (and therefore society) has had in these times no lay teacher among the poets comparable to Mr. De Vere.

But, great as Mr. De Vere's services to Catholicity and society have been, it was for neither the one nor the other that these services were directly and proximately intended. We ardently wish him yet many years of labour. We ardently expect that before he dies he will leave behind him some crowning song that will address itself to the universal Catholic heart, and thereby to the heart of all humanity. But if we are to judge him by what he has already written, he will take his place among the great singers of the earth, not as the poet of humanity nor as the poet of the Church Catholic and

All-conquering, but as the poet of the Church of Ireland. Of course the cause of these three is the same; and he who renders a service to any one of them, in some way renders a service to all. But it is the proximate and explicit motive of action which especially colours the act. And the proximate and explicit motive of all, or nearly all, Mr. De Vere's poetry has been to make Catholic Ireland—as she was, and is, and will be—move in life so as to be seen, and known, and judged by this and every after generation. The Catholic Church of Ireland—Rosaleen, the Little Rose, as her bards loved to call her—to her above all is his service given. Over all her life has he brooded and sung: when she bloomed and breathed for all the world; when her red leaves were made redder by the blood of those that loved her; when, struck by the hand of Heaven, her leaves were scattered to all the winds; when, her winter over and her new spring-time well begun, she began to send her odours through the garden of God once more.

The history of the Irish Church, which is really the history of the Irish nation, is not well or generally known. With a few exceptions, British writers do not care to know it. They have long since made up their minds about the Irish of the present, and they do not care to check or change their opinions. But they have made up their minds in a strange way. *Oferai ô βούλεται* is as true of them as it ever was of the Athenians. They think of the Irish people just what they wish to think of them, and they find in the Irish people just what they wish to find. As Mr. De Vere writes—

The vulgar dog-like eye can see
Only the ignobler traits in thee;
Quaint follies of a fleeting time;
Dark reliques of the oppressor's crime.
The Seer—what sees he? What the West
Has ne'er except in thee possess'd;
The childlike Faith, the Will like fate,
And that Theistic instinct great
New worlds that summons from the abyss
"The balance to redress of this."

In working to make his country's history truly known, Mr. De Vere's first allegiance was due to Truth. He gave it sincerely. We do not therefore find him using his gift of invention as a substitute for his duty of fidelity to fact. He is no Dryasdust; but that uninteresting gentleman himself could not be more scrupulously zealous of the undue intrusion of fancy than Mr. De Vere. He everywhere challenges not only

poetical, but historical criticism ; and lest the historical critics should doubt that the challenge is given, he, in his prefaces and notes, meets them on their own ground. He will accept no exercise of critical charity ; and therefore what they might be unable to examine, if surrounded by the loftier and less bearable light of poetry, he exposes to their mercy in their own native prose.

But, having paid all due homage to Truth, Mr. De Vere gives heart and soul to Ireland. No one of her poets, not even Davis, that strange soul of fire and tears, feels for her as he. To him she is a land to be justly proud of : for she it is who in natural qualities is below no other, and in supernatural gifts is above them all. To him she is a real mother, to be loved and honoured—loved and honoured all the more that her life has been a life of suffering, and that even yet her cheeks are no strangers to tears. But his love for her, his passionate eagerness to bring her consolation, never make him forget the Reverence which is her due. She is not an Amazon to shout in battle, nor a virago to scold and scream in the public squares. She is his mother, but she is Holy Ireland ; Innisfail, the Isle of Destiny ; awful and unearthly by reason of that destiny, and still more awful from her Martyr's crown. And so, while he sings boldly, clearly, triumphantly, of her glory in other times ; while he reminds her of her prosperity borne without presumption, and her sorrow sustained without despair ; while he bids her look up and see how

Even now old sounds of ancient wrong
At distance roll, and come not near :
Past is the iron age—the storms
That lash the worn cliff, shock on shock ;
The bird in tempest cradled warms
At last her wings upon the rock :

his voice becomes low and solemn and awe-struck, as he shows her the days of her yet greater and more unearthly greatness that are still to be. Hear him:—

The future sleeps in night : but thou
O Island of the branded brow
Her flatteries scorn who rear'd by Seine
Fraternity's ensanguined reign,
Thy past, thy hopes, are thine alone !
Though crush'd around thee and o'erthrown,
The majesty of civil might,
The hierarchy of social right,
Firm state in thee for ever hold !
Religion was their life and mould.

And hear again :—

We pass'd the offending stream which dash'd its spray
Contemptuous on us, proud of liberty.
I laugh'd.—“Our passionate Ireland is the stream ;
Seven hundred years at will it mocks or chides ;
You have not made it turn your English mill !”

And in another strain :—

O Thou ! afflicted and beloved, O Thou !
Who on thy wasted hands and bleeding brow—
Dread miracle of Love—from reign to reign,
Freshenest thy stigmata of sacred Pain :
Lamp of the North when half the world was night ;
Now England's darkness 'mid her noon of light ;
History's sad wonder whom all lands save one
Gaze on through tears and name with gentler tone :
O Tree of God ! that burnest unconsumed ;
O Life in Death ! for centuries entomb'd ;
Thou art uprisen, and higher far shalt rise,
Drawn up by strong attraction to the skies :
Thyself most weak, yet strengthen'd from above :
Smitten of God, yet not in hate, but love :—
Thy love make perfect and from love's pure hate
The earthlier scum and airier froth rebate !
Be strong ; be true ! thy palms not yet are won :
Thine ampler mission is but now begun.
Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—
The crown of thorns. Preach thou that Cross thou bearest !
Go forth ! Each coast shall glow beneath thy tread !
What radiance bursts from heaven upon thy head ?
What fiery pillar is before thee borne ?
Thy loved and lost ! They lead thee to thy morn !
They pave thy paths with light ! Beheld by man,
Thou walkest a shade, not shape, beneath a ban.
Walk on—work on—love on ; and, suffering, cry,
“Give me more suffering, Lord, or else I die.”

And hear him yet once more :—

And in my spirit grew and gather'd
Knowledge that Ireland's worst was weather'd,
Her last dread penance paid ;
Conviction that for earthly scath
In world-wide victories of her Faith
Atonement should be made.

* * * * *

A Land become a Monument !
Man works ; but God's conceal'd intent

Converts his worst to best.

The first of Altars was a Tomb—

Ireland ! thy grave-stone shall become

God's Altar in the West !

These few extracts show sufficiently how it is that Mr. De Vere regards Ireland. He is proud of her past greatness ; is sore afflicted for her past and present suffering ; but he has the profoundest and firmest faith in her future. She was, and is, and will be for ever the Isle of Saints ; and the day will yet come—it is plain he believes it in his heart of hearts—when to her, the destined people, scattered over all the earth, the glory will be given of alone keeping alive the light of faith to save the nations from darkness and destruction. "Once more," he says, addressing her :—

Once more thy volume, open cast,
In thunder forth shall sound thy name ;
Thy forest, hot at heart, at last
God's breath shall kindle into flame.

Thy brook dried up, a cloud shall rise
And stretch an hourly widening hand
In God's good vengeance, through the skies,
And onward o'er the Invader's land.

Of thine, one day, a remnant left
Shall raise o'er earth a Prophet's rod,
And teach the coasts of Faith bereft
The names of Ireland, and of God.

It is only by bearing in mind what we have been putting before the reader—the permanent purpose that inspires the labours of Mr. De Vere—that his life's work can be estimated correctly. For, keeping that idea before us, we at once see his more important poems bound together in clear epical unity. He has written the *Epos* of the Church of Ireland ; and perhaps no more splendid, and certainly no more stimulating, subject for a great epic poem was ever selected. The life of the Irish Church has had the vicissitudes that exclude monotony, and the situations that inspire passion. The first three centuries of her existence were centuries of surpassing glory. During that time she was a light for all northern and western Europe. Her sons were Apostles in almost every European nation. Her schools were frequented by students from all civilized countries. "Here," says Mr. De Vere, in the Preface to his latest work, "here we tread no land of sorrows or of wrongs." The chronicle of these three centuries "is a song of gratitude and hope as befits the story of a nation's

conversion to Christianity, and in it the bird and the brook blend their carols with those of angels and of men." No Irishman can view this greatest epoch of the island's history without high and hopeful, yet humble emotion. He must be proud of a people that felt with such enthusiastic reverence the truth and beauty of the Christian Creed. He must be thankful to a God who so lavished His gifts on so lowly a race. He must be hopeful—knowing how faithful the land has been—that when such glorious things were done in the green wood, things still more glorious will be done in the dry. It is in such a spirit, proud but humble, resigned but hopeful, that Mr. De Vere has sung of these three hundred golden years.

But the times of glory were succeeded, as it is well both for men and nations that times of glory should be succeeded, by times of tribulation. For Ireland the tribulation has been long and sore. The wholesale pillage and slaughter committed by the Danes; the wholesale pillage and slaughter committed by the Normans; the wholesale pillage and slaughter in the days of Elizabeth; the wholesale pillage and slaughter in the days of Cromwell; the wholesale pillage and slaughter during the long, and as yet, scarce ended period of the penal laws; the awful visitation of the famine; the awful wails of necessitated emigration: these are a few of the heavy burdens of Ireland's life during the past thousand years. It is to this long and bitter time of sorrow and desolation that the eyes and heart of Mr. De Vere have most frequently turned. He has sung of his country's griefs with a power and pathos which he has never attained to on other themes, and which no other modern poet has attained to at all. In every quality which makes lyric poetry great, we venture to affirm the following, from an ode of his on "The Famine Years," surpasses everything else that has come from the modern lyre. It is headed "Winter":—

Fall, snow, and cease not! Flake by flake
The decent winding-sheet compose.
Thy task is just and pious: make
An end of blasphemies and woes.

Fall flake by flake! by thee alone,
Last friend, the sleeping draught is given:
Kind nurse by thee the couch is strewn,
The couch whose covering is from heaven.

Descend and clasp the mountain's crest;
Inherit plain and valley deep;
This night on thy maternal breast
A vanquish'd nation dies in sleep.

Lo ! from the starry Temple Gates
Death rides, and bears the flag of peace :
The combatants he separates ;
He bids the wrath of ages cease.

Descend, benignant Power ! But O,
Ye torrents shake no more the vale :
Dark streams, in silence seaward flow :
Thou rising storm remit thy wail.

Shake not, to-night, the cliffs of Moher,
Nor Brandon's base, rough sea ! Thou Isle,
The Rite proceeds ! From shore to shore,
Hold in thy gather'd breath the while.

Fall snow ! in stillness fall, like dew,
On church's roof and cedar's fan ;
And mould thyself on pine and yew ;
And on the awful face of man.

Without a sound, without a stir,
In streets and wolds, on rock and mound,
O, omnipresent Comforter,
By thee, this night, the lost are found !

On quaking moor and mountain moss
With eyes upstaring at the sky,
And arms extended like a cross,
The long-expectant sufferers lie.

Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte !
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist ;
And minister the last sad Rite,
Where altar there is none, nor priest.

Touch thou the gates of soul and sense ;
Touch darkening eyes and dying ears ;
Touch stiffening hands and feet, and thence
Remove the trace of sin and tears.

And ere thou seal these filmed eyes,
Into God's urn thy fingers dip,
And lay 'mid eucharistic sighs,
The sacred wafer on the lip.

This night the Absolver issues forth :
This night the Eternal Victim bleeds :
O winds and words—O heaven and earth ;
Be still this night. The Rite proceeds !

Scarcely less grand, and making up for what it lacks of grandeur by its terrible, merciless minuteness, is the following

on the same subject, from Mr. De Vere's poem of "The Sisters":—

Sudden fell
Famine, the Terror never absent long,
Upon our land. It shrank, the daily dole ;
The oatmeal trickled from a tighter grasp ;
Hunger grew wild through panic ; infant cries
Madden'd at times the gentle into wrong ;
Death's gentleness more oft for death made way ;
And like a lamb that openeth not its mouth
The Sacrificial People, fillet-bound,
Stood up to die. Amid inviolate herds
Thousands the sacrament of death received,
These waited God's decree. These things are known :
Strangers have witness'd to them ; strangers writ
The epitaph again and yet again.
The nettles and the weeds by the wayside
Men ate : from sharpening features and sunk eyes
Hunger glared forth, a wolf more lean each hour ;
Children seem'd pigmies shrivell'd to sudden age ;
And the deserted babe too weak to wail
But shook its hands, pitying or curious, raised
The rag across him thrown.

The same power and the same pathos which Mr. De Vere has shown in speaking of the Famine Years are his also when speaking of the earlier—at least in its worst phases, earlier—period of the Penal Laws. We can in illustration give but a single extract ; and it we select from others more powerful, because it is nearest to our hand. It is, like the extract last quoted, taken from "The Sisters":

Thus question after question
Dragg'd, maim'd and mangled, dragg'd reluctant forth
Time's dread confession ! Crime replied to crime :
Whom Tudor planted Cromwell rooted out ;
For Charles they fought :—to fight for Kings their spoilers
The Rebel named rebellion ! William next !
Once more the nobles were down hurl'd ; once more
Nobility as in commission placed
By God among the lowly. Loyalty
To native Princes, or to Norman chiefs,
Their lawless conquerors, or to British Kings,
Or her the Mother Church who ne'er betray'd,
Had met the same reward. The legend spake
Words few but plain, grim rubric traced in blood ;
While, like a Fury fleeting through the air,
History from all the octaves of her lyre

Struck but one note ! What rifted tower and keep
 Witness'd of tyrannous and relentless wars,
 That shipless gulfs, that bridgeless streams and moors,
 Black as if lightning-scar'd, or curst of God,
 Proclaim'd of laws blacker than brand or blight—
 Those Penal Laws. The tale was none of mine ;
 Stone rail'd at stone ; grey ruins dumbly frown'd
 Defiance, and the ruin-handled blast
 Scatter'd the fragments of Cassandra's curse
 From the far mountains to the tombs close by
 Which mutter'd treason.

It has been very customary and very natural for Irishmen to brood much over their country's sorrows. It has been very customary and very natural for Irish poets to draw from the woes and wrongs of Ireland their strongest inspiration. What the brooding often ends in has been, even in our own time, but too apparent. What chord the bards strike is equally well known. The Irish are essentially a hot, hasty race, "easy to be drawn, but impossible to be driven," hating above all things injustice and oppression ; and the Irish Poet is, as a matter of course, an Irishman of the intensest type. But Mr. De Vere is not only a true poet, but he is a wise man ; and his wisdom gives his poetry both "a conscience and an aim." That he could, if he chose, write as fiercely as any of the Poets of Young Ireland is evident enough from the following stanza :—

Up with the banner whose green shall live
 While lives the green on the oak !
 And down with the axes that grind and rive
 Keen-edged as the thunder-stroke !
 And on with the battle-cry known of old,
 And the clan-rush like wind and wave :
 On, on ! the Invader is bought and sold ;
 His own hand has dug his grave !

But he did not choose to devote himself to the literature of blood and iron. His Ireland is a very different Ireland from her who makes "the false Saxon yield," and who keeps military appointments "at the rising of the moon." For his mind, revolution and reprisals have no beauty and no blessing. Revolution and reprisals, he thinks, are bad anywhere, but they are sacrilege in Ireland. S. Paul must not turn pugilist in the end of his days : he that fought with beasts at Ephesus must not end his career as a patron and performer in Irthonian amusements ; and the common market-place or the common prize-ring of common nations is no fit place for Holy Ireland.

That is the sentiment of Mr. De Vere. It has been his sentiment from the commencement of his literary career. It is no less his sentiment to-day. In the very latest and grandest of his poems this is how her Great Apostle, already nigh to death, addresses Ireland :—

Happy Isle !

Be true ; for God hath graved on thee His name ;
 God, with a wondrous ring, hath wedded thee ;
 God on a throne divine hath 'stablish'd thee :
 Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the North !
 My race, my realm, my great inheritance
To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;
 Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;
 Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be free !

* * * * *

Thou setting sun

That sunk'st to rise, that Time shall come at last
 When in thy splendour thou shalt rise no more ;
 And darkening with the darkening of thy face
 Who worshipp'd thee with thee shall cease ; but thou
 Who worshipp'd Christ with Christ shall shine abroad
 Eternal beam, and Sun of Righteousness
 In endless glory. For His sake alone
 I, bondsman in this land, re-sought this land.

All ye who name my name in later times,
 Say to this people that their Patriarch gave
 Pattern of pardon, ere in words he preach'd
 That God who pardons. *Wrongs if they endure*
In after years, with fire of pardoning love
Sin-slaying, bid them crown the head that err'd ;
For bread denied let them give Sacraments,
For darkness light, and for the House of Bondage
The glorious freedom of the sons of God.

We are far, we would say in passing, from being insensible to the surpassing merit of the poetry of Young Ireland. That poetry we distinguish utterly from the Irish patriotic verses of later years. When we hint displeasure with the modern poets of Ireland, we are not thinking of the companions of Davis and Duffy, Mangan and M'Gee. The men of '48 constitute a class splendidly and perennially apart. Even those who have no sympathy with their political aspirations must perforce regard them as in genius and nobleness worthy of any nation and of any age. We do not, in fact, know of any nation in any age which saw so much of the highest endowment so suddenly arise for the support of one sole cause. We do not be-

lieve that even politically the Young Ireland Party was fruitless for Ireland. But no matter what it achieved or failed to achieve for her in politics, in literature it left her a gift that will enrich her for ever. There are, for instance, in the few things bequeathed by Davis, indications of a genius loftier and larger, more passionate and more profound, than any we claim for Mr. De Vere. And Davis was only a single star in a splendid constellation, his light most visible only because it was nearest to our earthly sphere. Nor is the poetry of '48 like the poetry of Byron, a poetry of great genius misapplied and abused. It is inspired throughout by a lofty spirit, and often, as in the case of M'Gee or MacCarthy, directed to highly religious ends. That was indeed a glorious band—those young men of great hearts and hopes, whose one love was the love of country, and whose one endeavour was to gather together her scattered strength, and by sheer genius "to build up a noble nation"! But they were, after all, though more heavenly-gifted, more earthly-guided, than Mr. De Vere. Their conception of Ireland lacked the grandeur of his. With them she is only a nation like other nations, higher in gifts but not different in destiny, and their exhortations to her do not reach those deeper depths pierced by him who bids her "to lesser nations leave inferior crowns." When all is said, this Ireland is a political Ireland, whose heart and soul are to desire, whose brain and hands are to work for national political glory. This is especially visible when they speak of her past sorrows. These sorrows are not her crown, but her disgrace—are the signs of weakness, and not the proofs of superhuman strength. And hence their words to her are words that speak of her kingdom as a kingdom of this world; and they rarely, if ever, tell her that even if she had twelve legions of angels, it is better to go on from Gethsemane to Calvary than to smite her foes and sit on an earthly throne. It has been said of Cardinal Cullen, we know not with what truth, that he looks on Ireland as predestined to teach to nations what our Blessed Saviour taught to men; this, namely, that the royal road to heaven is the rugged road of suffering. That is surely about the highest conception that one could have of the destiny of the Island of Saints. It was not the conception entertained by Young Ireland. It is evidently the conception entertained by Mr. De Vere.

But even after singing the dark days of Ireland's suffering, and the bright days of Ireland's greatness, Mr. De Vere's work as the poet of the Irish Church was incomplete. The period of Ireland's evangelization remained unsung. This, though the first in order of time, was the last period to benefit by

Mr. De Vere's genius. His neglect (or seeming neglect) of it may be accounted for in many ways. At first sight, for instance, and to a youthful mind, the other periods seemed to give larger scope for the display of poetic power. They were, moreover, more stimulating, and therefore, at least in one sense, more easily handled. Besides, Mr. De Vere may have naturally considered that the most pressing of his country's needs should be supplied the first; and what Ireland most needed when Mr. De Vere began to sing was to be reminded of her real greatness both in adverse and prosperous days, and to be so reminded of it that she would decline to shame it now by indulging in national animosities, or seeking after national revenge. But at last Mr. De Vere has completed his task. In the volume now before us he has given us the history of Ireland's evangelization. We may say at once that he has given it with the same detail and the same historic correctness as characterize his Odes and his "Innisfail." We may also say at once that, barring some petty defects, upon which we shall touch hereafter, Mr. De Vere's last book is the best that he has ever written. And we may say at once, in the third place, that the poem now before us is, in many respects and by many degrees, the noblest poem of our times.

When S. Patrick came among the Irish as their authorized Apostle, they were, it may be said roundly, all pagans. They were pagans, too, as Mr. De Vere remarks in his preface, all of whose vices and most of whose jealousies rendered their conversion to Christianity peculiarly difficult. Yet before S. Patrick's death they were, it may be said roundly, all Christians. And their conversion was due, under God, to S. Patrick's personal character. "The island race," says Mr. De Vere (p. 31)—

The Island race, in feud of clan with clan
Barbaric, gracious else, and high of heart,
Nor worshippers of self nor dull'd through sense,
Beholding not alone his wondrous works,
But, wondrous more, the sweetness of his strength,
And how he neither shrank from flood nor fire,
And how he couch'd him on the wintry rocks,
And how he sang great hymns to One who heard,
And how he cared for poor men and the sick,
And for the souls invisible of men,
To him made way—not simple hinds alone,
But chiefly wisest heads (for wisdom then
Prime wisdom saw in Faith); and, mixt with these,
Chieftains and sceptred kings.

The story of S. Patrick's life would therefore be the story of Ireland's conversion. It is so in the hands of Mr. De Vere.

It is a common literary trick in these times to tempt the public to the perusal of a book by giving it a mysterious title, between which and the subject of the book there exists, oftentimes, only a very fanciful connection. But "*Legends of Saint Patrick*" tells with sufficient plainness what a reader may expect to find in the last volume of Mr. De Vere. The reader is supplied with a still stronger safeguard against surprise or disappointment. The book has a preface of some extent and unusual ability; and from it the reader may easily gather what views of S. Patrick and of the Ireland of S. Patrick's times the book is certain to take. Nor does the author omit to mention that the legends are *bonâ fide* legends, found, substantially, not in his own personal fancy, but in the traditionary tales of the Irish people. Furthermore, he instructs us that the legends which he has selected are of two kinds;—those where (to use his own figure) the central stem is fact, though the foliage is supplied by "an ever active popular imagination"; and those where the entire legend is authentic historical fact. To the latter class belong most of the legends in the volume; to the former only a few, principally those which speak of a fancied connection between S. Patrick and the Irish bard Ossian. The legends, as we have said above, give the history of Ireland's conversion. But they do something more. They have been so selected and so arranged as to make up a complete biography of the Apostle of Ireland. There is a continual progression from the "Baptism of S. Patrick," which begins the volume, to the "Confession of S. Patrick," which ends it. Mr. De Vere's present poem is therefore not merely the complement of his previous poems on the Church of Ireland, but it is intrinsically a unity in itself. Its unity is rendered more complete by the ingenious manner in which, through incidental allusions, the various separate poems are interconnected. The Ossianic legends, purely fanciful though they are, serve a similar purpose; for, by showing Ireland and the Irish in the age of the old bard, they show what kind of work it was which S. Patrick was sent to accomplish. The book has, at all events, as much epical unity as can be claimed for the "*Idylls of the King*"; and they, we are willing to admit, do, without the help of the bookbinder, constitute a single poem.

In estimating the value of the "*Legends of Saint Patrick*," it is proper to commence by considering the value of the tales themselves. It is not, of course, with their historical but with their poetical value that we are concerned here. They who wish to be informed upon the former point may profitably consult

the preface to Mr. De Vere's volume. But speaking of the poetical value of these legends, we have no hesitation in saying that, while any one of them will amply repay frequent perusal, most of them are surpassingly beautiful. The reader will search in vain through the "poetry of the period" for anything so calculated, not merely to stir our best emotions, but to elevate and ennoble, as are "The Striving of Saint Patrick on Mount Cruachan," "Saint Patrick and the Two Princesses," "Saint Patrick and the Children of Fochlut Wood," "Saint Patrick and the Childless Mother," "The Arraignment of Saint Patrick," and "Oisin's Good Confession." Of course, the legends are Catholic, and for their proper appreciation require in the reader a knowledge of Catholic belief and Catholic practices. But even with those outside the household of the faith, they cannot fail to be effective; for they breathe throughout a lofty spirituality which all men must aim at who aim at greatness, and which is neither practised nor preached very extensively in these latter days. One rises from the study of our popular poetry with an idea that if he looks long enough on the face of "Dolores," or betakes himself to mourn over the triviality of the times, or analyzes himself till he is lost in smoke, or moulds himself in colossal calm, he is fulfilling his earthly destiny. One rises from reading the "Legends of Saint Patrick" with a firm conviction that, after all our learning, humble faith and humble prayer are the only things that can make a real man, and that the systems must be contemptible which, though they produce scholars in plenty, have never turned out a single saint.

Having said so much of the value of these legends, we are desirous of giving the reader some means of forming a judgment for himself. It would save us much time and trouble, could we throw one or two of the stories into a few brief sentences of our own. But we dare not attempt to do so. Neither can we afford to cite any of the longer legends at length. We shall adopt a middle course. We shall quote the first two legends of the volume. The first we shall give in extenso, as it is made up of only two or three stanzas. From the second we shall quote such passages as are principal in the story; for the intermediate passages, substituting a few words of our own. The first legend is entitled "The Baptism of Saint Patrick." It runs thus:—

"How can the babe baptized be
Where font is none and water none?"
Thus wept the nurse on bended knee
And sway'd the Infant in the sun.

The Legends of Saint Patrick.

The blind priest took that Infant's hand :
 With that small hand, above the ground
 He sign'd the Cross. At God's command
 A fountain rose with brimming bound.

In that pure wave, from Adam's sin
 The blind priest cleansed the Babe with awe ;
 Then, reverently, he wash'd therein
 His old, unseeing face, and saw !

He saw the earth ; he saw the skies,
 And that all-wondrous Child decreed
 A pagan nation to baptize,
 And give the Gentiles light indeed.

Thus Secknall sang. Far off and nigh
 The clansmen shouted loud and long ;
 While every mother toss'd more high
 Her babe, and glorying, join'd the song.

Secknall was a Christian bard trained by S. Patrick himself. Merely saying of the foregoing little legend, that it at once introduces us to a world where the poets of the period decline to bring us ; a world where there is a God personal and present ; where that God has not as yet been shown by science to be unable to work a miracle ; where a poet is content with a saint for his subject ; where such a thing as a hymn in a saint's praise can excite men and women to a high state of enthusiasm : merely saying so much of this first little legend, we pass on to the second. The second is entitled "The Disbelief of Milcho." Patrick, the reader is aware, was from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year a slave in Ireland. Milcho was his master, and Milcho was a prince in the region now known as Antrim. Patrick escaped from slavery : became a cleric ; after many years of preparation was made a Bishop ; and finally, having received the requisite commission from Pope Celestine, set out for the conversion of Ireland. He landed on the coast of Wicklow. This much premised, we let Mr. De Vere begin :—

When now at Imber Dea, that precious bark
 Freight'd with Erin's future, touch'd the sands
 Just where a river through a woody vale
 Curving, with duskier current clave the sea,
 Patrick, the Island's great inheritor,
 His perilous voyage past, stept forth and knelt
 And blest his God.

* * * * *

The hours went by :
 The brethren paced the shore, or musing sat.

But still this Patriarch knelt, and still gave thanks
For all the marvellous chances of his life
Since those his earliest years, when, slave new-trapp'd,
He comforted on hills of Dalaraide
His hungry heart with God, and, cleansed by pain,
In exile found the spirit's native land.
Eve deepen'd into night and still he pray'd :
The clear cold stars had crowned the azure vault ;
And, risen at midnight from dark seas, the moon
Had quench'd those stars, yet Patrick still pray'd on :
Till from the river murmuring in the vale
Far off, and from the morning airs close by
That shook the alders by the river's mouth,
And from his own deep heart, a voice there came,
" Ere yet thou fling'st God's bounty on this land
There is a debt to cancel. Where is he,
Thy five years' lord, that scourged thee for his swine?
Alas that wintry face ! Alas that hand
Barren as frozen well ! To him reveal it ! "

Obedient to the suggestions of the Spirit, Patrick at once sets out for Milcho. From Wicklow to Antrim is a long journey, but Mr. De Vere makes it a very pleasant one by his description of the Irish coast, as seen from the ship that carries the Apostle and his companions. They land at last on the shore of Strangford Lough. Here they meet with Dichu,

that region's lord, a martial man
And merry, and a speaker of the truth.

Dichu is converted, partially by witnessing miracles of S. Patrick, principally because

—— prayers of little orphaned babes
Whom he had saved, went up for him that hour.

Patrick made some stay at Dichu's home. They often spoke of Milcho. The Apostle sorrowfully fears that Milcho's heart is—

" Unlike those hearts to which the Truth makes way,
Like message from a mother in her grave.
Yet what I can I must. Not heaven itself
Can force belief : for Faith is still good will."

Dichu laughs—

" To Milcho speed ! Of Milcho claim belief !
Milcho will shrivel his small eye, and say
He scorns to trust himself his father's son,
Nor deems his lands his own by right of race,
But clutch'd by stress of brain ! Old Milcho's God
Is gold. Forbear him, sir, or ere you seek him
Make smooth your way with gold."

Patrick, as it turns out, unfortunately, adopts Dichu's suggestion. He sends forward messengers, bearing presents, to announce his coming. Meantime, Milcho had already heard the great news that was then shaking the island. But he was not shaken. He made up his mind to disbelieve. Various events occur to him, some weakening, some establishing his resolve. At last he hears for certain, that the Great Apostle to whose standard the whole land is running, is none other than his former slave. That makes him furious. But Milcho is crafty, and, while all hell and heaven are fighting for his soul, he himself has an eye to the tangible. He has heard some whisperings that bode a revolt among his people. He has fears that Patrick and his companions may seize his wealth. The devil is hard upon him; but still he gets his chance:—

His head he raised,

And lo, before him lay the sea far ebb'd,
Sad with a sunset all but gone : the reeds
Sigh'd in the wind, and sigh'd a sweeter voice
Oft heard in childhood—now the last time heard :
“Believe !” it whisper'd. Vain the voice ! That hour,
Stirr'd from the abyss, the sins of all his life
Around him rose like night—not one, but all—
That earliest sin which, like a dagger, pierced
His mother's heart ; that worst, when summer drouth
Parch'd the brown vales, and infants thirsting died,
While from full pail he gorged his swine with milk,
And flung the rest away. Sin-wall'd he stood :
God's Angels could not pierce that cincture dread,
Nor he look through it.

But he was not alone in his musings. The Demon of his House stood by him whispering—

“Masterful man art thou for wit and strength ;
Yet girl-like stand'st thou brooding ! Weave a snare !
For gold he comes—this prophet. All thou hast
Heap in thy house ; then fire it ! In far lands
Make thee new fortunes. Frustrate thus shall he
On ruins stare, his destined vassal scaped.”

He consents. By his command all his wealth is gathered into his castle, and the principal hall thereof is filled with wood, resinous and seasoned, such as he was wont to use for “the ribs of ocean-cleaving vessels.”

Which ended, to his topmost tower he clomb,
And therein sat two days, with face to south,
Clutching a brand ; and oft through clenched teeth
Hissed out, “Because I will to disbelieve.”

But, two hours before the sunset of the second day, he descries S. Patrick and his company approaching. That determines him. He fires his house, and though "his whole white face" is scorched, stands grimly there, watching "the swift contagious madness of that fire." But again he has company.

The Demon of his House

By him once more and closer than of old
Stood, whispering thus : "Thy game is now play'd out ;
Henceforth a bye-word art thou—rich in youth—
Self-beggar'd in old age." And as the wind
Of that shrill whisper cut his listening soul,
The blazing roof fell in on all his wealth,
And, loud as laughter from ten thousand fiends,
Up rush'd the fire. With arms outstretch'd he stood ;
Stood firm ; then forward with a wild beast's cry
He dash'd himself into that raging flame
And vanish'd as a leaf.

Upon a spur

Of Sleemish, eastward on its northern slope,
Stood Patrick and his brethren, travel-worn,
When distant on the brown and billowy moor
Rose the white smoke that changed ere long to flame,
From site unknown ; for by the seaward crest
That keep lay hidden. Hands to forehead raised
Wondering they watch'd it. One to others spake :
"The huge Dalriad forest is afire
Ere melted winter's snows !" Another thus :
"In vengeance o'er the ocean Creithe or Pict,
Favour'd by magic or by mist, have cross'd,
And fired old Milcho's ships !" But Patrick lean'd
Upon his cosier, pale as the ashes wan
Left by a burn'd-out city. Long he stood
Silent, till, sudden, fiercelier soared the flame,
Reddening the edges of a cloud low hung :
And, after pause, vibration slow and stern,
Troubling the burthen'd bosom of the air,
Upon a long surge of the northern wind
Came up,—a murmur as of wintry seas
Far borne at night. All heard that sound ; all felt it ;
One only knew its import. Patrick turn'd :
"The deed is done : the man I would have saved
Is dead ; because he will'd to disbelieve."

Now, to say that in that legend the interest never flags, is to say little. To say that its moral is far from being a truism, is, unhappily, to say less. But the qualities in the legend to

which we draw the attention of the reader are its terrible solemn pathos and the wonderful dramatic power with which that pathos is made to grow and gather from page to page. The poor Saint praying, hoping, hastening; the unfortunate Sinner growing harder and grimmer from hour to hour; the fierce Demon knowing his time is short, and his enemy, the white-faced Saint, is near, and with that knowledge hurrying on his forces with more than devilish rapidity; the flaming pile; the approaching night; the Angels struggling to break through the legions of Milcho's sins; the Demon, breathless and expectant, whispering at Milcho's ear; Milcho's horrible hardness; Milcho's horrible despair; and then that crowning scene, where Patrick, awestruck and silent, stands

“ ——— pale as the ashes wan
Left by a burn'd-out city :”

—if there be anything in all literature which, for tragic, heart-piercing pathos, surpasses that legend, it belongs to a period long passed away. It belongs only to the transcendent age of the *Cædipus Rex*.

These legends, we have said, give the history of Ireland's Evangelization; but they give, we have also said, the biography of S. Patrick. And perhaps it is when viewed as performing the latter function that the power displayed by Mr. De Vere in their shaping becomes most apparent. Mr. Browning has said, and has in his own way practised what he preached, that the one thing worth showing to mankind is a human soul. We shall not quarrel with Mr. Browning. He is just one of those men with whom we very largely sympathize; the men, namely, who are working valiantly towards the truth, and who, with the help of God, will reach it ere they die. We shall therefore only qualify Mr. Browning's principle by a small restriction; and it is, that there are some human souls which it is useless to know. But the soul of a great Saint! that is just the grandest earthly thing and the best earthly thing that can by artist of any kind be shown to humanity. After all, as models for men, as revelations of the Divine, Hamlet and Faust, and Frederick the Great, and Schwangau, saviour of society, are either complete misconceptions or conceptions on a very small scale. For all the good they have done to men, they might as well have remained among the yet uncaptured Platonic ideas. But the soul of a Saint appeals to all that is best in human possibilities; excites to a greatness which is not one of the things dreamt of in Hamlet's philosophy; is the true human Ideal, at least partially realized; and is in itself so great and so far-reaching as to have already,

even on the earth, burst the bonds of sense to live the life of the invisible blessed. It is with such souls as these that the poets of the period can do just nothing at all. They cannot go beyond their last. An Oliver Cromwell can be given us by Mr. Carlyle, because Oliver is only Thomas in other conditions. But imagine the Chelsea Philosopher attempting to show us the soul of S. Paul! The poets of Nature give us the children of Nature; but the children of God can be given us only by those whom God's representative—the Church—has taught and trained. One of these is Mr. De Vere. He has shown us the soul of the man S. Patrick. And he has shown it as only a great Catholic poet could show it. We have none of that tortuous, torturing, infinite anatomy—for the sole purpose of showing off the anatomist's skill—which would be visible in a Saint Patrick of Mr. Browning; but we have these few grand outlines of the Saint's soul given us which our own souls tell us can be filled up only in a single way. Faith, which conquers all obstructions to sight; prayer, which conquers all obstructions to action; humility, self-slaying by its obedience to God; love, self-slaying by its resistance to men; tenderness, which cannot bear another's sorrow; zeal, which cannot brook another's sin; courage, which fears no danger; confidence, which dreads no defeat; a light of truth, from which liars flee; a whiteness of chastity, which puts unchasteness to shame; these, wonderful in themselves, bring with them of necessity all else that can excite enthusiasm for what is grandest in man. And all these has Mr. De Vere shown us, clearly and piercingly, in S. Patrick's soul.

But though Mr. De Vere has been admirably successful both in his handling of the Patrician legends and in his portraiture of S. Patrick himself, it is not in these ways that his success is greatest, nor in these ways, we think, that his powers are best suited to succeed. Like a greater but less fortunate poet, "description is his forte," and, in description, the rendering of natural scenery. We do not know of any writer, ancient or modern, not even Wordsworth, who is, as it were, so haunted by nature. We do not know of any writer, ancient or modern, who regards nature with such a reverential love. We do not know of any writer, with the sole exception of Byron, whose mastery over the meaning of nature equals that of Mr. De Vere. It is with her that he is thoroughly at home. From her it is that he draws not his best, but his strongest inspiration. The breath of the mountains stirs him like wine; the sight of the sea makes him lift up his voice in words half of joy, half of wailing; even the song of the stream forces him to listen and linger till he unconsciously carries

away memories of the buds on the bramble, and of the violets thronging the grass. Nor does he rest in the externals of nature. These are for him as they will ever be for the Catholic poet, but lower and earthlier sacraments, strengthening symbols of the Divine attributes, symbols soiled and shattered by sin, yet bearing upon them marks of God's handiwork and God's presence for ever. Nor is he one of your modern præ-Raphaelite poets who, looking at a rose, see it leaf by leaf; looking at the heavens, see it star by star; who peep and dot, without a tremor in their hands or a sob in their souls: he stands with his whole heart open; his eyes wide and eager, seeing, not so much the waves as the sea; hearing, not so much the notes as the song; and shaken all the while with the knowledge that both vision and melody have brought him into the actual presence of the Eternally Beautiful and the Eternally True. Take, for instance, the following passage from Saint Patrick on Mount Curachan (p. 36).

Again from all sides burst
 Tenfold the storm; and, as it wax'd, the Saint
 Wax'd strong in heart; and, kneeling with stretch'd hands,
 Made for himself a panoply of prayer,
 And bound it round his bosom twice and thrice,
 And made a sword of communicating psalm,
 And smote at them that mock'd him. Day by day,
 Till now the second Sunday's vesper bell
 Gladden'd the little churches round the isle,
 That conflict ranged: then, maddening in their ire,
 Sudden the Princedoms of the dark, that rode
 This way and that through the tempest, brake
 Their sceptres, and with one great cry it fell:
 At once o'er all was silence: sunset lit
The world, that shone as though with face upturn'd
It gazed on heavens by angel faces throng'd,
And answer'd light with light. A single bird
Caroll'd; and from the forest skirt down fell,
Gemlike, the last drops of the exhausted storm.

Or take this other passage (pp. 38, 39):—

Nor prayer unnoticed by that race abhor'd.
 No sooner had his knees the mountain touch'd
 Than through their realm vibration went; and straight
 His prayer detecting, back they troop'd in clouds
 And o'er him closed, blotting with bat-like wing
 And inky pall, the moon. Then thunder peal'd
 Once more, nor ceased from pealing. Over all
 Night ruled except when blue and forked flash

Reveal'd the on-circling waterspout or plunge
Of rain beneath the brown cloud's ravell'd hem,
Or, huge on high, that lion-coloured steep
Which, like a lion, roar'd into the night,
Answering the roaring from sea-caves far down.
Dire was the strife. That hour the Mountain old,
An anarchy thrond 'mid ruins, flung himself
In madness forth on all his wins and woods
An omnipresent wrath ! For God reserved,
Too long the prey of demons he had been ;
Possession foul and fell. Now nigh expell'd
Those demons rent their victims freed. Aloft,
They burst the rocky barrier of the tarn
That downward dash'd its countless cataracts
Drowning far vales. On either side the Saint
A torrent rush'd—mightiest of all these twain—
Peeling the softer substance from the hills,
Their flesh, till glared, deep-trench'd, the mountain's bones ;
And as those torrents widen'd, rocks down roll'd,
Showering upon that unsubverted head
Their spray ice-cold. Before him closed the flood,
And closed behind, till all was raging flood,
All but that tomb-like stone whereon he knelt.

These two passages are to be found, we might almost say, in the same page. They are not exceptional passages in display of poetic power, though they are exceptional in grandeur of situation. In display of poetic power they are rivalled in almost every other page of Mr. De Vere's volume. We venture to say that they are hardly rivalled in modern literature. Even in Byron it will be hard to find anything which so unites might of feeling, minuteness of description, and music of speech as the lines which we have put in italics. Those at the end of our first quotation are a true triumph of poetic art.

Nor do the high conceptions and lofty emotions of our author suffer from the machinery which he employs for their expression. Mr. De Vere, we hope, agrees with Mr. Matthew Arnold in thinking that the machinery of an idea is only of secondary importance when compared with the idea itself ; but we are sure he does not agree with Mr. Browning that because it is secondary it is therefore contemptible. His language is always carefully selected, is generally selected with exquisite taste, and is often highly felicitous. His music, too, approaches the best that our poets have given us. Here, for instance, is a passage that at once sets us thinking of that "Mighty-mouthed Inventor of Harmonies," the author of "Paradise Lost."

More thick than vultures wing'd
 To fields with carnage strewn, the Accurs'd throng'd,
 Making thick night, which neither earth nor sky
 Could pierce, from sense expunged. In phalanx now
 Anon in breaking legion, or in globe,
 With clang of iron pinion, on they rush'd,
 And spectral dart high held. Nor quailed the Saint,
 Contending for his people on that mount,
 Nor spared God's foes ; for as old minster towers,
 Besieged by midnight storm, send forth reply
 In storm outroll'd of bells, so sent he forth
 Defiance from fierce lip, vindictive chaunt,
 And blight and ban, and maledictive rite,
 Potent on face of spirits impure to raise
 These plague-spots three,—Madness, Defeat, Despair. (pp. 41, 42.)

An echo of later and more melancholy music is heard in these other lines—

Lost, lost, all lost ! Oh tell us what is lost ?
 Behold, this too is hidden ! Let him speak
 If any knows. The wounded deer can turn
 And see the shaft that quivers in its flank ;
 The bird looks back upon its broken wing :
 But we, the forest children, only know
 Our grief is infinite and hath no name.

And who is not reminded of the perfect melody of "Lalla Rookh" by the exquisite verses (pp. 56, 57)—

Then the breasts of the maidens began to heave
 Like harbour waves, when beyond the bar
 The great waves gather, and wet winds grieve,
 And the roll of the tempest is heard afar.
 We will kiss, we will kiss those bleeding feet ;
 On those bleeding hands our tears shall fall ;
 And whatever on earth is dear or sweet
 For that wounded heart we renounce them all.

Those examples show, perhaps, that Mr. De Vere's muse is now and again mimetic. But they show also that she is a true singer, with an ear that is always correct, and a voice that is not only always melodious, but sometimes equal to the highest efforts of song.

Hitherto what we have been saying has been said in Mr. De Vere's praise. But a critic, if he wishes to preserve his character, must find fault. We have some difficulty in doing ourselves that justice at present. Still, we think, we have seen a few faults in Mr. De Vere's work, and we think it

proper to make them known to the reader. We mention them all the more readily, because they arise out of one of his most amiable excellences, and because, in the judgment of many persons, they may not be regarded as faulty at all.

We first point out Mr. De Vere's occasional diffusiveness. It is a truism that language should be used as sparingly as possible; that the thinner the medium of communication between the soul of a poet and the soul of his reader, the better; and that the fewer the appendages about a leading idea the greater its chances of being effective. Strength, directness, incisiveness, terseness, are essential qualities of a perfect style. These qualities are sometimes wanting in the style of Mr. De Vere, yet often present in most complete combination. It is, moreover, a bad thing and a suspicious thing to make much or handle fondly any single idea, and the best part of a poet's work must be done rather by suggestion than by formal expression. But sometimes Mr. De Vere, when he introduces us to an idea, not only makes our visit to it somewhat protracted, but generally ends by introducing us to its friends and relations. This, as we said, is a result of one of his most amiable excellences—the love with which he lingers about the children of his brain, and the difficulty he finds in leaving their company. But though it is an amiable characteristic, we think it a fault. And we think it a fault into which the very highest poets never fall, and into which Mr. De Vere never falls in his moments of highest inspiration. In the greatest poets always, in Mr. De Vere very often, there is a fiery impatient rush to wreak their thought upon expression, which precludes all side-glances and passing salutations. That is a fact well worth remembering. For it is only what is written with true ardour that is really and truly immortal. Whilst the elaborated epics, wrought out so scientifically, tempered and traced so beautifully, lie rusted and useless, the rough red-hot spear-points that were, like Joe Gargery's verses, struck out—"as if, Pip, you had struck out a horse-shoe at a single blow"—it is these "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" that live in the memories of men for ever.

Arising out of the faults which we have just mentioned, is another in Mr. De Vere, which we regard as of vastly greater importance. It is his tendency to be incongruous in his use of metaphorical language. The instances of this fault in a person of his ability cannot be very glaring. He never could speak as did that poetic impostor who bridled in his struggling muse in vain, and so made himself an everlasting place in the grammatical pillory. But up and down Mr. De Vere's book

we have found a considerable number of images which will not stand too close a scrutiny. For instance, in page 8, it is written—

Dewy pastures sunset-dazed,
Smiled him a welcome ;

and in the same page,

a golden marge
Girdled the water-tongues with flag and reed ;

and in page 11,

Faith is no gift that gold begets, or feeds :
More oft by gold extinguish'd.

We humbly suggest that when any one is dazed he can hardly be said to smile a smile of welcome, or to do anything which is not idiotic ; and an idiotic smile could not be regarded as a particular compliment to the Apostle of Ireland. Nor is it very intelligible how the margin of a headland can be said to girdle it ; and, though we have often heard of bridling the tongue, we never heard of girdling it before. We have no objection to hear Faith spoken of as begotten and fed—there is no incongruity there—but when we hear it spoken of in the same breath as begotten and fed and *extinguished*, we do object, and say that if Faith begins by being an animate creature (and that too a mammal) it cannot properly end by being a candle. These things are extremely small in themselves, and therefore we treat them lightly. Nor would we notice them at all but for one reason ; and that is, that these little mistakes hint the existence of a very serious, but very curable disease, in Mr. De Vere. They hint at his not taking proper pains to secure clear and complete poetic vision. The man who, as he writes, sees the object of which he is writing, could never be guilty of the schoolboy blunder of “mixing his metaphors.” And Mr. De Vere does, from pure inattention we know, mix his metaphors from time to time. We must, moreover, be pardoned for saying that he carries his carelessness into matters of higher importance. He is occasionally inconsistent in his narrative. We have an instance in “The Disbelief of Milcho.” Throughout that poem—which the reader already knows to be extremely beautiful—S. Patrick is represented as hoping for the conversion of Milcho. He knows that his old master will be a difficult subject to manage, but he does not despair of his ability, with God’s help, to bring him to Faith. When he sends messengers

forward to announce his coming, here is part of the message which they are to deliver to Milcho :—

“and I come
In few days’ space with . . . tidings of that God
Who made all worlds
. But thou, rejoice in hope !”

But, later on, it turns out that Patrick must have known for a fact that Milcho would not be converted. For Milcho himself (who, we suppose, had not a better memory than the Saint) tells of a prophecy which in years before S. Patrick himself had delivered. Milcho had had a strange dream, and had mentioned the dream to his young Christian slave. “And thus,” says Milcho, remembering the event, “and thus that knave my vision glossed” :—

they that walk with me shall burn like me
By Faith. *But thou that radiance wilt repel,*
Housed through ill-will in Error’s endless night.

We have tried very hard to make the Saint’s hope of Milcho’s conversion harmonize with his certainty that Milcho would not be converted. Perhaps, if only regarded as a theological puzzle, the case may be said to be explicable, as is the case of Jonah and the City of Nineveh. We are certain it cannot be explained in that way. But even if it could, that would not relieve Mr. De Vere from the imputation of having made a serious mistake. Theological puzzles are out of place in a poem. If they be admissible in poetry at all, they are so much in Mr. Browning’s line, that we would advise Mr. De Vere to let the author of “Caliban upon Setebos” enjoy a monopoly.

Here, for the present, we take leave of Mr. De Vere. We have tried to do him simple justice ; to speak of his excellences without flattery, and of his defects without asperity. Our one object was to make his true merits known ; and that we wished to do, not so much for his sake, as for the sake of our generation. We have not praised him because he is an Irish Catholic and we happen to write in the DUBLIN REVIEW. We have praised him because he deserves to be praised. He has given us poetry which, in execution, is equal to any of our times, and which in conception is immeasurably superior to any that our times have produced. He is not, indeed, in the first class with Dante and Milton, but he is, at least, in the second class with Wordsworth and Tennyson. He is not

the great Catholic Poet for whom we have so long been waiting, but he is that poet's forerunner, and he has made straight that poet's paths. One thing, however, he is emphatically and for ever. He is the Poet of Catholic Ireland.

ART. V.—A WORD ON CLASSICAL STUDIES.

The Month, Sept. and Oct. 1, 1872, Art. VII. "Among the Prophets."
London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THERE is so much to be said, at least on the surface, against the position now occupied by the heathen classics in Catholic education—and so many able and thoughtful Catholics are deeply dissatisfied with that position—that there is sure to be constant controversy on the subject, until some concordat be concluded; until some view be arrived at, which shall be substantially accepted by a vast majority of Catholic thinkers. It is of very great importance, therefore, to do whatever may be possible towards the conclusion of such a concordat, because of the evils which ensue from mutual dissension among loyal and devoted Catholics on a matter immediately and urgently practical. For this reason we should feel ourselves to be violating even a kind of duty, if we allowed a quarter to pass without drawing all the attention in our power to some remarks in the current number of the "*Month*." We have neither time nor space to enter on the subject ourselves at present; all which we can attempt is, to indicate the significance of what is found in the pages of our admirable contemporary.

The special importance of this towards the conclusion of what we have called a concordat, arises from the fact, that the "*Month*" has always been peculiarly sensitive as to the evil of unduly depreciating classical studies; and that we may be certain therefore that whatever concession it may make in favour of their less exclusive use, will be ratified by a very large number of their warmest upholders. We may be allowed further to add, that its remarks on the present occasion impress us as singularly well-balanced and temperate; and moreover that those views from which it most widely dissents, are treated with undeviating charity and forbearance.

Without further preamble then, we will give our readers

some account of what the "Month" has laid down. The paper is written in the form of a dialogue, and different views are of course expressed by different interlocutors: but it is never left uncertain which is the particular doctrine recommended for Catholic acceptance. Various other important Catholic questions indeed are interestingly and ably touched; but we confine our extracts to this particular theme of classical studies. The foundation on which rests the treatment of this theme, is "the paganism of modern society"; and its immediate occasion appears to be a recent work of Mgr. Gaume's, which we have not happened as yet to see. The upholder of *extreme* views throughout is a Dr. Bullcox, a priest; who (we must say) is very good-naturedly drawn, and treated throughout with every respect. It is explained, however (p. 292), that the opinions ascribed to this interlocutor are greatly in excess of those maintained by Mgr. Gaume, and are by no means intended therefore to *represent* those of that distinguished writer. Dr. Bullcox thus throws off on modern society.

"Let us first consider ancient paganism, as it is described to us in history and literature, and indeed by St. Paul himself. Its essence was the divorce between man and God. It was founded in Paradise, when Satan persuaded our first parents to rebel against the law given to them.

"Man who would not obey God became the slave of Satan. Man was born to serve and adore some one, and he served and adored Satan instead of God. Satan put himself in the place of God, and usurped His rights. This was, however, the external part of paganism, the essence of it lay in the divorce between God and man. Five things may be considered as the manifestations of this divorce. In the intellectual order, human reason emancipated itself from all divine authority in matters of religious doctrine. Hence there came to be no certainty, no faith, a confused medley of opinion, and a multifarious gathering of divinities. In the moral order, the human will emancipated itself from all divine authority as to right and wrong. This led directly to every kind of sensual indulgence. In the social order, there came the denial of all divine authority in matters of government. The doctrine which our Lord enunciated, that all power was given from above, and which St. Paul repeated when he said 'The powers that are are ordained by God,' could not survive the banishment, so to speak, of God Himself. Hence came the most terrible human despotism: Cæsar instead of God: we have no King but Cæsar, and Cæsar may do as he likes. In the material order, there was the same unlimited licence in pushing material progress to its utmost limits, without any restraint from the moral law; the arts, poetry, architecture, industry, and invention of every kind, all directed simply to the increase of physical enjoyment and the gratification of the lower appetites. From all these came what I call the fifth manifestation of the innate paganism of man, the furious hatred with which men turned upon Christianity when it appeared, crucified its Founder, put to death its preachers, and attempted to drown it

in blood—and when the weapons of insolence were no longer at hand for use, to scoff at, sneer at, calumniate and, so to say, lie it, out of existence. Do you follow me thus far ? ” (p. 279.)

This is justly represented as a somewhat extreme view, and it is accordingly at once modified by another interlocutor.

“ I do not in the least doubt that the tendencies which you describe were at work in the world, and that they were so dominant in it as that it is quite fair, speaking in a general and historical way, to say that they gave it its character and dictated its course. But I have always been accustomed to consider the heathen world of old, what I suppose the heathen world of the present day must be, wherever it exists,—the scene of a conflict between good and evil elements, although Christianity is morally necessary to give the good elements that force and that external aid which is required for their triumph. You seem to me to make the old heathen world a scene of unmixed evil, of the absolute undisputed slavery of man to the powers of evil. Is not that going rather too far ? ” * (p. 280.)

Dr. Bullcox says “ transeat,” and proceeds :

“ Well, I have mentioned these five manifestations as results of the divorce between God and man—man’s independence in matters of belief, in moral matters, in the social order, and in the material order, and his consequent hatred of Christianity. Now, I say, look at the present state of Europe, and do you not see the same five elements rampant and predominant ? Do not men repudiate all authority in matters of divine truth ? Look at our own country, the legislation of which proceeds on the principle that all religious opinions have an equal right and claim. Consider the resistance to the very idea of Infallibility. It is not the Infallibility of the Pope, or of the Church, that men turn against, but anything that in any way brings them across an authority which speaks with divine right and authority on matters of belief. Look at the way in which they revolt against the whole idea of the supernatural, as of something that threatens their liberty with bondage ! In the social order it is the same. The State is supreme, the State has the right of educating and teaching, and the greater part of the Governments of Europe are becoming more and more Cæsarean and despotic day after day. And as to the material order, the progress of luxury, the devotion of arts and industries to sensual purposes, the perpetual preaching of naturalism, the dogma, ‘ Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,’ and the like—I very much doubt whether the world was ever very much more pagan than it is now. And it follows from this, that the world hates religion, and especially Christianity. Even among ourselves, everything else is treated fairly, religion never. The old calumnies, lies refuted a hundred times, are repeated with

* We are here reminded of a very powerful sermon by F. Coleridge, among those “ on the latter days,” comparing (and in one particular contrasting) the godlessness of modern society with the paganism of apostolic times. Our readers will find a general account of F. Coleridge’s doctrine (with which we heartily coincide) in our number for July, 1869, pp. 209, 210.

full deliberation over and over again. The Church has no rights. She may be pillaged and oppressed, men may despoil her with the most barefaced lies in their mouths, and with every aggravation of insult which they can invent, and Europe only applauds them all the more. From one end of Europe to the other, Christianity is officially disavowed, and religion trampled on with impunity. What more could the pagans do?" (pp. 280-1.)

To this view again exception is taken as somewhat extreme:

"Things are bad enough, certainly," said Mr. Wychwood. "But what you say does not amount, after all, to much more than this, that there are great, and for the moment, dominant forces in Europe arrayed against the Church. We have had to deal with this sort of thing before, and may deal with it again. I do not count my own forecastings as worth much; but I talked a good deal at Rome last winter with some of the good people there, who were kind enough to take me in hand, as it were, being so young in the Faith. People all say that the Holy Father himself is full of hopefulness, not only that the present evils of Italy will pass away after a time, and after a short time, too, but also that there will be a real triumph of the Church after all this period of depression. There is an air of calm hope and serenity about the Vatican, and the best people in Rome seem unable to imagine that it is more than a very black passing storm." (p. 281.)

The conversation then takes a slightly different turn, until accidentally the classics are mentioned. "The classics are to" Dr. Bullcox "what a red flag is to a bull;" and he thus pours himself forth:

"Catholic editions of the classics!" he said. "The Catholic way to treat the classics is to burn them, sir. They are the source of all the evils under which we are suffering. It is classical education that has paganized the world. Men who are burning in hell, men whose works breathe nothing but impurity, pride, human and worldly virtues, so to call them, revenge, ambition, self-satisfaction, covetousness, love of honour and success—these are the men who have been allowed by their works to train up generation after generation of so-called Christians, while the Gospel law, and the maxims of our Lord and His own special virtues, meekness, humility, poverty, purity, forgiveness of injuries, and the like, are kept in the background, and the minds of youth are not formed upon them. The classics are the Scriptures of paganism, and as we have been educated upon them, we have been brought up pagans. Nothing will save the world but a radical change in our system of education. We must make it thoroughly Christian—Christian in the books we use, the authors we read, in the manner in which we read them, and in the men who instruct us in them. Your friends in France, Mr. Wychwood, have not gone to the bottom of the matter; they are only covering the wounds of society, not healing them, as long as they have anything at all to do with classical education. It is the legacy to us of that detestable *renaissance*; the humanists of the sixteenth and later centuries have ruined us altogether. The French Revolution was prepared by them, not by Voltaire or by the Jansenists, as some

foolish people would have us think. You can't read any account of it without seeing how pagan examples and precedents filled men's heads at that time. And still the world is full of them. Your loyalty, and patriotism, and law of honour, and worship of veracity, and philanthropy, and looking to posterity for reward, and devotion to the person of the sovereign, and Westminster Abbey turned into a Pantheon of great men"—here Dr. Bullcox began to be rather incoherent, and I almost expected to see him foam at the mouth. He made a great effort and checked himself, however. "I must leave off," he said, "as I have to be in London by a little after noon, and if I once began on the subject I should never stop. But in fact, Mr. Wychwood, depend upon it, there is the source of all our miseries. That is why I fear we shall have the end of the world down upon us so soon. It's all classical education." (pp. 286-7.)

To this intensely exaggerated picture, the more moderate interlocutor of course objects.

"I should like you to tell me, in a word, whether you really think that those manifestations of the pagan spirit of which you spoke just now—I mean the revolt of the human intellect against authority, and of the human will against the restraints of the moral law, and the denial of the divine origin of law and authority in the social order, and the prostitution of the arts of civilization to sensual interests and purposes, and the hatred of Christianity—do you really think that these came from the literature, the poetry, the philosophy of paganism, in old times; and do you think that, in so far as the same tendencies are prevalent now, they are really to be attributed to the cultivation of classical literature, the admiration for classical art, the use of classical books as instruments of education, and the like? You know that some of the old Fathers looked upon the poets and philosophers as having been in some sort the prophets and teachers of the pagan world, as having had a part in preparing those nations among whom they lived for the reception of Christianity. Surely that implies that among the many various influences which told upon pagan life, the classics, as we call them, were among the best." (p. 287.)

Dr. Bullcox, however, adheres to his point.

"I think them rotten from beginning to end, utterly bad," said Bullcox. "But whatever their influence on the old Pagan world may have been, their influence is detrimental and destructive to Christians. And I do not mean to say that if we sweep them out of our schools to-morrow, we shall save the world from the effects of the long reign and the far-penetrating influence of paganism, but I am quite sure we shall never save the world without doing this. I give up the present generation. Its men are formed already, and cannot be changed. Our only chance is with the generation that is coming on. They are only to be saved by the radically Christian reform of education, and education especially of the higher classes, who give their own character to the rest. When I say radically Christian, I mean Christian as to books and as to men; Christian as to books which are dead teachers, and as to men who are live teachers, and Christian from its beginning to its end. The present

system of education has brought us to the direct contradiction, the very Antipodes, of Christianity ; and if we go on teaching as our fathers taught, then, even if to-morrow we could raise ourselves out of the abyss into which our education has hurled us, it would only be to fall back into it again the day after." (pp. 287-8.)

He then leaves ; and the writer of the paper at once expresses one very obvious objection to such notions, which may have probably been anticipated by our readers.

He had been struck, as I was, with an uncomfortable feeling, as to how far what Dr. Bulleox said might reflect upon the Church herself. The Church is the great queen and mother of all knowledge, and she it is who is responsible for the education of her children. She would certainly never think of permitting heretical or infidel books to be used in her schools, even in those in which secular education was combined with religious training—if, indeed, we are at liberty to divide education into parts, as if the same spirit and tone must not dominate throughout in the whole and in every smallest department of education. But the Church, if all this were true, had looked on for centuries and seen this poison working in her schools, and had not interfered. Moreover, we could not but remember that many distinguished religious bodies had been foremost in the work of education, and that most, if not all of them, had used the classics freely as text-books, though with certain omissions and revisions as to what was openly immoral. Here, then, would be a grievous charge laid against these great religious bodies, a charge which would fall on the saintly men who have worked in them, and indirectly, again, on the Church and the Holy See, under whose eyes they taught. Yet at this very moment the same sort of education is being given in all the Catholic schools of our day, with probably very few exceptions. (pp. 288-9.)

A similar objection is stated at the end by a new interlocutor, Father Miles, who evidently is intended specially to represent the "Month's" own doctrine.

"The time most analogous to the age in which we live, the time which we ought to look to as our model, and which we ought to hope to emulate and rival in the way of Catholic reaction, is the epoch of the Council of Trent. Then God breathed a new spirit of force and life into the Church, to enable her to recover from her great losses, and He gave her a large number of conspicuous saints to be the leaders of her reinvigorated armies. Then, too, there was a great move made in the way of Christian education. The *renaissance*, moreover, had done real harm then, under which the Church was suffering, for the first outburst in favour of it was little less than an intoxication and a delirium. Yet we do not find either the Church herself, or the Popes, or the great saints of that time, calling for the proscription of classical literature in Christian schools. On the contrary, the Church followed in the path which she has adopted from the very beginning, and it is the system of education under which all the thousands of good Christians, who have been conspicuous in her annals from that time to this, have been trained, that is now attacked,

not as incomplete or requiring supplement or modification, but as radically bad. I have not the slightest thought that the good men who maintain the thesis which is insinuated rather than set forth in this pamphlet, would venture to say that the Church had all along been mistaken in the matter ; but for my own part, if I thought as they do, I should not know how to avoid the conclusion." (pp. 295-6.)

Here however we must interpose a comment of our own. In one particular—and that precisely the most relevant of all—the present times are radically different from those of the Tridentine Council. This indeed is the very circumstance on which stress is laid by the Bishop of Aquila, who is prominent among those who deprecate the present amount of classical study. We will here quote the analysis which we gave of his argument on a former occasion, and our own remarks incidentally mixed up with that analysis.

The essential foundation of the bishop's argument must be admitted as true, by all Catholic thinkers not totally destitute of candour ; whatever difference of opinion there may be on his conclusion. Society, he says, is now alienated in a far greater degree from Catholic Christianity, than it has been at any previous period since Constantine submitted to the Church. "Faith, assailed by so many attacks, loses daily its influence over the Christian multitudes" (p. 13). "Literature and art are separated more and more from Christian ideas ; history drops all allusion to the intervention of Providence ; natural morality and probity are exalted to the disparagement of the evangelical prescriptions ; politics and social science make abstraction of the facts [and principles] declared by revelation. . . . This principle of separation insinuates itself little by little even in Christian families, and into all the domestic and civil relations of Catholic countries. Thence it results that *religion gradually withdraws itself from the practices, habits, language, both public and private, of baptized nations.*" (p. 14.)

Under these miserable circumstances, since there is no longer (p. 56) "a Christian atmosphere" diffused throughout society, imbuings the mind unconsciously with Catholic doctrine and principle—but emphatically the very reverse—it is far more necessary than at any earlier period, to introduce prominently a Catholic element into the education of every class. "It is no longer sufficient to make young people learn a little catechism by heart, and give them, as it were, a tincture of religion which is too speedily effaced. There is need of a *religious instruction, solid, extended, substantial* ; capable of making a profound impression on the mind and heart of youth, of protecting them against the numerous and inevitable assaults of unbelief, and of developing vigorously within them the Christian sentiment." (p. 57.)

So far, we really cannot understand the existence of a second opinion, among sincere and thoughtful Catholics. But the Bishop is confident that this end cannot be achieved, without giving a far lower place to heathen classics than that now commonly assigned them. On this we hold our opinion in suspense. What we earnestly entreat of those who are for

keeping heathen literature in its present pre-eminence is, that they will steadily contemplate the great object before us—the object of saturating the youthful mind with Christian doctrine and principle; and that they will express in detail their own programme for accomplishing this object. We are not aware that any of them have yet attempted this. (DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1865, pp. 259, 260.)

For ourselves, after the best consideration we can give the matter, we are confident that a very thorough classical education may be given, without at all interfering with “a religious instruction,” which shall be “solid, extended, substantial, capable of vigorously developing within youth the Christian sentiment.” Nay we do not see how there can be anything worthy to be called by the name of “higher education,” which shall not include very careful classical culture. Still we do not think that the Bishop of Aquila’s doctrine can truly be called disrespectful to the Church. An enormous preponderance of classical study may have been quite safe, at a time when the youth’s mind was “saturated with Christian doctrine and principle” by the “Christian atmosphere” which he breathed throughout the day; and it may nevertheless be true that, even much *less* predominance thereof may be full of deadly peril, at a time when such “Christian atmosphere” has ceased to exist. A certain food may be even largely taken without evil consequence, in a thoroughly healthy climate; while a much smaller portion of the same food may produce deadly results, where the air is noxious. It cannot therefore be at all inferred that such study is harmless *now*, merely because the Church implied that it was harmless *then*. This however by the way. Our direct purpose is to show our readers, how much the “Month” is prepared to *admit*. Father Miles speaks as follows; and we italicise one or two sentences, to which we would draw especial attention:—

“I am not at all sure that it may not be very much to our advantage, that attention should be directed to anything like ‘ultra classicism.’ You see here,” he said, turning to a place near the end of the volume, “the writer quotes a man whom we all have in a certain amount of veneration, the Père Grou, who complained of the education of his own day as being ‘toute païenne.’ If this was true, it was a great and pernicious mistake, and contrary to the spirit of the Church. He quotes another writer, also a Jesuit, who says, ‘Dans les collèges, pépinières de l’Etat, on leur fait lire et étudier tout, excepté les auteurs chrétiens’—and the writer subjoins in a note, ‘Comme on le fait encore aujourd’hui dans les petits séminaires et dans les collèges catholiques.’ As to this, I can only say that *I hope it is not true*. I think there must be great exaggeration. . . . But if there are any places of Christian education, where, as this writer asserts—going beyond the Jesuit whom he is quoting—

the pupils are made to read and study everything, except Christian authors, and where, as this assertion seems to imply, there is no counterbalancing teaching of Christian morality or Christian truth as such, then it must be confessed that those places of education need reformation. But this is a very different thing from what is recommended in the pamphlet I hold in my hand. Again, I will say that it may be worth while for us to consider, whether some Christian writers should not be put into the hands of the young; for there are many beautiful works of St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and others still later than these Fathers, which might very well enter into any course of higher education. This might be done, and, above all, we might aim at interpreting and commenting on the classics in the way in which we are told Father Pierre Lefevre's teacher commented on them, of whom 'he used to say that he had a way of making the profane authors whom he taught speak the language of the Gospel.' What we do at present may not be wrong—indeed, it cannot be declared to be absolutely wrong, without condemning the Church of at least supine negligence in the vital point of education—and yet there may be something even which we ought to do, or which it may be very useful for us to attempt to do." (pp. 293-4.)

We think there is here offered large ground for a concordat; and we hope in an early number to make some little essay towards its attainment. This however seems to us peculiarly a question, on which it is desirable that every shade of Catholic opinion shall be duly considered and taken into account. We will not therefore content ourselves with setting forth those views which to us may appear the more probable; but we shall have great pleasure in giving publicity to opinions more or less different from our own, if able and thoughtful Catholics will give us the opportunity.

ART. VI.—THE NOVELS OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The MacDermots of Ballycloran. Chapman & Hall.

The Kellys and the O'Kellys. Chapman & Hall.

Castle Richmond. Chapman & Hall.

The Warden. Longmans & Co.

Barchester Towers. Longmans & Co.

Framley Parsonage. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The Last Chronicle of Barset. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The Vicar of Bullhampton. Bradbury, Evans, & Co.

The Small House at Allington. Smith, Elder, & Co.

He knew he was right. Strahan & Co.

Can you forgive her? Bradbury, Evans, & Co.

THOSE who hold that the novelist's business is to delineate the manners of his own day, and to draw portraits of the people among whom he lives or whom he has opportunities of observing, those who, in fact, regard the novel as a product essentially distinct from the romance, will probably be disposed to agree with us in our estimate of Mr. Anthony Trollope as the first master of his craft now in existence. The name of George Eliot will rise to the lips of some in denial or remonstrance, but there is no contradiction in the opinion which awards to the wearer of that name a higher intellectual status than that of Mr. Trollope, but refuses to her precedence of him, in the class which they both elevate and adorn. The author of that series of close and philosophical studies of human nature, of which "Scenes of Clerical Life" was the first, is much more than a novelist, as tested by the theory just indicated; and in so far as she is more, she is disqualified for competition with a writer who is not more, nor other. Some of the salient qualities of the works of Mr. Trollope are, like their aims, entirely out of the track of George Eliot; but those are precisely the qualities which are beside and above the needs of the novelist. A serious social revolution in England might render Mr. Trollope's books dull and difficult, if not unintelligible, to another generation of English people, as many novels which were excellent in their day have become dull and difficult to us; but "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," "Romola," and "Middlemarch," will be as much and as little

to the taste and the comprehension of the coming as of the present race. In so far as Mr. Trollope's level is that of all decently educated and commonly thoughtful people, every one of whom can perceive and estimate the degree of perfection with which he does his work, while George Eliot's level is a much higher one, Mr. Trollope is a more complete type of the thoroughly successful and popular novelist. We do not think any other competitor for the very first rank in the crowded craft which, in our time, counts its ephemeral members by scores, could be proposed in a spirit of serious criticism, and the distance by which he surpasses those among his fellows who have achieved distinction tends to increase. No writer of note has written a novel of late which will bear comparison with those which won for him early distinction, as "*The Eustace Diamonds*" will bear comparison with the first works of its author. The chronicler of *Barsetshire* is a veteran writer; but how hale, how hearty, how untired and vigorous, in comparison with others who have not done anything like the quantity of work he has accomplished! If, to take two of the prominent novelists whose books critics at all events are bound to remember, we compare him with Mr. Wilkie Collins or Major Whyte Melville, how striking is the difference! What a falling off is "*Poor Miss Finch*" from "*The Woman in White*," or even its greatly inferior successor, "*No Name*"! In the ignoble pages of "*N or M*" where shall we find any trace of the chivalry or the tenderness of "*The White Rose*" and "*The Queen's Maries*"; in the stiff and tawdry dulness, the stalking pomposity of "*Sarchedon*," how shall we be reminded of the scholarly grace, the fire, the feeling, and the depth of "*The Gladiators*"! A considerable share in this remarkable difference is to be assigned to the fact that Mr. Trollope is a thoroughly consistent workman. He sticks to his last. He never strayed from the novel to the romance, as his brethren have strayed from the romance to the novel, thereby laying themselves open to having their attempts in the one direction judged by their achievements in the other. He has none of the versatility, none of the vagaries so commonly imputed to artists; he is a first-rate plodder; he has never mistaken the order or range of his powers, or been led by the suggestion of vanity to believe that because he can do certain things immeasurably better than any one else can do them, he must necessarily do other and opposite things well. He is in one sense the most serious of writers; though in another, that of solemnity or tragicallness, he is not serious at all beyond that seriousness necessary to the life-likeness of his fictions. His seriousness consists in his air and tone of

absolute belief in the personages and the circumstances of his own creation. This it is which lends such form and persuasion to his realism: in this he is absolutely and pleasantly opposed to Mr. Thackeray. He never talks about having played out a play and shutting up the puppets, not only because he constantly requires to bring out the puppets again, that they may play other plays with a little more or less of difference in the situations, but also because he would not on any account acknowledge them to be puppets, but wishes them to be believed in with faith and recognized with knowledge like his own. He would not account for the adventures of any of the numerous families whose annals he gives with such simple, specious, convincing detail, by saying that he sauntered into a wood and dreamed them, as Mr. Thackeray accounted for his "Newcomes," and so did his best to destroy the effect of the reality that he had produced with so much skill and intensified with so much labour. There are no characters in fiction so real, as persons, to the world, as the creations of Mr. Trollope. We talk as familiarly, and perhaps more frequently, of some of Mr. Dickens's bright, fantastic fancies, but in a different way, and because of the exquisite, incomparable humour of them. But we talk of only a few, and of them for some special characteristic, and because they turn up in illustration of some particular quality or whimsical circumstance. We quote them when exceptions, oddities, vagaries are in question, and those we quote are not the people who play the serious parts in the stories in which they appear. But Mr. Trollope has given life, and speech, and motion to scores of portraits, has sent them to walk abroad and continue, and to have their names on men's lips when the actual every-day affairs and incidents of life are talked of, to rise up in one's memory in one's silent cogitations, to suggest themselves as matters of fact, the readiest, handiest, most suitable of comparisons, and illustrations. They come from all sides of his many-sided pictures of life; they are not his caricatures, for he rarely employs caricature; they are not his avowedly comic personages, for there is in all his stories no unmixed jester, no one who goes through life merely on the broad grin, or producing it; they are not his set, distinct types, for he has none. We do not find in all his long series of works, of the kind which would be called in the French language *actualités*, any special illustrations of ruling passions,—vices, virtues, or qualities. There is no one man who is avarice personified like Ralph Nickleby, or selfishness personified like Martin Chuzzlewit, or gambling personified like little Nell's grandfather. He avoids all exaggeration, in either good or evil, with such care and success, that

sometimes one is almost provoked with him, especially in his later works, for his perfect, undeviating reasonableness; but his people, life-size and life-like, are all thoroughly real to his readers, as he forces his readers to feel they are to himself. We cannot conceive the possibility of Mr. Trollope's writing long interjectional letters to any one in the world, when he approaches the profoundly pathetic termination of the story of Emily Hotspur, proclaiming his misery at her inevitable death, and his doubts of his own fortitude, as Mr. Dickens wrote to Mr. Forster when little Nell's time had come. And yet the one is as real, as entirely true, as the other is theatrical, impossible; and that the girl lived and died, seriously and actually, a truth to the writer, is made evident by the perfection of the style of the narrative—plain, reticent, simple, almost to audacity. There is the sound, detailed, substantial completeness of sculpture in Mr. Trollope's workmanship; of modern sculpture, in modern dress, with no allegorical draperies or insignia, and with as careful an avoidance of the grotesque as of the colossal. So his men and women are real creatures to us, when he turns them out of the studio of his brain, as they are to him. He is more than the painter, more than the sculptor of his people; he is the biographer of them all. He does not merely imagine Archdeacon Grantly and Johnny Eames, and put them into certain stories to play their parts in certain incidents, as is mostly the whole utility and destiny of fictitious persons in novels; he looks at them and into them, he turns them about; observes them, lives with them; knows them so thoroughly well and intimately, that he makes us know them almost as fully, and in quite a separate way, from the actual set of circumstances in which he exhibits them. The Arabins and the Thornes, the Greshams, the Crawleys, and the De Courcys are still in Barssetshire, the Last Chronicle notwithstanding, and Crosbie and Johnny Eames are also no doubt to be found at their respective offices, not quite a quarter of a mile from Charing Cross.

The leading novelist of the day is in this instance its accurate representative, its faithful mouthpiece—not as regards the vulgar aspects, the tumultuous attributes of society, which are, indeed, represented by him, who is neither a subversive nor a sensational writer; but as regards its real, permeating motives, its spirit, its aims, and its manners. It is not a little indication of the character of the time that this should be so. The present is an age which takes a keen, pressing, sleepless interest in itself. If a romance-writer of the power of Sir Walter Scott were to write historical novels for it, it would not read them. It is

impatiently inattentive to anything,—unless it be within the sphere of scientific research,—which goes further back than yesterday; it shrinks from the trouble of bringing itself into *rapport* with any lives whose mechanical resources did not include railways and the electric telegraph, and which were destitute of dailies and weeklies. It has broken with the past more thoroughly than we can conceive any previous age to have broken with its past, and it is not to be won to interest in any of the dead and gone old ways and old doings. There is an occasional chance for the antique, if it be very well furnished up indeed, but there is none for the merely old-fashioned. There is such a difference between past and *passé*. Mr. Trollope meets, suits, gratifies this taste. He is the most entirely modern of novelists, for, though he must perforce use the materials of which human lives have been made from the beginning, he handles and combines them exactly according to the latest fashions, and tells “the old, old story” with the newest notes, and, for all their shrewd ingenuity, with the most conventional comments. He may prove to be the founder of a school, but at present he stands alone. He may have would-be imitators among the number of men and women who write fiction, and of whom no one knows more than the titles of their books in the interminable lists of new novels which are among the most puzzling of the social eruptions and the commercial problems of the day; but no imitator, no disciple, has ever emerged from the nameless foolish crowd. His keen and extensive knowledge of the world, of society in its widest and also in its narrowest meaning, puts him out of the reach of ignorant imitators, and his style saves him from dubious flattery by the uneducated and unscrupulous women who copy male writers of the “Guy Livingstone” school,—themselves copyists of bad French originals,—with an increase of their vulgarity and corruption. Even Mr. Thackeray was easier of imitation than Mr. Trollope is, because he occasionally fell into exaggeration, and anything which is overdone lends itself to the coarse attempts of the copyist. He was too cynical, too incredulous; he endowed his “puppets” with cunning as much too profusely as Sheridan endowed his dupes and foils with wit; and he moralized too much. There is nothing so easy as moralizing, and the “you and I, my dear madam, know, &c.,” style of composition had quite a run, while Mr. Thackeray was telling his stories with grins and sneers within every one’s imitation, but with certain other adjuncts that were beyond it. Nothing is so difficult to imitate as moderation, as the exquisite justness of vision which sees everything as

it is, and the correctness of touch which presents it in its exact proportions; the accurate insight which knows what will be the line on which a given mind will travel under given circumstances, and the good taste which will never purchase effect at the price of distortion. Mr. Trollope's style is in harmony with the purport and nature of his novels: it is as modern, as equable, as uniform as they are. It is exceedingly easy, but never careless; it is not remarkably refined, though it is never coarse, rough, or abrupt; it is not grand, sonorous, or elevated, though it always is, when he means it to be so, downright, striking, and impressive; and the permanent effect which it produces is that it is at once unmistakable, and, not unpleasantly, monotonous. It is said that nobody who has read a work of Mr. Ruskin's, can hear a sentence written by him without recognizing it as his. We do not think any reader familiar with one or two of Mr. Trollope's novels, except perhaps "The Bertrams" and "The Three Clerks," could mistake, let us say a page of his, for one written by any other hand. Perhaps the chief cause of this unmistakability is the not unpleasant monotony just alluded to. He is a mannerist, if the term may be used without reproach, and we think it may be, though it has also a reproachful significance, because it has come to be used in the sense of an affected writer. But a novelist's manner is his style, and no more to be so named reproachfully, than one means reproach in speaking of a painter's touch, or a musician's effects. He has turns of phrase which we expect, just as surely as we expect certain complications to arise in his stories, because it is reasonable according to the characters and ways of thinking of the people that they should arise, and we never think of resenting them, as we resent the mannerisms of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins, which are devices to substitute forms for things. He is the least disappointing, because the most even of all great novelists. "Unhasting, unresting" seems to be his motto, as it was that of the great German who was so unlike him in all but industry. His fertility does not surprise us any longer: we are accustomed to a perpetual publication of books by him, and it does not alarm us, because he never does slovenly or ill-considered work; never displays over-confidence in his vast popularity, or disdain of public criticism. His steadiness is equal to his speed; his work is never scamped, and it is always highly-finished. Many of his novels are not exciting; perhaps his present one, "The Eustace Diamonds," is the most exciting of them all—it has certainly produced the most discussion—

but they are interesting, and in each there is some one particular person who stamps himself or herself upon the memory, though in the greater number of instances this effect is produced by no adventitious means, but simply by the convincing truth and humorous lifelikeness of the portrait. With all this, he is not a deep writer; he would not be at once the product and the representative of the times if he were. He is singularly acute, ready, and fair-minded. He is not profound, or philosophical, or speculative in any universal, or indeed wide sense. He is not cynical: there is no more than good-humoured satire in his delineation of human littleness, meanness, spite, folly, time-serving, self-seeking, and servility; but there is an entire absence of spirituality about him, of even a discernment of things supernatural. In many respects he is narrow, with a representative narrowness. He knows foreign countries well—foreign peoples, or individuals, hardly at all. He draws a Count Pateroff and a Sophie Gordeloup very well, but Florac and his mother, or the people whom Mrs. Sartoris brings together in her "Week in a French Country House" would be entirely beyond him. He is evidently very fond of politics, and has mastered every detail of the mechanism of government. But he leaves the impression that his taste is for the near horizons in politics; that he knows the wire-pulling and the *personnel*, the machinery, the dodges, the smaller aims, and the ways of their encompassment better than the large interests and the lofty considerations whereon depend the welfare and the progress of mankind. He does not condescend to the vulgarity of representing all politics as humbug, and all politicians as lying jobbers, in the style of Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit" and "Hard Times." On the contrary, he is very grave, earnest, precise, and particular in his descriptions of Parliament, committees, elections, and political men, and he assigns to the latter some of the most distinguished places in his works; but there is no grandeur, and no width, amid all the cleverness, point, shrewdness, vividness, satire, and sense of these scenes and portraits. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Trollope's own mind may not be capable of much greater things, which the parliamentary career to which he is known to aspire may develop and realize; but only to point out that the politics in his works are small, and the politicians either cold, viewy, and *doctrinaire*, like Plantagenet Palliser, or cunning, fussy, and shallow, like Phineas Finn. In every department of which he makes mention Mr. Trollope exhibits extensive and minute knowledge, so curious and complete as to render subjects which would otherwise be dry and unat-

tractive to the general reader, interesting by his perfect mastery of them. On the hustings, in the committee-room, among officials of all ranks and in every kind of office, in the money-lender's sanctum, in the consulting-room of the eminent solicitor charged with great family secrets and vast responsibilities of money and management; in the counting-house, in the betting-ring, in the back shop of the small tradesman, in all the countless places where the material interests of life are discussed and managed, in all those where the contrarieties of human nature come into play in the warping and modifying of men's designs, he is entirely at home and in his element. There is no such master in the art of using small events, or incidents, or accidents, as he is, still leaving them small, and keeping them in their proper place. No writer has ever drawn such homogeneous and consistent pictures, and yet represented the heterogeneousness of the individual man or woman so truly as he. His modernness of spirit is perhaps his leading characteristic, though there is not a trace of deference to that latest, and now subsiding, development of it, sensationalism, to be found in his works. His accord with his age goes much deeper, is much more perfect. To him the aberration of taste which welcomed the coarse attractions of sensationalism could never have seemed otherwise than a passing error; he could always afford to compete with it, sure of beating it in the end. So it has not ever so slightly infected his style. The public, who eagerly swallowed the sensation poison for a time, simultaneously tasted his dainty dishes with uninjured powers of appreciation; and now that the purveyors of golden-haired bigamists and gilded-saloon rascality have fallen into oblivion, hardly passing through the preliminary stages of disgust, Mr. Trollope's popularity is just what it was before a style arose which aimed at causing his to be decried as "slow" and "flat." The world knows where to turn for the faithful portraiture of the present which alone it loves to study, under many aspects, and with the further advantage that the omitted aspects are those which it does not greatly care to have forced upon its attention. Want, misery, the sufferings of the poor, have no place in his later works. With a single exception, to be found in one of his Irish stories, the tragic element is as deficient in his novels as in Miss Austen's, which they resemble in homely fidelity and careful attention to details, carried through a range of subjects as much wider than hers as the sphere of his observation and the scope of his tastes. The awful calamities, the smashing catastrophes, the agonizing griefs of human life, he does not deal with, or deals with in a way that surrounds

them so skilfully and so naturally with the commonplace which we have always with us, that they are not tragic to our minds. Miss Austen did not touch them at all. When Sir Thomas Bertram's daughter "went off" from her husband with Henry Crawford, Miss Austen got away as soon as she possibly could, consistently with her due sense of the enormity of Mrs. Rushworth's sin, from the shame and misery it produced at Mansfield Park, and promptly huddled Maria out of sight with Mrs. Norris. She would not have handled a subject so shockingly ungenteel and necessarily agitating as murder for the world. Mr. Trollope is of a somewhat similar way of thinking; he does not, indeed, mind the gentility of the thing, but he is never agitating, and he rarely suffers his people to be agitated.

There is no lack of healthy emotions, or of unhealthy emotions, in Mr. Trollope's novels; he apportions them as they are apportioned, in fact, to human beings; but there is an absence of demonstrativeness, a quietude, perfectly in keeping with the standard of good breeding. He departs more frequently from verisimilitude in his practical disregard of the power of impulse than in any other respect. He gives to caution and forethought too large a share in character, too much sway in events; he is apt to make persons to whom such calculating sagacity could hardly come naturally, balance the "to be or not to be" of everything too calmly and too long. Numerous instances of this imputation of almost impossible cautiousness and self-restraint, this mental seesaw, present themselves on examination of his later novels; and it is remarkable that he most frequently represents their exercise precisely in that class of human affairs in which impulse is supposed most generally and legitimately to act, that is to say, in love affairs. "Shilly-shally," the vulgar but expressive title which Mr. Charles Reade has given to his dramatic version of one of Mr. Trollope's latest novels, "Ralph the Heir," might be applied impartially to several of their number, the doings of whose young people would have been accounted impossible by the novelists of forty years ago, whose impassioned heroes were—

As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
As he whose life-blood's current runs
Full of the Day-god's living fire;

and to whose beauteous and sentimental heroines "Love was still the Lord of all." It is true that he sometimes permits his young people to make imprudent marriages, never, of course, descending to the three hundred-a-year level of proverbial and unpardonable recklessness; but then, they discuss the matter

so thoroughly, they take so much time about it, and there are so many contingencies of promise in the future, that the imprudence is filtered down until it ceases to be risky as a fact, or reprehensible as a precedent.

For a keen, minute, and accurate observer, Mr. Trollope is singularly free from morbidness. There is not in him any of the affected *bonhomie*, the last, the extreme form of weary contempt for one's kind, which Mr. Thackeray so often displayed when he had depicted some one as entirely vile or intolerably foolish, and then called on all men and brethren to look upon him kindly, inasmuch as they were as vile or as foolish as he. He is never carried by animal spirits into extravagance; but, on the other hand, 'inexorable ennui' is as yet far from him. A steady, kindly, good-humoured companionship with his photographic reproductions of his fellow-creatures is his usual attitude of mind. They do not hugely delight him, but they do not bore him. He does not worship them like Mr. Dickens, or pinch them like Mr. Thackeray, or cut them up alive like Balzac. He allots them average good luck, and Christian burial. He has his favourites, but he does not invariably make his readers share his predilections; he has also his hearty dislikes, his just anger and scorn, but they are not passionate, and he more frequently drops his villains out of sight, than brings them to a bad end before the eyes of the public. There is no very high morality in his writings, because he entirely lacks spirituality; but he is one of the least immoral of modern novelists, a fact which gives his steady and unshaken popularity a welcome significance. His standard is moderate and comfortable, he has a clear and high sense of honour, and makes it evident that he holds firmly to the belief that honesty is the best policy. In his earlier works, especially in the Irish series, which is the least known, there are traces of religious feeling not to be found in his later serial novels, though there is a decorous recognition of the existence of religion in them all, and no doubt he means to imply that all his prosperous young men and maidens who are brought to the haven of matrimony after some not very serious tossings in not very stormy seas, where a lifeboat is always at hand, are prepared to make the best of both worlds. One of his recent masterpieces, Sir Thomas Underwood, the impenetrable lawyer in *Ralph the Heir*, is an unbeliever, and Mr. Trollope implies, though not very distinctly, that some of his gloom and isolation is imputable to that state of mind; but he also makes him the intellectual superior of all around him, thus lending his share to the perpetuation and strengthening of that subtly dangerous modern delusion that the absence of faith is an evidence of

talent. No writer, except Mr. Thackeray, has ever employed crime of the open and violent kind so sparingly, but the surviving novelist has written so much more voluminously that the parallel is only of kind, not of degree; the diabolic is as far from him as the heroic type, but there is a perpetual strife of active motives, ambitions, and devices, a constant press and rustle of self-interest, among the respectable persons who fill his crowded pages, which deprive them of the faintest touch of romantic interest, while they keep up the impression of realism to the utmost. Worldliness is of the essence of these novels, sometimes in its baser, but oftener in its more elevated forms, and the author, quite unaffectedly pleading in many of them, that after all it is possible to set too high a value on wealth, station, and success, that love, and humility in aims and objects are not altogether despicable, never discards this worldliness, never rises above the standard of visible and sensible things. He does not grovel, but neither does he soar, and *bien-être*, physical and moral, is as truly and exclusively the object of his belief and admiration as it was that of the most practical philosopher among Pagans, or as it is of the middle-class society of this day. Religion should not be either preached or paraded in novels, but we do not believe that a religious man, at any rate a religious Catholic, could keep his religion altogether out of his novels. It would inform the spirit which would inform the works, and though there might not be a passage in any of them directly referring to dogma or belief, it would make itself felt. There would be some more distant horizons, some supernatural motives, some souls unsatisfied with the 'good things' of Dives, moderately, decorously, blamelessly allotted as they are by this writer of well-balanced judgment, and nicely-just observation; there would be some sense of the grace of God as a great factor in human character, and His Divine Will as a mighty reconciler and consoler. In short, there would be, insensibly, unintentionally perhaps, more about the souls which dwell in the ill or well-favoured bodies, and all the action would not be left to the bodies and the minds. Saints would not indeed play any part in such novels, but there would be, somehow, some recognition of saintliness, and all the tangles would not be made to disentangle themselves exclusively by caution and precaution. In Mr. Trollope's novels we find many sinners, according to the Catholic estimate of sin, among those whom he does not intend to present to us as sinful, and we find no saints at all. Saints are few, in truth, and their saintliness is mostly hidden, and wherein it consists is very hard to convey—even to conceive; but that which makes saints, the abiding sense of the supernatural, the life of the soul

"hid with Christ, in God," is not, God be praised, quite out of the reach of an observer's investigation or divination; except indeed he does not know that it *is*—except that great and melancholy privation, spiritual blindness, be upon him, and he be dark to all that needs to be spiritually discerned. If in a series of novels written by a Catholic there were no trace of such discernment, then, in that well-nigh impossible case, it would be fair to say that spiritual blindness must positively exist. But, in the case of a Protestant novelist, such a judgment would be rash, and we have only to acknowledge the exceeding difficulty experienced by Catholics in apprehending the point of view of such a novelist when he deals, as Mr. Trollope deals, with numerous and large sections of human society. He systematically excludes an element, a motive, a growing cause, an ever-active influence, which we systematically include, and therefore, to our minds, there is in his work a radical intellectual incompleteness which is most plain and pervading in the instances where his insight is most true, his observation most keen and just, and his artistic finish most perfect. His views of human nature are on the whole healthy and sound, but they lack the one thing which could give them completeness, the teaching of the Catholic Church upon the facts and the condition of human nature. The same holds good for the particular as for the general. His famous stories of the contending Churchmen are incomplete, not because the disputants do not understand that what they want is a Church, but because he does not see it, because he puts forward the rivalries, differences, and disputes as serious, and of import in themselves, whereas we know they are all equally foolish and without foundation. So we have to read them as it were doubly interpreted; by their own statement, and again by his kindly satire and delicate delineation, all unconscious that he himself is in the Dædalian maze. The mental struggles, the difficulties, the fluctuations which all his very good people undergo,—not the sinners, but the virtuous and estimable,—arise for the most part from the fact that they do not live under a law, that they have not sacraments, that their consciences are tender and undirected, that their feelings are sensitive and undisciplined. The struggles, the difficulties, and the fluctuations are very interesting to read about, but the study is an incomplete one, because the writer knows no better than they know what it is they lack, and his provisions for their all being comfortable and happy seem to us fugitive and futile. Concerning ordinary novels these considerations would not present themselves to us at all, but Mr. Trollope's novels suggest them, because they deal so much with the mental condition

of the people in them; because they treat of motives as largely as of actions; and because he possesses the art of making his people so real that they are not characters in books to us, but men and women, whose fortunes we follow, in many instances from youth to middle age, through the strife of motives, and the development of aims.

Mr. Trollope's novels may be divided into three classes, the clerical, the domestic, and the Irish. Of these three classes, the clerical is the most famous, and the Irish is the least appreciated. In our opinion, the Irish novels furnish the most striking evidence of Mr. Trollope's rare ability, and the comparative absence of appreciation of these novels by the public supports us in that position. Novels which deal with Irish life have been out of fashion since Miss Edgeworth's time; Maxwell and Lever notwithstanding. The one presented the romantic side of Irish affairs, the other wrote brilliant stories, with certain superficial points of likeness to Irish life, chiefly of a pleasant social kind, but which, when they treated of deeper and wider questions, did so in a purely conventional and English tone. *Banim* and *Carleton* were not widely read in England, and it is with the fashion of literature we are now concerned. Mr. Trollope is an Englishman who should be, judging by the tone and tendencies of his other works, wholly unsympathetic with Ireland and the Irish in every sense, and on every subject. That the chronicler of *Barsetshire*, the faithful delineator of society in all its towny aspects,—of parliamentary life, of official life, of commercial life, of club life, of that hallowed institution known as "the domestic hearth of England," and so talked about, before the last phase of modernism developed itself, that it might have been supposed no other nation or country in the world had any domesticity at all; that the student of the English young lady, her matchmaking mamma, and her coaxing, flattering sisters,—that this writer should understand Ireland so thoroughly, and delineate it so faithfully, is truly astonishing. He lived in the country a long time, but so have many other clever Englishmen, who can and do write, lived there too, and learned nothing about it. That Mr. Trollope should have liked the place, as a good hunting country, and should have inquired into the statistics of its foxes and its packs of hounds, would have been but natural. But who would have supposed that any Englishman could have written such works as "*The MacDermots of Ballycloran*," "*The Kellys and the O'Kellys*," "*Castle Richmond*," and lastly, "*Phineas Finn*," though the scene of the latter story is the English capital and Parliament, and the perfect

evenness of the effect of the other two is wanting in the more brilliant and happier narrative. If an Irishman had written the first of these books, the achievement would have been less surprising, but we cannot imagine any Irishman bringing to the task such unsoftened candour, such entire impartiality. Either love of his countrymen on the one hand, if he were of the class of Irishmen who do love their countrymen, or prejudice of social position and creed, if he were of the class who do not, must have interposed, in the one case to brighten and soften, in the other to darken and harden the picture. But this Englishman, keenly observant, painstaking, absolutely sincere and unprejudiced, with a lynx-like clearness of vision, and a power of literal reproduction of which his clerical and domestic novels, remarkably as they exhibit it, do not furnish such striking examples, writes a story as true to the saddest and heaviest truths of Irish life, as racy of the soil, as rich with the peculiar humour, the moral features, the social oddities, the subtle individuality of the far west of Ireland, as George Eliot's novels are true to the truths of English life, and rich with the characteristics of Loamshire. The English public, who so fully appreciate his clerical and domestic studies, have no means of learning how great is the merit of the Irish series, and probably consider them, for books by Mr. Trollope, rather heavy reading. If the author had made them lighter, he must have sacrificed some of their reality. They deal with heavy themes, and though they contain samples of Irish humour which prove that Mr. Trollope has thoroughly imbibed its spirit, and mastered its forms more completely than any other writer who ever studied them, the turmoil, the perplexity, the failure, the passion, the disjointedness which marked the period of which he wrote, in Ireland, are too faithfully delineated to permit the general effect to be anything but harsh and sombre. "The MacDermots of Ballycloran" is one of the most melancholy books that ever was written. Its tone is subdued, quiet, matter-of-fact. The author has materials out of which almost any other writer would have constructed something more emotional and striking; but he uses them with a sober seriousness which is deeply impressive. There are only two persons introduced into this one tragedy of his upon whom the reader dwells with pleasure; one is Mrs. McKeon, the kindly woman who befriends to her unavailing utmost the wretched brother and sister whose fate is so awfully sad; the other is Father John Maguire, the exemplary priest, who is an easily recognized type by all who know what the priest is to his people in the remote Irish parishes. The MacDermots, in the deca-

dence of their fortunes, are drawn with a master's hand; the semi-idiotic old father; the harassed, ignorant, well-meaning, heavy-hearted son, little more than a peasant, but flattered by the peasants for the "old blood," and schemed for by the disaffected,—proud, sensitive, and honourable in his lumpish, uncivilized way, a born victim with his destiny in his face; the handsome, slatternly, novel-reading sister, motherless, without a defined rank in even the society of such a place, half a lady, but the companion of shopkeepers and servants, vain, passionate, but modest even in her fall, ashamed of her uncouth brother though uncouth herself, devoted to infatuation to the underbred, manly, flirting, strong, brave, unfeeling, unprincipled man, who tempts her, to her swift destruction and his own. The plot of this story is very much superior to any other of Mr. Trollope's plots. Plots are not a strong point with him; he is indifferent about them, heeding sameness—even repetition—not at all, and relying, with reasonable confidence, upon his power of fixing attention upon the people in his books so firmly that it shall not stray to the incidents. But in this one instance he has bestowed equal care upon plot and personages. The book is as fine as a story, as it is perfect as a delineation of character; a book which must have produced supreme satisfaction to its author, though he was probably aware that it would not find anything like universal appreciation. There is one phase of Irish peasant character portrayed in the story with startling and painful accuracy, in the person of Pat Brady, an appendage to MacDermot's household, in whom the reader at once surmises an evil influence. Here is the passage, in itself a sample of the author's accurate knowledge of his subject, in which Brady is introduced. The scene is poor Thady MacDermot's rent-office, where he is going over the rent-book:—

Pat's business was not only to assist in collecting the rents, by taking possession of the little crops, and driving the cows or the pigs, but, moreover, he was expected to know who could, and who could not, make out the money; to have obtained and always have ready that secret knowledge of the affairs of the estate which is thought to be, and is so, necessary to the managing of the Irish peasantry in the way they are managed. Pat Brady was all this; moreover, he had as little compunction in driving the cow or the only pig from his neighbour or cousin, and in selling off the oats or potatoes of his uncle or brother-in-law, as if he was doing that which would be most agreeable to them. But still he was liked on the estate; he had a manner with him which had its charms to them; he was a kind of leader of them in their agrarian feelings and troubles; and, though the tenants of Ballycloran half feared, they all liked and courted Pat Brady.

. . . . "Well, Pat," began his master, seating himself on the solitary

old chair, which, with a still older-looking desk on four shaking legs, comprised the furniture of MacDermot's rent office, "What news from Mohill to-day? was there much in the fair at all?"

"Well, yer honour, then, for them as had money to buy, the fair was good enough; but for them as had money to get, it was as bad as them that was afore it, and as them as is likely to come after it."

"Were the boys in it, Pat?"

"They was, yer honour, the most iv them."

"Well, Pat?"

"Oh, they was just there, that's all."

"Jim Brady should have got the top price for that oats of his, Pat."

"Maybe, he might, Masther Brady."

"What did he get? There should be twelve barrels there."

"Eleven, or thereabouts, yer honour."

"Did he sell it all yesterday?"

"Divil a grain, then, at all at all, he took to the fair yesterday."

"Bad manners to him, and why didn't he? Why, he owes (and Thady turned over the old book) five half-years' this gale, and there's no use gammoning; father must get the money off the land, or Flannelly will help himself."

"I know, Master Brady, I know all about it. Jim has between five and six acres, and he owes twenty-two pound ten; his oats is worth, maybe, five pound fifteen, from that to six pound, and his cow about six pound more; that's all Jim has, barrin' the brats and the mother of them. An' he knows right well, yer honour, if he brings you the price of the oats, you wouldn't let him off that way, for the cow should folly the oats, as is nathural; the cabin would be saized next; so Jim ses, if you choose to take the cow yourself, you can do so, well an' good, an' save him the throuble of bringin' it to Mohill."

"Did the Widow Reynolds sell her pig?"

"She did, yer honour, for two pound ten. And she owes seven pound. And Dan Houlahan——"

"Dan didn't cut the oats, good or bad."

"I'll cut it for him, then. Was ould Tierney there?"

"He was, yer honour, and I was tellin' him yer honour 'd be wantin' the money this week, and I axed him to step up o' Friday mornin'; an', sis I, Misthur Tierney,—for since he made out the mare and the ould car, it's Misthur Tierney he goes by—it's a fine saisin, anyway, for the corn, sis I, the Lord be praised; an' the hay all saved on them illigant bottoms of yours, Misthur Tierney. The masther was glad to hear the cocks was all up before the heavy rain was come! 'Well, Pat,' sis he, 'I'll be at Ballycloran o' Friday, plase God, but it's little I'll have wid me but meself; an' if the masther likes the corn an' the hay, he may just take them as it's plazin' to him, for the divil a cock or a grain will I sell, an' the prices so bad.'

"Obstinate old fool! Why, Pat, he must have the money."

"Money! to be shure he has the money, Misthur Brady; but maybe he'd be the bigger fool if he giv' it to yer father."

"Do the boys mane to say they won't pay the rent at all?"

"They mane to say they can't, an' it's nearly thrue for them."

"Was Joe Reynolds at the fair, Pat?"

"He was not, that's to say he was not at the fair, but I seen him in the evenin' wid the other boys from Drumleesh, at Mrs. Mulready's."

"Them boys has always the money when they want a drop of whiskey. Bedad, if they go to Mulready's with the money in their pockets on a Tuesday, where's the wonder they come here with them empty on a Friday. Fetch me a coal for the pipe, Pat."

The grim truth of all this is a thing to be felt, not described. As the colloquy proceeds, Thady MacDermot drops more and more into a tone of equality with Pat Brady: vulgarisms crop up in his speech, and with consummate art the reader is made to feel the man's baleful influence. Captain Ussher, the Sub-Inspector, turns up in the course of the conversation, and Brady insinuates that the tenants would be more amenable if the foe of the whole country side were not so kindly welcomed at Ballycloran. The skill of all this is incomparable; the way in which the man works on the sullen pride, the dull despondency of Thady, and leads up to an insinuation that Ussher means ill to MacDermot's sister, is only exceeded in cleverness by the scene of his cross-examination when the story is nearing its terrible end, which, indeed, is matchless as a specimen of prevarication, suggestion, and low cunning. One more extract we must make from this conversation, as a sample of the author's knowledge of his subject.

"Because Captain Ussher visits at Ballycloran," said Brady, "is that any reason why he should interfere between my father and his tenants?"

"Sorra a one av me knows them, Misthur Thady; only that the tinints is no good friends to the Captain; nor why should they, an' he going through the counthry with a lot of idle blaggards, with arms an' guns, sazin the poor devils for nothin' at all, only for thyrin' to make out the rint for yer honour, wid a thrifle of potheen? That's quare friendship; ay, an' it's the thruth I'm tellin' you, Misthur Brady, for he's no friend to you or yours. Shure isn't Pat Reynolds in Ballinamore Bridewell on his account, an' two other boys from the mountains behind Drumleesh, becaze they found a thrifle of half-malted barley up there among them? an', be the same token, Joe was sayin', if the friend of the family was parsecutin' them that way, an' puttin' his brother in gaol, whilst the masthur would'nt rise a finger, barrin' for the rint, the sooner he and his was off the estate, the better he'd like it; for Joe said he'd not be fightin' agin his own masthur, but whin you was not his masthur any more—thin, let every one look to hisself . . . Joe mostly leads them boys up at Drumleesh, an' hard to lead they are; I'm thinkin' Captain Ussher, wid all his retinue of peelers an' his guns, may meet his match there yet. They'll hole him, so he goes on much farther, as shure as my name's Pat."

"They'll get the worst of that, Brady—not that I care a thrawneen for him

and his company. It's true for you, he is persecuting them too far; what with revenue police, constabulary police, and magistrates' warrants, they won't let them walk to mass quietly next. I didn't care what they did to Master Myles, but they'd have the worst of it in the end."

The working out of the conspiracy just indicated here, the wrong-headed and subtle ingenuity of Brady, the weakness of Thady, and the naturalness with which the complications lead to the dreadful result, are extremely skilful, while the few scenes which occasionally brighten up with passing gleams a dark and dreary picture, are full of the peculiar incommunicable humour of the people. The wedding party at Denis McGoverly's is admirably described. The bridegroom, with his bashfulness, his anxiety about the "thrill iv change," and his cunning, skilful aiding of the priest's desire that the merrymaking shall not be turned into a secret society meeting, is as perfect in his way as Pat Brady. The bride is inimitably amusing,—the fun of the whole affair, the strange mixture of classes, the odd little social features discerned by the author whom nothing escapes, render this portion of the work additionally remarkable. Here, too, the character of Father John begins to grow upon the reader in its homely truthfulness; here, in his exercise of his sacerdotal functions, and in his close and anxious social relation with his people. How full the good man's heart is of trouble for his wayward flock, whose wrongs and cares he knows so well,—he who is raised above them only by his sacred office, but by that is raised so high that they are all equally his inferiors,—how earnestly he strives with them, never losing pity or patience, how perfect is his geniality, his sympathy with their pleasures, how completely he is one with them, and yet how dignified and authoritative on occasion. It is strange and interesting to a Catholic to observe how the author is, quite unconsciously, influenced in his delineation of the Catholic priest by that which has no place in his own life, or defined existence in his belief, the sacredness of vocation. He has drawn portraits in his clerical series of estimable and conscientious English clergymen. Mr. Harding and Mr. Crawley, for instance, have something more than the mere professional air about them; but there is an utter difference between the excellence and the dignity of those gentlemen and the excellence and dignity of Father John, who is not a gentleman at all, but around whom the author, true always to the truth, though he may not comprehend it fully, throws the grandeur of his awful privileges, his sublime authority. When Father John goes from the court-house, where Thady is being tried for the murder of Myles Ussher, to Fecmy's deathbed, and thence to the prison

cell, where is the roughness of manner, where is the homeliness of speech, where is the "peasant in broadcloth and buckles"? The mingling of familiarity, fear, and reverence with which the people treat the priest, the important part he plays in their history, directly and indirectly, are comprehended and conveyed by Mr. Trollope as no other writer of fiction has ever comprehended or conveyed them. We may congratulate ourselves on his impartiality and fair-mindedness; to compliment him upon them would be to insult him. The less important persons in this sad story are equally well drawn and sustained. Perhaps Keegan's scoundrelism is a little too utter and unredeemed; but on this point the author is likely to be a better judge than his readers, for there is an intense individuality in the country attorney and beggar on horseback which powerfully suggests a portrait from life.

"The Kellys and the O'Kellys" is a different kind of story. It is more cheerful; it deals not so entirely with the lower classes; it introduces more numerous social grades and various pictures of manners, and, with only one hopelessly bad person in it, it presents some very peculiar and characteristic Irish ways of feeling and acting, and one type of character which we do not remember to have seen attempted elsewhere. This is Martin Kelly, a young farmer, whose mother keeps a little "hotel" in the town of Dunmore. The widow Kelly is drawn with admirable humour, with all her excellences, her oddities, and her family pride, for are not the Kellys far-away cousins of "the lord," young Frank O'Kelly, Viscount Ballandine, and as good as any one in county Galway, let alone the Lynches, who just rose, through roguery, from nothing at all? Martin is a fine, handsome, honest fellow,—a Repealer, of course; it is Repeal time, and the story opens with a picture of the Four Courts during O'Connell's trial, full of innumerable little cunning strokes of humour,—but a shrewd person, not likely to get into trouble for his politics. The mixture of honesty and cunning, of lawlessness, and an upright intention to do everything that is proper in the matter which brings him to Dublin, and which is simply the abduction of an heiress, is marvellously clever. He goes to his far-away relative, his actual landlord and friend, Lord Ballandine, to explain his intentions and "get his lordship's sanction;" and nothing can exceed the cleverness and the humour of the roundabout way in which he explains the matter, making it evident that he must save poor Anty Lynch from her brother's wickedness and her own weakness; that he must run away with her; and yet wants to have her money properly settled upon herself, with power over it during

his own lifetime; that he wants the young lord to have such a document drawn up ready for the signatures of the runaway couple, because any lawyer would do it for "the lord," but he might be regarded with suspicion. The simplicity and shrewdness, the candour of his acknowledgement that of course he would not marry Anty without the money, but equally of course that he would not marry her with it if he did not like her, are wonderfully delineated.

The family history of the Lynches; the strange wavering character of Anty, with her high sense of duty, her extreme sensitiveness, her forgiving spirit, her plain face, and her shy manner; the slow growth of her love for Martin; the sudden introduction of the tragic element in the horrid scene between her and her villainous brother; the strengthening and refining of her mind in the days of her expectation of death; and the gradual learning of her true worth and sweetness, which turns the honest but cool and interested suitor into the ardent, devoted lover; all these form a study of human nature which, we venture to think, surpasses any of the author's English stories whose scenes are laid among the upper classes. There is nothing in the latter to compare with the sketches of Irish peasants, their ways, and their talk, except it be the Brattle household in "The Vicar of Bullhampton;" and that wonderful little bit in "The Last Chronicle of Barsetshire," in which Giles Hoggett addresses Mr. Crawley, and repeats that "It's dogged as does it." The O'Kellys are as cleverly handled as the Kellys; and Ballandine, with his duns, his debts, his racers, his confiding nature, his hot temper, his soft heart, his gusty pride, his chivalrous honour, is a far more charming person than any of Mr. Trollope's cautious, hesitating, worldly-wise young Englishmen, such as Mr. Clavering, Arthur Wilkinson, Lucius Mason, or Felix Graham. He is selfish, as all men are selfish who spend money on their pleasures irrespective of their duties; but he is more natural, more genial, more gentle, less deeply dyed with worldliness than any of the long list of young gentlemen who come after him. There is freshness in this book: there is impulse in it, and genuine charming humour—in the hunting scenes, in the conversations at Grey Abbey, in the gentle quizzing of the Protestant parsons and prejudices, and in the discomfiture of the Earl of Cashel in his little plan for taking Ballandine's lady-love—such a delightful Irish girl, and such a thorough lady—from poor foolish Frank, and wedding her to his son Lord Kilcullen. The respective stories of the double conspiracy are carried on with great skill, and though the plot is not to be compared for weight and ability to that of "The

MacDermots," the happy ending recommends it to the general taste, and the individuals and classes with which it deals can be more readily comprehended by the general reader.

"Castle Richmond" is a remarkable work, in a different sense from that in which its predecessors of the Irish series are remarkable. The chief portion of the plot is not good, and not original, and it is saved only by great skill in the treatment, by a straying out of the beaten track in particulars, from being a commonplace story. "Castle Richmond" was published subsequently to Mr. Thackeray's "Pendennis," but that circumstance is no proof that it was written later than that work. In both there is a baronet who has married the supposed widow of a scoundrel, who is not really dead, and who persecutes the unhappy victims of this serious mistake. In both stories the trouble is gotten over by the discovery that the scoundrel is the real bigamist, and by the production of his first and lawful wife. But, whether Mr. Trollope wrote his version of this old story before or after Mr. Thackeray wrote his, does not matter very much: the only advantage either could have had would consist in his having one less plagiarism to his account, for the story was told many times before either took it up, and will probably be told many more times by far less skilful adopters of other writers' ideas. There is not the smallest resemblance between the people who play the familiar parts in "Castle Richmond," and Sir Francis and Lady Clavering, Captain Altamont, and Madame Fribbsby. The Fitzgeralds are perfectly Irish, and the love-story which is interwoven with the fortunes of the unhappy old Baronet and his son, is a striking one. Owen Fitzgerald of Hap House, is a far finer fellow than Lord Ballandine or Herbert Fitzgerald; and the author creates a genuine and warm liking for him, such as he rarely succeeds in awakening. One admires Mr. Trollope more than one likes his people; in general one is rather impressed by his realism, than attracted by the realities; but in the case of Owen Fitzgerald, the fire, the faith, the nobleness of the man command somewhat of the enthusiasm which the author in no other case feels or inspires. We do not care for the secure, happy, wealthy, commonplace future of Herbert and his bride, but we follow Owen out into his wanderings, and we linger beside the forlorn woman who so vainly loved him, and who, when he has long been forgotten in his county and his old home, "still thinks of him, hoping that she may yet see him before he dies." It is not, however, in this fine delineation of character, or in the humour, capital as it is, of "Castle Richmond," that the distinguishing merit of the third novel of

the Irish series consists. It is in the description of the condition of Ireland in the years of famine, fever, and flight. Calm, unprejudiced, cool, but not unfeeling, looking at the unhappy land with the clear eyes of a stranger, and the unembarrassed judgment of a critical spectator who had no "side" in the social, political, and religious questions which distracted Ireland,—for Mr. Trollope's Protestantism is not of the persecuting and partisan order,—he draws such a picture of those dreadful times as, in days to come, it will be justly difficult for the world to accept as free from exaggeration. Can such things have been, it will be asked, in incredulous good faith, as the things set forth here by the pen of an Englishman, a Government official, therefore trained to accuracy, not by any means a fanciful, romantic, or enthusiastic person, one whose other works, so true to a rather subdued view of facts, may be accepted as evidence of his entire credibility as the narrator of events which he witnessed? "I was in the country, travelling, through the whole period," says Mr. Trollope, in a chapter which it is hardly possible to praise sufficiently for its simple graphic force, its plain speaking, its genuine, kindly, awed compassion. There is one scene which, though the author puts it into the experience of Herbert Fitzgerald, we do not at all doubt he himself witnessed.

Herbert Fitzgerald, with his horse, has taken shelter in a cabin by the roadside, on a wet hunting-day; on such occasions, the author says, "it is no uncommon thing to see a cabin packed with horses, and the children moving about amongst them, almost as unconcernedly as though the animals were pigs. But then, the Irish horses are so well-mannered and good-natured." Crouching in a corner, on the wet earthen floor, he sees a woman with a child in her arms; of whom the author says, as she sat there, taking no notice of him, "on no more wretched object did the eye of man ever fall." And he proceeds thus:—

"In those days there was a form of face which came upon the sufferers when their state of misery was far advanced, and which was a sure sign that their last stage of misery was near at hand. The mouth would fall and seem to hang, the lips at the two ends of the mouth would be dragged down, and the lower parts of the cheeks would fall as though they had been dragged and pulled. There were no signs of acute agony when this phase of countenance was to be seen, none of the horrid symptoms of gnawing hunger by which one generally supposes that famine is accompanied. The look is one of apathy, desolation, and death. When custom had made these signs easily legible, the poor doomed wretch was known with certainty. 'It's no use in life meddling with him, he's gone,' said a lady to me in the far west of the south of Ireland, while the poor boy, whose doom was thus spoken, stood by listening. Her

delicacy did not equal her energy in doing good,—for she did much good, but in truth it was difficult to be delicate when the hands were so full . . . This mark of death was upon the woman, but the agony of want was past. She sat there listless, indifferent, hardly capable of suffering even for her child, waiting her doom. ‘I have come in out of the rain for shelter,’ said Herbert, looking down on her. ‘Out o’ the rain, is it?’ said she, fixing on him her glassy bright eyes. ‘Yer honour’s welcome, thin.’ But she did not attempt to move, or show any of those symptoms of reverence which are habitual to the Irish when those of a higher rank enter their cabins. ‘You seem to be very poorly off here,’ said Herbert, looking round the bare walls. ‘Have you no chair, and no bed to lie on?’ ‘Deed no,’ said she. ‘And no fire?’ said he, for the damp and chill of the place struck through his bones. ‘Deed no,’ she said again, but she made no wail, uttered no complaint. ‘And do you live here by yourself, without furniture or utensils of any kind?’ ‘It’s jist as yer honour sees it,’ answered she. He stood for a moment looking round him until he could see through the gloom that there was a bundle of straw lying in the dark corner beyond the hearth, and that the straw was huddled up. Seeing this, he left the bridle of his horse, and stepping across the cabin moved the straw with the handle of his whip. As he did so, a gleam of light fell upon the bundle at his feet, and he saw that the body of a child was lying there, stripped of every vestige of clothing. He knelt down, put his hand upon the body, and found that it was not yet stone cold. The child apparently had been about four years old, while that still living in the woman’s arms might perhaps be half that age. ‘Was she your own?’ asked Herbert, speaking hardly above his breath. ‘Deed, yes!’ said the woman. ‘She was my own, own little Kitty.’ But there was no tear in her eye, or gurgling sob audible from her throat. ‘And when did she die?’ ‘Deed, then, an’ I don’t jist know—not exactly;’ and sinking lower down upon her haunches, she put up to her forehead the hand with which she had supported herself on the floor, and pushing back with it the loose hairs from her face, tried to think. ‘She was alive in the night, wasn’t she?’ he said. ‘I b’lieve, thin, she was, yer honour. ’Twas broad day, I’m thinking, when she guv over moaning. She wasn’t that way whin he wint away.’ ‘And who’s he?’ ‘Jist Mike, thin.’ Mike was her husband . . . He had gone to his work, leaving his home without one morsel of food within it, and the wife of his bosom, the children of his love, without the hope of getting any. And then, looking closely round him, Herbert could see that a small bowl lay on the floor near her, capable of holding perhaps a pint, and on lifting it he saw that there still clung to it a few grains of some wheat, Indian corn flour—the yellow meal, as it is called. Her husband, she said at last, had brought home in his cap a handful of this flour, stolen from the place where he was working—perhaps a quarter of a pound, then worth over a farthing,—and she had mixed this with water in a basin; and this was the food which had, or rather had not, sustained her since yesterday morning—her and her two children, the one that was living, and the one that was dead . . . ‘And the child that you have in your arms,’ he said, ‘is it not cold?’ And he stood close over her, and touched the baby’s body. As he did so, she made some motion as though to arrange the clothing closer round the child’s limbs, but Herbert could see that she was making an effort

to hide her own nakedness. 'Is she not cold?' he said again, when he had turned his face away to relieve her from her embarrassment. 'Cowl!' she muttered, with a vacant face and wondering tone of voice, as though she did not quite understand him. 'I suppose she is cowl. Why wouldn't she be cowl? We're cowl enough, if that's all.' But still she did not stir from the spot on which she sat, and the child, though it gave from time to time a low moan that was almost inaudible, lay still in her arms, with its big eyes staring into vacancy."

In the same book, we find some of the drollest and most appreciative bits of Mr. Trollope's trenchant humour, sly, quiet, and good-natured. "Castle Richmond" deals with the first days of the Anglican movement; and describes, with much pleasant quizzing, its *contrecoup* in Ireland, and the fillip given by that new, alarming, and perfidious device of the enemy, called Puseyism, to the contempt and dislike with which Irish Catholics are regarded by Irish Protestants.

The mixture of theoretical bigotry and practical benevolence exhibited by Miss Letty Fitzgerald, is one of the pleasantest of his sketches; and he admirably exemplifies the bigotry, without the benevolence, in the coarse, vulgar wife of the rector of Drumbarrow. The excellence of this portion of the book is also, we think, hardly to be discerned by purely English readers of the higher classes, because there is nothing in their own social experience which resembles it; but it is fully appreciated by those who know that in Ireland the ordinary laws of charity, the commonest rules of politeness, are habitually disregarded by persons of birth and breeding, where the bigotry of Irish Protestantism is aroused. If a convert to the Catholic faith be so well known not to be a fool, that he or she cannot be treated as a fool with general approval, then people who would resent any other imputation on the moral character of their relative or friend, will cheerfully make up their minds that he or she, being "much too clever to believe in Popery," is a pretender to that faith for some personal reason or interest. That he or she should be sufficiently wicked to lead a life of habitual sacrilege and hypocrisy, if the thing be true, and that, if it be not, there is any hardship in having it said of him or her by people who would really consider their lives and their spoons safe in the society of a convert, is odd and unreasonable; but it is one of the innumerable testimonies borne by our every-day life to the supernaturalness of the Church, and the Faith which is the gift of the Holy Spirit, not to be discerned in its simplest bearings by the heretical intellect. Mr. Trollope has portrayed these specialities of Irish character, life, and opinion in the upper classes with the same subtlety and

humour which distinguish his studies of the peasantry and farmers.

The clerical series of Mr. Trollope's novels, beginning with "The Warden," and including "Barchester Towers," "Framley Parsonage," "The Last Chronicle of Barsetshire," and "The Vicar of Bullhampton," have an interest for Catholic readers, outside that general interest which they have excited. They give us something to wonder about and think of, apart from their admirably-drawn characters, the vitality of their details, and their enjoyable humour. A large component of that something is the general approbation with which these books have been received by English society, of which we may fairly suppose that the majority is composed of members of the Church of England. They contain a whole gallery of portraits of clergymen of that church, clergymen of every rank, and of every shade of difference of character, opinion, and demeanour. If the series of novels had been cunningly prepared by an enemy, as a device to illustrate the hopeless division, the untenable pretensions, the utter departure of Protestantism from the principle of unity, the abandonment of the supernatural in authority, and the spiritual in object, instead of having been written, in perfect good faith, by a respectable member of the Church of England, to amuse his readers by a pleasant representation of men and things as they are, it could not have been better adapted to its purpose. We have always regarded with astonishment the fact that Protestants adopt, with satisfaction, the definition of the Church of England as "a compromise," because we cannot understand the mental attitude which contemplates the mystery of the Incarnation as having been conceived and executed, in order to establish that sort of expedient which is generally held to be an evidence of incompleteness and limited power. In its place and degree, it is as surprising to us to find that the Protestant public accept with alacrity and the fullest sanction, such readings of the commission and the mission of the clergy of their church as those supplied by their favourite authors, especially by Mr. Trollope. For, laying aside the question of vocation for a moment, and looking at the matter from their own point of view, where is the sacredness of the ministry to which he is called made evident in the life of any of these men, even in that of the best of them, Mr. Harding? He is a good man, highly honourable, disinterested, charitable, with a fine taste for music, which he employs in conducting the church services beautifully; he is kind to the "bedesmen," whose spiritual pastor he is; he is, in fact, a gentle, mild old man, with a hobby, on which he has expended too

much money, and he meets trouble with patience. The trouble is not of a kind to call for much exhibition of the spirit of sanctity or martyrdom, it is true, but it is no less true that the Protestant public accept Mr. Harding as something like a saint and martyr, and that when Mr. Trollope (in "*Barchester Towers*") makes him resign a valuable piece of preferment in favour of his daughter's husband, he goes up a step or two in the ranks of aspirant saints and martyrs. There is, of course, a point of view from which we expose ourselves to ridicule by criticising, in such a sense as this, imaginary persons in works of fiction; but in another, that of the peculiar claim of Mr. Trollope to be regarded as the painter of real life, the representative novelist of the day, such criticism is reasonable, and must, we think, suggest itself to all Catholics. Only that there is more littleness, more scheming, and that women play a larger part in the schemes, there is no difference between his treatment of the clerical and any other profession. Bishop Proudie amuses us very much, by his timidity, his time-serving, his pompous feebleness, his submission to his odious wife; the struggle between Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope, decided in the lady's favour by the Bishop's love of ease and eating, the intrigues of which the wretched little man is the centre, afford us high gratification by their acute humour; but if we believed in Bishop Proudie's episcopal functions, we should be angry with the artist, and ashamed of the picture. We can enjoy it all, because we know the sacerdotal office does not really exist in the Church of England, and therefore cannot be outraged or offended by any amount of satire or quizzing directed against the playing at bishops; but we cannot understand the applause of Protestants. To the decorous church-going middle and upper classes, in which Mr. Trollope's admirers abound, we should have supposed such pictures as those of the Palace at Barchester, Plumstead Episcopi, Framley Parsonage, with its sporting, bill-backing parson, who is plainly meant to be a very fine fellow, would be intensely distasteful—even painful—if they failed to suggest that the system, whose outcome they are, would hardly bear the application of the Apostolic tests.

Archdeacon Grantly is the most celebrated of Mr. Trollope's clerical portraits, and we do not think there is to be found, in all the literature of fiction, a character more admirably drawn, more consistently sustained, more completely real to the reader, than that of this man: not in any sense a hypocrite, not a bad man, not unprincipled; but essentially a man of the world, governed by interest, utterly self-reliant and full of intolerant self-esteem, steadily bent on the loaves and fishes,

and no more associating a spiritual, a supernatural idea with his business than if that business were brewing or banking. Mr. Trollope does not like him, nor does he put him forward as a person to be liked; but he makes him a thoroughly respectable representative clergyman; the discord is in the man's temper and character, not in the authoritative mission of such a man to souls. He is described by Mr. Trollope, when he concludes the story of "*The Warden*," as "a gentleman, a man of conscience, one who spends his money liberally, and improves the tone of society of those among whom he lives; who is sincere in matters of religion, and yet no Pharisee; on the whole a man doing more good than harm." And numbers of people who believe that the Church of England is a real Church, see nothing absurd or improper, apart from the Archdeacon's disagreeable temper—in such a character for one of its dignitaries. If we should take, one by one, the long list of clerical portraits which the author has painted, we might find, in every one of them, something to illustrate the surprise with which we regard their popularity from the Protestant point of view; but we cannot do so, and must pass on to consider, from our own point of view, Mr. Trollope's most remarkable achievement of this kind—that which he avows has cost him the greatest pains—the sketch, which we find in "*Barchester Towers*," of the Reverend Francis Arabin, subsequently Dean of Barchester. It is all admirably written, so true and forcible, that the man lives and moves before us; but we can only take it up at one particular point—the history of Mr. Arabin's religious vacillations, which affords a proof of the absence, on Mr. Trollope's part, of even a conception of the meaning of spirituality and the supernatural, and a very striking example of the perfect good faith and semblance of reasonableness with which clever persons in the state of invincible ignorance discuss the deep things of God, just as they discuss the shallow things of the world. We can hardly conceive anything more suggestive, in its way, to Catholic readers than the following passages:—

Francis Arabin had been a religious lad before he left school; that is, he had addicted himself to a party in religion, and having done so, had received that benefit which most men do who become partisans in such a cause. We are much too apt to look at schism in our church as an unmitigated evil. Moderate schism, if there may be such a thing, at any rate calls attention to the subject, draws in supporters who would otherwise have been inattentive to the matter, and teaches men to think upon religion. How great an amount of good of this description has followed that movement in the Church of England which commenced with the publication of "*Froude's Remains*!"

As a boy young Arabin took up the cudgels on the side of the Tractarians, and at Oxford he sat for a while at the feet of the great Newman. . . . And now came the moment of his great danger. After many mental struggles, and an agony of doubt which may be well surmised, the great prophet of the Tractarians professed himself a Roman Catholic. Mr. Newman left the Church of England, and with him carried many a waverer. He did not carry off Mr. Arabin, but the escape which that gentleman had was a very narrow one. He left Oxford for a while, that he might meditate on the step which appeared to him to be all but unavoidable, and shut himself up in a little village on the seashore of one of our remotest counties, that he might learn, by communing with his own soul, whether or no he could with a safe conscience remain within the pale of his mother Church. Things would have gone badly with him had he been left to himself. Everything was against him : all his worldly interests required him to remain a Protestant ; and he looked on his worldly interests as a legion of foes, to get the better of whom was a point of extremest honour. In his then state of ecstatic agony such a conquest would have cost him little ; he could easily have thrown away all his livelihood ; but it cost him much to get over the idea that by choosing the Church of England he should be open in his own mind to the charge that he had been led to such a choice by unworthy motives. Then his heart was against him. He loved with a strong and eager love the man who had hitherto been his guide, and yearned to follow his footsteps. His tastes were against him. The ceremonies and pomps of the Church of Rome, their august feasts and solemn fasts, invited his imagination and pleased his eye. His flesh was against him. How great an aid it would be to a poor, weak, wavering man to be constrained to high moral duties, self-denial, obedience, and chastity, by laws which were certain in their enactments, and not to be broken without loud, palpable, unmistakable sin ! Then his faith was against him ; he required to believe so much ; panted so eagerly to give signs of his belief ; deemed it so insufficient to wash himself simply in the waters of Jordan, that some great deed, such as that of forsaking everything for a true Church, had for him allurements almost past withstanding. . . . It was from the poor curate of a small Cornish parish that he first learned to know that the highest laws for the governance of a Christian's duty must act from within, and not from without ; that no man can become a serviceable servant solely by obedience to written edicts : and that the safety which he was about to seek within the gates of Rome was no other than the selfish freedom from personal danger which the bad soldier attempts to gain who counterfeits illness on the eve of battle.

We shall come presently to the results of Mr. Arabin's "narrow escape." Let us now briefly examine the process of it, premising that in our opinion it would be difficult for any one to present to a Protestant who believes that in his Bible he has a practical guide which he is bound to obey, stronger reasons for ceasing to be a Protestant than those which "saved" the future Dean of Barchester from becoming a member of the Catholic Church. "He looked on his worldly interests as a legion of foes, to get the better of whom was a

point of extremest honour." The Disciples were of a like way of thinking. "The august feasts, and solemn fasts, invited his imagination, and pleased his eye." In the Gospel narratives, there is a remarkable reiteration of Our Lord's teaching concerning fasting, many special declarations of its necessity, to say nothing of His wondrous example; and He carefully kept the Jewish before He instituted the Christian feasts. Mr. Arabin's "flesh was against him: how great an aid would it be to a poor, weak, wavering man to be constrained to high moral duties, self-denial, obedience, and chastity, by laws which were certain in their enactments, and not to be broken without loud, palpable, unmistakable sin!" This is one of the most deplorable sentences, we think, which has ever been written—deplorable in its terrible perversion of the meaning of a man's flesh being "against" him, for it implies that the man who is conscious of temptation, and desirous to overcome it, is *in danger* of resorting to the Fountain for all uncleanness; deplorable in its testimony to Protestant ignorance of the nature, malignancy, and damnable-ness of sin. But this sentence is as absurd as an argument, as it is deplorable as a sentiment. Is it because a man is poor, weak, and wavering, that he does *not* require aid? Are laws of uncertain enactments desirable means of government? Is there anything but the severest and most absolute certainty in the laws, of Our Lord's enactment, by which the Church enjoins "high moral duties, self-denial, obedience," and that purity without which no man shall see God? Are any of Our Lord's laws to be broken without sin, and can any sin be otherwise than palpable and unmistakable, according to the Gospel's definition, and that of the Catholic Church? The whole of this miserable passage implies that the Protestant system, which Mr. Arabin was "saved" from abandoning, has no moral *law*, properly so called, and that it does not recognize the significance of sin at all. Mr. Arabin's "faith was against him;" so, according to this, was the faith of every one of the disciples, who left their ordinary line of life and followed Jesus, and yet it is precisely such faith that Jesus enjoins, and declares to be that which shall save the soul in which it reigns. The "waters of Jordan" metaphor is sorry, when one thinks of the great law of simple unquestioning obedience which governs the Catholic Church, and the practice of complex disobedience which characterises Protestant sectarianism; which, at present, in that subdivision of it that professes to abide in authority, presents the spectacle of a clergy, who claim the Apostolic commission as their *raison d'être*, in general revolt against their own bishops. The last sentence in the passage

we have quoted is nonsense, positive and relative, because "*laws* for the governance of a Christian's *duty*" means simply the instruction of a Christian's conscience, which must be an interior operation under any system, and is one of the special offices of the Sacrament of Penance, and because it is precisely by obedience to written edicts that every man does become a serviceable servant; such obedience being the only proof of the submission of the heart to the Divine Master's will expressed in His law. We freely admit that the "safety to be found within the gates of Rome" is a "selfish freedom from personal danger," but the "personal danger" is the loss of one's immortal soul, and the "safety" is called, in the Gospel, "salvation." "And yet," says Mr. Trollope, in another of his works,* "I love their religion. There is something beautiful and almost divine in the faith and obedience of a true son of the Holy Mother. I sometimes fancy that I would fain be a Roman Catholic,—if I could; as also I would often wish to be still a child, if that were possible." Precisely so. Our Divine Lord has said: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Let us now look at the result of Mr. Arabin's "escape," and the ideal presentment of a Protestant clergyman, according to Mr. Trollope. The rescued one has returned to Oxford, and fallen under the influence of the head of his college, Dr. Gwynne, a person whom we hardly think Saint John or Saint Paul would regard as quite up to the mark; for "Dr. Gwynne, though a religious man, was also a thoroughly practical man of the world, and he regarded with unfavourable eye the tenets of any one who looked on the two things as incompatible."

For some time after Mr. Arabin's return to Oxford he was saturnine, silent, and unwilling to take any prominent part in University broils; but gradually his mind recovered, or rather made, its tone, and he became known as a man always ready at a moment's notice to take up the cudgels in opposition to anything that savoured of an evangelical bearing. He was great in sermons, great on platforms, great at after-dinner conversations, and always pleasant as well as great. He took delight in elections, served on committees, opposed tooth and nail all projects of University reform, and talked jovially over his glass of port of the ruin to be anticipated by the Church, and the sacrilege daily committed by the Whigs. The ordeal through which he had gone in resisting the blandishments of the lady of Rome, had certainly done much towards the strengthening of his character.

And this is all perfectly in earnest! Mr. Trollope is not quizzing Protestantism; he is not poking his fun at the

* "North America," vol. i. p. 75.

Church of England clergy. Mr. Arabin is a special favourite with him. He provides him with a rich and pretty wife,—he makes a dean of him; he thoroughly approves of him. And all his Protestant readers approve! It is not an enemy who has done this.

Whether Mr. Trollope's clergymen are respectable, like Mr. Harding; admirable, like Mr. Crawley; imposing, like Mr. Arabin; disreputable, like Mr. Stanhope; utterly worldly, like Dr. Grantly and Mark Robarts; silly, like Arthur Wilkinson; sensible and muscular, like Dr. Fenwick; contemptible, like Bishop Proudie; odious, like Mr. Slope; or pitiable, like Mr. Quiverful, they are all equally unlike bearers of a divine commission, "stewards of the mysteries of God;" and when we have made ourselves familiar with them all, we are equally amused by them, and surprised at the strange condition of Protestant opinion and feeling which makes their popularity possible among the Protestant community. For us, the contemplation has a serious source of satisfaction; for we, too, Bible in hand, may turn from the portrait of Dean Arabin to the portrait of Father John Maguire. As domestic stories, the clerical series is delightful. The Proudie, Grantly, Stanhope, Robarts, Crawley, and Fenwick households are incomparable; the right men marry the right women, after just a sufficient amount of doubt and difficulty; all the secondary people are very vivid and amusing, and the comfortable worldly wisdom of everybody is so unflinching, that the reader feels cleverer and wiser for absorbing it. Mr. Trollope's power of depicting stupid people, without suffering their stupidity to incommode his readers, is unequalled. Griselda Grantly is, perhaps, the best example of this; but she is also one of his most humorous achievements. Who has not followed the handsome, heartless, brainless creature, who is such an ornament to society by sheer dint of utter worldliness and cold selfishness, from her first appearance, when she passes judgment on Mr. Arabin, through the negotiations for her grand marriage, her solemn assumption of leadership in society, her delightful quiet snubbing of Mr. Palliser, and her final attainment of bliss as a marchioness? The Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly have nothing to regret in their daughter's education, and her marriage crowns their wishes. When Lady Dumbello is leaving the parental roof with her bridegroom, "as she was about to step forward to her travelling carriage, leaning on her father's arm, the child put up her face to her mother for a last whisper. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I suppose Jane can put her hand at once on the *moire-antique* when we reach Dover?' Mrs. Grantly smiled and nodded, and again blessed her child." Lady

Dumbello's letter to her mother about the Palliser affair, her candid communication to her husband, who is so delighted with her that he buys her a ponderous necklace of emeralds on the spot; her visit to the Duke of Omnium, are all exquisite feats of wit and wisdom, illustrative of the perfection to which the education of a clergyman's daughter in the ways of this world may be brought.

Mr. Thackeray might have painted the picture, but he would then have done showman to it, and moralised over it. Mr. Trollope lets it pass in the crowd on his walls; he leaves it to point its own moral; a mode of satire most perfidious and effectual. Cynicism, railery, and gibing, are not among the tool she works with, which are, nevertheless, sharp-edged. If there were anything unkindly or spiteful in the tone of his clerical stories, we should be less impressed by his portraiture of the exemplary clergymen who believe that it is not only possible but quite easy to serve two masters, of whom one is God, and the other is Mammon, provided you act in a gentlemanly way, and keep clear of dissenters. He rarely goes deep into any character, and the seesaw condition of mind which he is so fond of depicting, usually has reference to external circumstances. It is not the balancing of moral, intellectual, or spiritual problems, such as George Eliot gives us. The most complicated struggle, the most ably depicted situation of below-the-surface doubt and difficulty, are to be found in the history of Mr. Crawley, begun in "*Framley Parsonage*," and concluded in the "*Last Chronicle of Barsetshire*." The pride and poverty of the man, his reticent but strong love and pity for his toiling weary wife, the touch of elevation in his nature which parts him from the rest,—these make Mr. Crawley interesting, before we come to the faithful and powerful description of his bewildered struggle, when suspicion of a ruinous and galling nature gathers over him; when even his friends doubt, and his family are sick at heart. The rarity of pathos in Mr. Trollope's writings makes it the more welcome when it comes, and it always rings true, being perfectly simple. The meeting of Mr. Crawley and his wife, when the mystery of the cheque is cleared up, and the death of Mr. Harding, in "*The Last Chronicle*," the confession of Lady Mason to Sir Peregrine Orme, in "*Orley Farm*," the old man's love for her, and the description of her conduct after the trial; a delineation of a woman, who has been suddenly tempted into one sin, but whose character has not suffered deterioration, brought out of mere remorse into repentance, offer instances of this fine quality of true pathos. In one case where we might have looked for it, it is wanting. "*He knew he was Right*," one of Mr. Trollope's later novels, of the social class, is an

essay in a new direction, and, as concerns the main interest of the story it is, in our opinion, a failure. The hero, Louis Trevelyan, goes mad, in a subtle, tangled, sullen way, which demands, for its just handling, strength of a kind different from Mr. Trollope's, and delicacy other than his adroit *finesse* and circumspection. The bareness of truth is a mistake in this case. Mr. Trollope does not adorn the man with qualities to inspire interest before his calamity overtakes him, and so he fails to evoke compassion after it has done so. Nobody can care whether Louis Trevelyan is mad or sane, for he is an ill-tempered snob from the beginning, and his wife is detestable. It is not more possible to pity her than to pity her husband, and this is the more provoking because Mr. Trollope expects us to pity her, and his grateful readers would like to do what he expects. The book abounds in humour; it contains one of the cleverest episodes among the author's innumerable stories of cross-purpose; the American girls are as real as the Dales, and much more charming, though Mr. Trollope has no notion that such is the case. Hugh Stanbury is one of his best characters; Bozzle is, we feel certain, the only true detective who has ever been drawn in a novel. Miss Stanbury is a match for Miss Betsy Trotwood. All the accessories to the story are perfect, but the madman and his wife spoil it all. There is not one touch of the pathetic in this narrative, though it might have been raised to the height of tragedy, and though it is difficult to conceive how the author has contrived to keep it throughout below pathos.

When we contemplate the long line of Mr. Trollope's social novels, we find that he has more than one specialty in portrait-painting. His lawyers, not so numerous as his clergymen, are as distinct and as memorable. Mr. Furnival, Mr. Round, Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, Mr. Theodore Burton, and Sir Thomas Underwood, are quite as admirable in their way as the Barchester people, and as the casual curates whom we find in the not actually clerical novels. The sporting men, the money-lenders, the election-agents, too, every one of them will bear inspection; though in many instances the author proceeds on the development principle. The "Old Man of the Sea," who persecutes poor Charley Tudor, one of the "Three Clerks," is the lowest form of the devourer who gets hold of Phineas Finn, and who hopes Mr. Burgo Fitzgerald "will be punctual." We find him in different stages of his evolution in several of these novels, always the same plausible, relentless rogue, but with little touches of differentiation exquisitely humorous—as, for instance, when he eats Phineas Finn's breakfast. Mr. Trollope develops in many other cases also. Charley Tudor's entanglement with the

barmaid, who gets a written promise of marriage out of him, is the crude form of that delightfully humorous episode in the history of Johnny Eames, in which he eludes the pursuit of Amelia Roper, which is, in its turn, a rough sketch for the finely-finished skirmishing that ends in the defeat of Madeline Demolines, who is perhaps the most perfect specimen in the author's collection of flirts. Lady Eustace is a more unprincipled and less refined Lady Ongar, and the cousin-lover affair in "*The Eustace Diamonds*," is the same as the cousin-lover affair in "*The Claverings*," Lucy Morris playing to a nicety the part of Florence. With just confidence in his own powers of varying the sauce and the seasoning Mr. Trollope places similar dishes before us in rapid, unflinching succession, like the pilau and rice of an Eastern feast, or the legs of lamb and spinach of Charles Lamb's famous dinner. We eat them constantly with a tranquil pleasure, not demanding more variety in the flavouring than he gives us, never elated, and never disappointed; without eager appetite, but equally without satiety. We feel, on opening a new book by Mr. Trollope, as soon as we get a glimpse of the story, that we are well acquainted with it; but knowledge no more interferes with our enjoyment than familiarity with the music of an opera injures the pleasure with which we listen to its execution. The series of love stories which began with Adela Gauntlet and Arthur Wilkinson as the model couple, fond but prudent, faithful but calculating, and Caroline Waddington and George Bertram as the terrible example, because they were too prudent, and overdid the calculation, has presented very little alteration in outline ever since. Lucy Morris is suffering at this moment the selfsame agonies as those through which Florence Burton passed safely in 1866; and Clara Belton might have compared notes with Miss Mackenzie, and called Rachel Ray into a three-cornered confidence about "the young man from the brewery," a year or two earlier. We do not doubt that Mr. Trollope has a plentiful supply of cousins in reserve, developments of George Vavasour and George Hotspur, of "Lizzie's" Frank, and of "Julia's" Harry; and that we shall take much delight in their difficulties, their debts, their doubts, and their flirtations; shall listen to their small talk, and read their tepid love-letters, until they or we cease to be. The young men in official situations, of aspiring minds and modern manners, with vices just hinted at, but guiltless of enthusiasm, cool, self-possessed, and selfish, will always be in readiness to "like" the sweet girls, and make up and unmake their minds as to marrying them; and every sweet girl will always have two lovers apiece, one of whom she wants to marry, and one who wants to marry

her. The latter delightfully difficult situation will be infinitely varied, and so we shall go on, no more resenting the sameness than we resent the monotony of hot rolls at breakfast.

While Mr. Trollope is free from the faults of many novelists who undertake to depict "high life,"—while he does not descend to the ludicrous vulgarities of "Lothair," or stuff his books with coroneted millinery and upholstery, like the lady novelists,—but makes his lords and ladies real persons, exactly like life, and, when needs be, quite as contemptible, we do think he does injustice to the world in general, *à propos* of these lords and ladies. There is such a thing as the cant of satire; and it is enticing, because facile. Mr. Thackeray was a great proficient in it. He scattered it about with the lavishness of a tract distributor; and its favourite formulas were those which declared toadyism and tuft-hunting to be universal. His typical snob is the man who, with a week-kneed abjectness, dearly loves a lord. Of course, such a man is a snob; but we think he is likewise a rare specimen of the order of mean creatures, and that snobbism may exist at the other extreme, in the man, to wit, who hates a lord because he is a lord,—the man who troubles himself in any way about the rank of people with whom he is not personally concerned. Mr. Trollope is infected by this easy kind of cant, and injures some of his very best effects by its admission. When Mary Thorne, on intimate terms with the Misses Gresham, meets their cousins, the Ladies De Courcy, for the first time, she expects to be snubbed by them; and the Ladies De Courcy snub the young lady whom they meet as a visitor in their aunt's house, as a matter of course. Alice Vavasor, whose own near relatives are people of title, keeps aloof from them because they are so, and Mr. Trollope praises her for it; whereas, it seems to us that the deprecatory, peevish, uneasy suspicion which is perpetually conscious of social inferiority, and perpetually imputing vulgar arrogance to persons of rank, is a very unworthy sentiment, and much more humiliating than any exterior offence could be. If people with titles were to be constantly thinking of them, constantly enjoying the idea that they can humble and spite, insult, domineer over, or buy their untitled fellow creatures in virtue of them, titles would cease to be harmless distinctions, and become a moral plague. If people without titles were to be always envious, suspicious, embarrassed, false, flattering, or self-depreciatory in the presence of people who do possess them; or if, on the other hand, they were persistently to refuse respect to respectable persons because they are ranged in a different order of nomenclature from their own, untitled people would establish the cynical theory that snobbism is the prevailing

feature of middle-class English society. We do not greatly overstate our case against Mr. Trollope when we say that he does establish some such division on the general scale in his books. His special, avowed favourite, Lily Dale, who is not ours, for she is pert, and in this particular respect, vulgar, is not only touched with this cant of satire upon rank, but she is, like her mother and sister, wrong upon the point of the fitting estimate of money also. When Lily Dale "chaffs" Adolphus Crosbie about the grandeur of De Courcy Castle, and talks about their own comparative insignificance, as she knows nothing about the De Courcys, as she has not the reader's opportunities of learning that they are a despicable family, she does an ill-bred thing; and when she resists her uncle's kindness because he is rich and she is poor, she does, not a noble, but an ignoble thing. "The Small House at Allington" is considered by many of his readers to be Mr. Trollope's very best book. We do not hold it in such high esteem, though it contains some of his very best writing, and its humour is unsurpassed. Lord de Guest's adventure with Lambkin is enough to make the book memorable, especially that supreme touch, where the earl directs the butler to send "two or three men" to bring in Johnny Eames's hat; and, in reply to the man's wondering "two or three men, my lord"? says testily, "somebody's been teasing the bull." The whole story of Adolphus Crosbie is admirable. The episode of the wedding-day, and the brief, well-merited, blank failure of the married life of the pair; the scenes at Mrs. Roper's boarding-house; the mental struggles of Cradell between his fear of Lupex and his ambition to be regarded as a gallant, gay Lothario, dangerous to domestic peace—struggles which resemble those of Mr. Winkle when he ran away from Mr. Dowling just as Mr. Dowling was running away from him;—the office life, in which Johnny Eames distinguishes himself, are all full of the wise, pleasant, knowing humour peculiar to the author. We are disposed to rank "Doctor Thorne" higher than "The Small House." The story of the Scatcherds, father and son, is an abler achievement than anything in the history of the Dales, and Miss Dunstable's rejection of Frank Gresham is Mr. Trollope's masterpiece in one of his principal lines. It is worth remarking how effective this great novelist can be without the aid of picturesqueness. From external nature he very rarely asks assistance. He looks at it with the eye of a sportsman, or a farmer, and he uses it in that sense to illustrate character, taking his sporting men across country, and his farming men, Lord de Guest, or Lucius Mason, round the fields and farmyards; but he sets no pictures of sentiment or passion in a framework of beautiful Nature. The most

rustic sentimental incident in all his novels is the not impressive one of Johnny Eames loitering on the little bridge near the small house and cutting Lily Dale's initials on the hand-rail. Mr. Trollope uses few accessories of any kind, and has no tricks of style. He deals with human beings, human lives, human events, absolutely; and though he sometimes over-crowds, he never over-colours his canvas. The women whom he draws for us are not, taken *en masse*, equal to the men. His girl-portraits have too much sameness, for, though the ordinary training of English girls does not admit of much individuality, they have more than he allows them. We can appreciate the difficulties and the temptations of a male novelist in narrating innumerable love-stories, describing proposals, and relating the vagaries of eccentric and vacillating courtships—we can understand that he must suffer from the embarrassment to which his heroes are subjected; but he abuses the position when he allots so disproportionate a share of the love-making to the ladies. They are nice girls generally—not stupid, not silly—lady-like and proper when he means them to be so; but they all say the same thing to their lovers, and about them, and they all write letters exactly on the same pattern, just as all Mr. Wilkie Collins's people keep journals, and keep them after an identical method. His young ladies are more interesting and more various in their relations with each other and the outer world than in their relations with their lovers. Alice Vavasor is contemptible, except as Lady Glencora Palliser's friend, and Nora Rowley is the best of sisters. The avowed flirts are more amusing than the good young ladies, and the matrons are more interesting than either class. Lady Mason, Mrs. Orme, Mrs. Furnival, Lady De Courcy, Mrs. Grantly, Mrs. Crawley, Mrs. Proudie, Lady Clavering, and others, too many to enumerate, are, each for a different reason, more important and pleasant to the reader than the girls. Who would not give all the women in the book, except perhaps poor Lady Glencora, for Aunt Greenow, the delightful widow in "Can You Forgive Her"? In this case Mr. Trollope has not developed one of his own former characters, he has taken his mother's best creation, the Widow Barnaby, modernized her, trimmed away some of the redundancies of her exuberant vulgarity, retained all her charming characteristics, and fitted her into a sequence of circumstances which exhibits her to perfection. Mrs. Greenow has the florid good looks, the taste for good living, the passion for display, the shrewd, hard, vulgar sense of the consideration and the servility which are to be had for money, the coarse-mindedness and the bouncing

animal spirits of Mrs. Barnaby. Like her, she has married after her first youth is past, and is determined to make the most of her prosperous, moneyed widowhood. Like her, she takes a niece to a watering-place, deals largely in fiction about her dead husband, places the date of his death at a conveniently far back distance, enters into all the available gaiety on the pretence that she is sacrificing her feelings to her niece's welfare, exults in the splendour of her weeds, changes her maid's name from Jane to Jeannette (who does not remember Mrs. Barnaby's Sally Hicks, who was turned into Jerningham?), and attaches to herself a brace of rival lovers, one being a modified copy of Major Allen, with his stories of Waterloo, duels, and the beautiful Isabella. The imitation is daringly close, but Mrs. Greenow is a highly-finished painting, while Mrs. Barnaby was only a clever daub. Captain Bellfield is a close study of life, while Major Allen, in all his metamorphoses, was a coarse caricature. The rivalry between Bellfield and Cheesacre is one of Mr. Trollope's masterpieces of humour, and Kate Vavasor's letter, descriptive of the day which she and her aunt passed at Mr. Cheesacre's farm, when he showed the manure heaps to the widow, as an irresistible appeal to her ambition, is enough to make Kate captivating—only that we know so well it is not hers, that Mr. Trollope has written it for her. In a few instances Mr. Trollope has permitted himself to be vulgar. "Miss Mackenzie," "Rachel Ray," and "The Belton Estate," are vulgar books, and the Neefit episode in "Ralph the Heir" must, in justice, be called vulgar too. They are, to his more highly-finished productions, what an exceedingly clever farce is to a fine comedy, lower in kind, but equally susceptible of perfection in degree. The insinuating, unctuous schemer, Mr. Prong, who tries to secure the fortune of the grim young widow, Rachel Ray's sister, and the ranting, blustering, flattering, squinting bully, Mr. Maguire, who makes Miss Mackenzie miserable and ridiculous, are the broad farce to the high-comedy stories of "Barchester."

Great in small talk, unequalled in the dialogue of flirtation, skilful beyond praise in minutiae, so just that he never makes any man or woman a monster of perfection, and has only once been tempted to produce, in George Vavasor, a monster of wickedness, and in that case has fallen short of his customary success; with the keenest powers of surface observation of any living novelist, and the finest humour, Mr. Trollope falls short in two of the attributes of a great writer. They are breadth and height. His landscapes of life are deficient in perspective; and his men and women are deficient in soul.

ART. VII.—LORD ARUNDELL ON TRADITION.

Tradition, principally with reference to Mythology and the Law of Nations.

By LORD ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1872.

IN the opening paragraph of his preface Lord Arundell states very candidly that there is no way of finding out the purport of his book except its perusal. We can, with equal candour, testify to the truth of the statement. And the perusal, as the author further remarks, must be an honest one, journeying dutifully over every chapter and every page, pausing patiently to examine notes, and occasionally after a day's travel taking a sharp walk through outlying appendices. Not only are the chapters interdependent, but their various themes are so suggestive of one another that until the book is finished there is no saying of any one of them when it has made its final appearance. Nor is the requisite perusal quite an easy matter. The book is full of learning and full of genuine, if somewhat perplexed, thought, and constitutes on the whole as tough a bit of reading—for one who reads it properly—as any that has made an appearance even in this age of scientific literature and literary science. Lord Arundell's style, too, is scarcely formed on the highest models, and occasionally is such a very poor interpreter of his thought as to leave his meaning involved in mystery. But the difficulties to be met in perusing his book are not principally due to his somewhat straggling style; they are in the main naturally inherent in the subjects of which he treats. These are, in a high degree, rugged and roadless. And that is not all. They have of late got so crowded with what are called views, so hemmed in and overshadowed by jungles of what is called evidence, as to be hardly recognizable by their oldest admirers. Lord Arundell does as much to restore their natural appearance as could be fairly expected.

Though the purport of the work cannot be fully appreciated until the book has been properly read, it is still possible, even in the small space at our disposal, to make the reader possessed of its main dominating idea. Lord Arundell finds the present age, both in political and in social life, strongly disposed to get rid of the order established. But he believes "that no democratic organization, however extended among the masses, will overthrow the established order of things so long as the possessors of property, the upper classes, are true to the objects for which property was instituted." And he has a reason for the faith that is in him. He

undertakes to find, even outside the Church, an authority that forbids that political and social levelling which proceeds at present. That authority is the Divine Voice speaking through human traditions. These traditions, he contends, carry down to our times a revelation made to the heads of the race, and in that revelation are contained laws—among others the Law of Nations—binding men and states for all time. And the traditions do more. They not only preserve divine communications made to the first members of the human family, but they carry on to us the history of these first members and of their leading successors. But where are these traditions to be found? The author is ready with an answer.

Tradition, he says (page 107), in the sense in which we have just seen it used by Lacordaire, [and this is the sense in which the author himself understands it,] is not limited to oral traditions, but may be termed the connection of evidence which establishes the unity of the human race; and, with this evidence, establishes the identity and continuity of its belief, laws, institutes, customs, and manners. The more closely the tradition is investigated the more thoroughly will it be found to attest a common origin, and the more fully will its conformity with the scriptural narrative be made apparent.

By traditions so found the author solves or approximates to a solution of many vexed questions. But it is to two especially, Mythology and the Law of Nations, that he makes application of his theory. And the application leads him to very important conclusions. Gentile mythology, he says, is mainly made up of truths that were really known and events that really occurred to the first peoples, with the truths corrupted and the events distorted in the course of transmission. A Law of Nations exists, not merely as a code of convenience sanctioned by politic diplomatists, nor merely as the precepts of the individual conscience applied to peoples, but as a positive divine law given in the first age and preserved even to this day (in forms more or less corrupted) among all the nations of the earth. Take instances. In Mythology Saturn is a leading and perplexing and repellent personage, the least loved of the characters of Lempiere. But Saturn is no other than Noah; his very name comes to him because "Noah, a husbandman, began to till the ground"; and the ugly point in his history, namely, that with a depravity of taste scarcely credible in a Divinity, he was accustomed to banquet upon his own progeny, and, in fact, disposed of them cannibalistically, all but three, is only a confused remembrance of the truth that Noah and his three sons were safe from the waters of the Deluge, and that all except these were, by reason of their being excluded from the ark, utterly destroyed. Then, in the Law of Nations it is, or is said to be, certain that if one state resolve to attack another, it is bound to make known its intention by a previous declaration of war. But where do you discover a ground for such obligation? Not in what is called International

Law, which permitted the invasion of Papal territory in 1860, though that invasion was not only in direct violation of every received principle of political justice, but commenced and continued and completed without even the formality of notifying to the Pope that he must submit to the bandit: nor yet in an application of the precepts of the individual human conscience, for these are at present not only extremely shaky as to whether they are precepts at all, but, even though they are precepts, binding only in so far as they are found to be useful. But our author shows a ground for the obligation which is not dependent either on diplomatic convenience or on philosophical teachings. He finds it, where he finds the Law of Nations itself,—in the traditions of humanity. Not only have all nations had a common custom of observing the rule with regard to the declaration of war, but, what is more striking, they have had substantially a common mode of making the declaration. These two facts can be accounted for only in one way. Before the races of men were dispersed, one of the laws imposed upon them was the law which regards the declaration of war.

The line of inquiry which Lord Arundell follows in respect of the two subjects already named he also follows in respect of several other subjects equally important and equally troublesome. The mysteries of Egyptian and Chinese chronology, which at one time looked as if they intended to dispose of the Bible, have the light of Tradition turned full upon them, and are at once seen to be very innocent and very harmless mysteries indeed. Like results are obtained in regard of the Primitive Life of Man, the Origin of Society, and (indirectly) in regard of that most humorous of all modern productions, Mr. Darwin's "*Origin of Species*." By introducing and discussing subjects such as these, which, in comparison with the two mentioned in the title-page, must be considered as of only secondary importance, the author attains a double end. He not only illumines these secondary subjects themselves, but, while so doing, he illustrates for us by special instances the power of Tradition, and thus disposes us to listen to it very attentively when it speaks to us on what is really his main subject, the Law of Nations. Each question is treated with a fulness of evidence and fairness to opponents which reflect high credit both on the author's learning and his courtesy. And even unscientific readers, if there be any such in existence, will find Lord Arundell's book curiously interesting by reason of the many quaint facts and corruptions of facts which it reveals.

This is not the first time, as our author reminds us, that Tradition has been employed as he employs it. It has been often similarly called on both by Catholic and Protestant, and, indeed, by infidel writers. But during the present century it has been unusually suggestive, and Lord Arundell has been the first to make its later

pronouncements collectively known to the public. It is that fact which renders his book so valuable an addition to the literature of the time. Besides, there is, in so far as we know, no writer, ancient or modern, who has so fully as our author vindicated for human traditions—and of human traditions only we speak throughout—their proper place in what may be called the *loci scientifici*. On this matter the following passages (pages 118, 119) will be found very suggestive:—

The special intervention (says Lord Arundell) which appears to me destined to bring the various sciences into harmony, will be the elevation of the particular department of history or archaeology which has to do with the traditions of the human race as to its origin into a separate and recognized branch of inquiry; and I am satisfied that if any portion of that intellect which is cunning in the reconstruction of the mastodon from its vertebral bone, had been directed to the great lines of human tradition, that enough of the reliquie and vestiges of the past remain to establish their conformity with that which alone has solved the problem—the Book of Genesis; and which, apart from the consideration of its inspiration, will ever remain the most venerable and best attested of human records. This inquiry [the inquiry into human traditions] might no doubt form a department either of scriptural exegesis, universal history, or of ethnological research; but, in point of fact, its scope is too large practically to fall within such limits, whereas, if it were recognized as a separate branch of study, it would, I venture to think, in the progress of its investigation bring all these different branches of inquiry into harmony and completeness. And I further contend that the conclusions thus attained are as well deserving of consideration as the conclusions of science from the implements of the drift. . . . So that when on one side it is said that science (meaning the science of geology or philology, &c.) has proved this or that fact apparently contrary to the Scripture narrative, it can on the other hand be asserted that the facts, or the inferences from them, are incompatible with the testimony of the science of tradition.

And Lord Arundell declares his conviction that even the tradition of usages found in the various families of the human race would enable us to establish the main points of human history:—

The Fall, the Deluge, the Dispersion, the early knowledge and civilization of mankind, the primitive monotheism, the confusion of tongues, the family system, marriages, the institution of property, the tradition of a common morality, and of the law of nations.

One of the most curious chapters in Lord Arundell's book is that on "Primitive Life," especially when read in connection with another chapter,—“Sir John Lubbock on Tradition.” The first two chapters are, as we shall see, not quite in their proper place, unless they be regarded as purely introductory, and the chapter on

"Primitive Life" is that which logically holds first place in the volume. It is a most interesting and most instructive chapter. Our author maintains, as most Christians would be likely to maintain, that mankind commenced well; that both in the days of Adam and in the days of Noah, men had a high degree both of natural and of supernatural knowledge; and that savagery, wherever found, is ultimately the result of ancestral degeneration. On the other hand, modern men of science, even those who believe that Mr. Darwin means nothing but rivalry of Artemus Ward, entertain very generally an opinion precisely the opposite. According to them, the race commenced with savagery, or worse: "Mankind was for a long period living in a state of promiscuity, little, if at all, elevated above the brute"; and "men appeared originally upon the scene as a mass of units coming into the world, no one knows how, like locusts rising about the horizon or covering the earth, perhaps, like toads after a shower." In discussing this theory of primitive savagery, Lord Arundell is obliged to notice the exposition of it by a Mr. M'Lennan, and it is the charming originality of that gentleman, quite worthy of primeval times, that makes the discussion especially piquant. We recommend Mr. M'Lennan, for his soul's comfort, to read our author's third chapter. We think it will enable him to renounce his famous distinction between "exogamy,"—marriage outside your tribe,—and "endogamy,"—marriage with one of your own people. That will, we are aware, be so much valuable Greek gone for nothing, and accordingly we so far commiserate Mr. M'Lennan. But the loss to the scholar will be a gain to the man. The wholesale female infanticide and wife-capture committed by his ancestors will have no power to harrow his scientific feelings any more.

In the same chapter on "Primitive Life," our author touches on another question which he treats at large in a subsequent chapter ("Chronology from the Point of View of Science," page 72). It is not at all as novel as the theme immortalized by Mr. M'Lennan; in fact it has been so long before the public as to have become somewhat stale. Nevertheless, as we have never seen it handled quite to our satisfaction, and as our author appears to have no doubt that his book has settled it for ever, we beg to call our readers' attention to it here. It arises from a fundamental assumption on the part of modern scientific inquirers that man must have progressed and developed to the point at which we see him (page 72). According to the Bible narrative, man has not been upon the earth for more than six thousand years. But Baron Bunsen says that to account for man's position, even as he is found at the birth of our Lord, at least twenty thousand years must be supposed to have intervened between that event and the Deluge. Sir Charles Lyell speaks of "the vastness of the time" required for man's development into

his present condition, and affirms that "six thousand years are but a small portion of the time required to bring about such wide divergence from a common stock as between the Negroes and Greeks and Jews, Mongols and Hindoos, represented on the Egyptian monuments." The difficulty then, put simply, is, that according to the Bible all men are descendants of a single pair, and that it is not quite six thousand years since that pair were created; that all the differences by which the races of men differ from one another must have arisen therefore within six thousand years; and that six thousand years is very much too short a period for the occurrence of such extraordinary changes as must be admitted. If the Negro type was the original, it took myriads of years to introduce the Caucasian: if the Caucasian was the first, it took myriads of years to introduce the Negro. As a matter of fact we can prove that changes of type are, if any, so slow as to afford no basis on which a calculation could be founded. From the Egyptian monuments we learn that the Negro "of the true Nigritian stamp" was in existence 2,400 years before Christ. In the four thousand years that have elapsed since then the type has remained altogether unaltered.

The author starts with a special reply addressed to Sir Charles Lyell. We confess that even as an *argumentum ad hominem* it does not seem to us satisfactory. Here it is.

I have, then, only to assume one point that Sir Charles Lyell will concede,—the order of progress or development to have been from black to white,—and that he will pay us the compliment of being the more favoured race. But of all the races that are akin to the Mongol or the Turanian, the Chinese are the whitest, and most nearly approach the European in colour. How many years, then, may we suppose that it took the Chinese to progress from the black state of the Egyptian? As many, let us conjecture, as it took the Egyptian to progress linguistically from the state of the Chinese or Mongol!

That reasoning is not of a surety crystal clear. Sir Charles Lyell would probably reply to it that Egyptian and Chinese, as it were, started equally black and equally rude in language; the Egyptian progressed in language but did not (because he stopped at home) progress in colour; the Chinese did not progress, at least very notably, in language, but (because he changed his climate, &c.) he progressed a good deal in colour. If there be any "entanglement" here, it is, we think, one of Lord Arundell's own making.

Omitting this reference to Sir Charles Lyell, the author commences his answer to the proposed difficulty by stating his opinion that neither the theory of progress nor the theory of degeneration can account for the case of the Negro. He bases that position on the proven fact

That at the present time we find the Negro in the same relative position and with the same stamp of inferiority that we find indelibly impressed on him four thousand years ago. . . . The difficulty is, that whereas climate, food, change of circumstances, have in many ways modified other races, the Negro has resisted these influences, and has remained the same Negro we find him two thousand four hundred years before the coming of our Lord.

We have hardly a doubt that both Lord Arundell's facts and Lord Arundell's reasoning are in the last degree questionable. It is certain that there were Negroes in existence four thousand years ago, and that there are Negroes exactly like them in existence to-day. But the Negroes of the present are either in the same external conditions as the Negroes of the past, or have not changed these conditions for a period sufficiently long to make the change tell. The remark about "the stamp of inferiority" being found "indelibly impressed" on the Negro of the Egyptian monuments is only rhetorical, and the use of the word "indelibly" savours too much of that class of rhetoric which Mr. Disraeli calls "heedless." The dark gentlemen on the Egyptian monuments prove nothing, for instance, against those who hold the theory of degeneration. No one, except Milton and the poets, knows to what precise type our first parents belonged; they may have been so dusky in colour that by the time the Egyptian monuments were constructed many of their descendants could have got black at their leisure. Nor, on the other hand, does Lord Arundell's reference prove anything against those who hold the progressive theory. To prove against them, a case should be shown where a tribe of Negroes settled, say in England, four thousand years ago, adopted new habits of life, and yet kept to their colour and their other characteristics through all these years. No such case, no case that has given the Negro the shadow of a chance, has ever been shown. When Lord Arundell speaks of the Negro "resisting the influences of climate, food, change of circumstances," he speaks what is either not true enough or not true at all. It is not true enough if the resistance has endured for only a comparatively short period of years; to say that the resistance has been prolonged over a period sufficiently large to justify Lord Arundell's conclusion, is not true at all.

We make these remarks principally because we notice in our author a tendency that we do not admire. There are men, we apprehend, who, on this matter, will, though fighting for the same cause as he, be unable to accept either Lord Arundell's science or Lord Arundell's theology. These will be obliged, at least for the present, to solve the proposed difficulty in the old-fashioned way, that is, by maintaining that the colour, &c. of a people are susceptible of indefinite modification from climate and other ex-

ternal conditions. But Lord Arundell has a tendency to cut that ground from under our feet. He (page 77) quotes with apparent satisfaction the testimony that "the American Indians are of a uniform copper-colour from north to south, in Canada and on the line," and argues, against Sir John Lubbock, that this case has both the qualities required by that writer, namely, lapse of time and difference of external conditions. Lord Arundell must therefore allow the inference that, according to him, the old-fashioned explanation will not suffice even for the case of the American Indians. But does he not see that this creates a new difficulty and that we shall be as much puzzled, by-and-by, by the American's redness as we have always been by the blackness of the Negro? It is true that we are acquainted with the red man for only four hundred years. But during that time he has remained, what of him has remained at all, unchanged in hue. Whenever and wherever he first got his redness he has it for four hundred years, and in so far as we can judge would, if left to enjoy his hunting-grounds, keep it for ever. We are not asking Lord Arundell to put a stopper on truth. If the colour of a race be in its destiny and not in its external conditions, directly caused by miracle and not by natural agencies, by all means let that fact be proclaimed. But, "*entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem.*" First of all let that fact be proved.

The author's own solution of the difficulty is that proposed by De Maistre, or rather, we should say, popularized by De Maistre, for it was entertained by Schoolmen centuries before De Maistre was born. As stated by the author, it extends over more than a dozen pages of close and elaborate and very able reasoning. In brief it is this. Chanaan, the son of Cham (for present purposes Cham himself need not be disturbed), was cursed by his grandfather Noah. What were the effects of the curse has ever been a vexed question with Scriptural students. That it had one effect, the making the posterity of Chanaan in some way subject to the children of Japheth is sufficiently evident from the Scriptural text, though how far in the posterity of Chanaan that effect was to extend,—for four generations or for forty, cannot be determined. That it had any other effect whatever is extremely uncertain. But Lord Arundell, following De Maistre, contends that it had a second effect, and that too a much more striking effect than the first. He maintains that, by the curse of Noah, Chanaan and Chanaan's posterity were stamped with "the stamp of inferiority," indelible blackness; that as the hands of the Patriarch were raised in malediction, the colour of Chanaan underwent an awful change, and he stood suddenly before his brethren cursed with the characteristics which made him the fit progenitor of a new, unnatural, and hideous race. This theory, Lord Arundell says, "is adequate to the

explanation of the phenomena, does not clash with history" (by which we presume he means Scripture history), "and is sustained by tradition." Nevertheless he apprehends that "this view will be combated as much from the point of view of Scriptural exegesis as of scientific speculation."

The theological objections which our author presumes he will have to meet he meets by anticipation. The sudden blackening of Chanaan is not "more revolting" than the sudden damnation of Lucifer, or the sudden reduction of Adam to shame and want and decay and the doom of death. Besides, he argues, they who admit the veracity of the Bible must admit that, if not directly, at least indirectly blackness was a result of the curse. For, as Latham shows in his "Ethnology," "certain conditions not merely of colour but moral and intellectual; are the inseparable accompaniments of geographical location." But it is laid down in Deuteronomy (xxxii. 8) that God himself arranged the distribution of the human race. The same fact is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 26). Since, therefore, God apportioned the sons of Chanaan to a particular district, He is accountable for the blackness that followed their location there. "If then," concludes the author (page 90), "the different races of mankind according to their merits or demerits were apportioned to or miraculously directed or impelled to respective portions of the earth which necessarily superinduced certain effects, is not the curse as apparent in its indirect operation as it would have been in its suddenness and directness?"

Not quite so apparent in its indirect operation, we should at once answer, unless it be properly proved that there is either a divine command or a divinely-ordained necessity obliging the children of the curse to keep to those regions where alone from "geographical location" their blackness would be properly ensured. Such a command or such a necessity the author is at liberty to assume, if he pleases. But he has not proved the existence of either. He has not proved the existence of the command. Neither has he proved the existence of the necessity. He could not prove it. For, as a matter of fact, sons of Chanaan did retire from those portions of the earth to which they "were apportioned or miraculously directed or impelled." But if the sons of Chanaan were at liberty to leave the "black country" whenever they chose, blackness was not even on the "indirect" theory a part of their malediction.

It is evident, however, that the theory on which it is only indirectly that blackness becomes a part of the Chanaanitish curse, does not satisfy Lord Arundell. It is equally evident that logically he cannot maintain it except as an *argumentum ad hominem*. For, in it, the blackness is really ascribed to climate and special

external conditions. But Lord Arundell is of opinion, as we have seen further back, that no union of external conditions is competent to account for the blackness. Evidently he must and evidently he does maintain, that the blackness of Chanaan and of Chanaan's posterity was the direct effect of the curse of Noah. Immediately that Noah pronounced the malediction Chanaan's externals completely changed. He was smitten with blackness as suddenly as Lucifer was smitten into hell.

We are bound to confess that our author supports his position well. He surrounds it with a very formidable array of facts found in tradition. We have great hesitation in pronouncing against his view. We can hardly say that we pronounce against it. Still we cannot share the confidence with which Lord Arundell regards it. It appears to us that he has forgotten to estimate a few important things that apparently weigh against him. If we suggest these it may enable him to make his argument more complete in a second edition.

In the first place, then, blackness is not the only quality which distinguishes the negro branch from the other branches of the human family. Negroes have many other physical peculiarities, not perhaps quite so striking, but quite as distinctive as their colour. Now, these peculiarities may require a curse to account for them just as much as the blackness requires one. From a note of the author (page 78), it would appear that they do. Yet, throughout his argument, it is to the blackness alone that our author attends, and it is the blackness alone that is touched by his facts of tradition.

In the second place, if the blackness be the result of a curse, the curse must have fallen not only on Chanaan, but on Chanaan's wife, and on any wife other than a black one, which he or his sons might select. For, following the natural order of things, no matter how black was Chanaan himself, a child of his by (for instance) a white woman would not be black. But it should be black by the curse. Therefore, the male Chanaanites should marry none but black women; or, if they did marry white women, the offspring of the marriage should be blackened by miracle. We should not like to be responsible for either conclusion.

In the third place, though we do not think that such a curse, with such a consequence as Lord Arundell supposes, could be proved to be inconsistent with the supreme perfection of God, still, we cannot admit to Lord Arundell that he has shown its "perfect conformity to Scripture, and to what we know of the secrets of the Divine judgments." The awful suddenness of the retribution, to which alone Lord Arundell refers, would not make us uneasy. The "picture of Chanaan stricken with blackness," is not, to our mind, as terrible as the picture of Oza stricken with death. We

would not much mind the colouring (for we have no very pressing pale-face prejudice), if it were only the guilty that suffered. But that the retribution should follow, not only Chanaan, but Chanaan's posterity, branding them for no fault of theirs with the indelible brand of inferiority, shaming them before sons of Shem not more guiltless than they, is what we find, not incredible, but credible only in the last extremity. Lord Arundell instances as parallel the cases of Adam and Lucifer. But once more he is only, what he was never created to be, rhetorical. Lucifer and his followers are not to the point. They suffered for their own sin. Nor does the case of Adam avail. We do not insist upon the clear fact that God's conduct in respect of the race is no standard for His conduct in respect of one of its little families, just as His judgments in regard of a nation are no standard of His judgments in regard of a city. But we insist upon this. The consequences of originals in fall upon all men alike, with, of course, that glorious exception, which, following the example of S. Augustin, we do not mention here. If one man was shamed and degraded, so were all his neighbours. But the peculiar hardship of the case of Chanaan is, that his posterity were degraded and shamed, while the posterity of Shem and the posterity of Japhet were kept in honour, though the posterity of Chanaan were not a whit more guilty than the posterity of Japhet or the posterity of Shem. In so far as the sin of Chanaan is concerned, a son of Chanaan is quite as blameless as if he had been begotten by Shem. And yet because his father happens to be Chanaan, he must not only be inferior to Shem, but must carry on his person, before all the world, the hideous mark of his father's guilt and of his own inferiority!

But, in the fourth place, we are opposed to Lord Arundell's view on still higher and less assailable ground. He objects to himself (page 89) that there is no proof in Scripture that Chanaan was blackened by the curse of Noah. He frankly admits that Scripture supplies no such proof; that, whilst it mentions the curse, it does not mention the blackness. We invite Lord Arundell (and we are surprised that he requires the invitation) to go one step further, and to admit that this very silence of Scripture regarding the supposed change in the appearance of Chanaan, is distinct evidence that that change never occurred. If it had occurred, the Scripture writer could not but have mentioned it. His account of the entire transaction is minute and graphic in the highest degree. But of all its circumstances, immeasurably the most startling would have been the sudden and awful change wrought on the person of Chanaan. The sole reason why that change is not noticed is because it did not occur.

On the question of Mythology, Lord Arundell finds himself opposed to a very large number of modern scholars. We think

his handling of the subject will do a great public service. It is fashionable nowadays—especially in our current poetry—to profess a great admiration of the Pagan divinities. With some, these divinities appear to be real objects of worship; with many, they are regarded as, at all events, beautiful and ennobling conceptions. This leads, as it has often led before, to the current critical cant about the wonderful creative energy of the ancient mind. It is well that the folly of this pagan worship should be exposed. And Lord Arundell exposes it. What are called the beautiful creations of the classic mind are shown to be simple corruptions of matter of fact. And this cannot help being productive of good. When the gods of Homer are known to be merely men of the Bible, they are sure to lose caste. It is a great modern discovery that nothing good can come out of Revelation.

But the really important portion of Lord Arundell's book is that portion which treats of the Law of Nations. It is rather a curious fact that out of fifteen chapters which make up the volume, the first two and the last two have been assigned to this subject. In the first two, the author does not do much more than state what he means by a Law of Nations, and what sanction he considers to attach itself to laws in general. But upon these matters he manages to differ with everybody, not excepting himself. Still the chapters are substantially good. But they are extremely straggling and accidental in form. In his assault upon Bentham, the author appears to us especially unfortunate. Lord Arundell's powers do not fit him for pure speculation. He has not attained the requisite precision, whether of thought or of language, to enable him to speak intelligibly on such a delicate question as that of Utilitarianism. He knows that himself. And, with a rare candour, he confesses the knowledge. He claims only to "open out fresh views," and thus "to contribute light to minds of greater precision." We are not blaming Lord Arundell. He has only followed a course that has been followed by many persons of great eminence before. Dr. Whewell had an opinion—generally a very dogmatic one—upon every subject under the sun, and Lord Macaulay spoke with the finished swing of assurance on Milton and Mill, the theology of Sir Thomas More, and the poetry of Mr. Robert Montgomery. But "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*." And it would have been quite as well for our author if he had let Bentham alone. While there is no doctrine more detestable than the doctrine of Utilitarianism, there is scarcely any doctrine which its opponents treat so unfairly. And that we may suppose to arise from the very fact that the doctrine is so detestable. It requires great power of philosophical self-repression to be altogether just to a doctrine one hates. The men who attack Bentham are very much given to mistake the will for the deed, and to substitute enthusiastic

language for logical reasoning. The result is unhappily that, despite the flashy and flimsy rhetoric of Macaulay, the doctrine of Bentham gains ground. Lord Arundell has done nothing to impede its progress. He quotes Macaulay and Malthus. But Macaulay did not understand Bentham, and Malthus is clearly unintelligible to Lord Arundell. A man who thinks infanticide the Malthusian method to prevent over-population, is carrying either his learning or his reason very loosely about him.

But it is only in the last two chapters of his volume that Lord Arundell really tries to do himself justice on the Law of Nations. There he speaks on his own chosen ground, the tangible ground of tradition. And there he speaks admirably. No one can rise from the study of these two chapters without a clear conviction that upon the subject of the Law of Nations Lord Arundell's position is, if not quite unassailable, at least secure against any serious assault. As the Geneva Judgments have made the topic peculiarly interesting, we shall, we think, be doing a service to the reader if we give him (but it must be on a small scale) Lord Arundell's views about it. We shall, wherever we think it necessary, take exception to our author's opinions. But we shall do so only for the purpose of pointing out where these opinions require to be defended.

Even students of the older and severer scholastics are familiar with the phrase "*ius gentium*," and we all have heard of the Law of Nations. But what is the Law of Nations? The idea underlying the phrase will explain. In that idea, nations are so many individuals making up the one great nation of man. That one great nation has laws determining the proper conduct for its individual nations just as a particular nation has its laws determining the proper conduct for its individual men. In the nation of England the individual Peter has laws forbidding him certain conduct in regard of the individual Paul. In the nation of Man the individual England has laws forbidding her certain conduct in regard of the individual France. And so on. As it is with men, so it is with nations of men. Both have their laws.

The view, then, which denies the existence of a Law of Nations may be at once put down as absurd. Since God has permitted the rise of States at all, He must have prescribed for them a law to follow in their relations with one another. We speak out thus because we are really disgusted with the sham theories of the sham thinkers of these sham times. It is simply disgraceful to have to accommodate one's self to their nonsense. Once for all, there is a God: He made the world, and He made men: He rules both the things that do not think and the things that do: and in all His universe things must go according to order and law. These are first principles which it is too late in the day to question now. From

them it follows at once that there must be a Law of Nations binding on conscience, just as there is a law of men binding on conscience. Nor can that Law of Nations be merely what is called International Law, "rules accumulated in the precedents of diplomatists, whether they be founded in justice or not." Such rules are just as transitory as the men that made them. They have no binding power whatever. Nor are they thought to have it. They are allowed to subsist just as long as they are found convenient.

The Law of Nations, then, may be taken to be a Divine Law imposed on nations by the Creator of nations. But where is that law to be found? The general opinion is that it resides where what is called the Natural Law for individuals resides, in the consciences of men. The natural law, the law written in the human heart, tells that such or such conduct from one individual to another is wrong. But what is wrong from an individual to an individual is wrong from a state to a state. The common law of right and wrong is therefore the Law of Nations.

There is in this theory one fundamental mistake which renders it as a theory untenable. It is the mistake of thinking that the natural law is complete. The natural law is no such thing. Nothing of course is lawful which it distinctly forbids. But many things may be unlawful, against which it says nothing; and many things may be permissible, about which it is equally silent. As a matter of fact, to the natural law God has added other laws which the law written on our hearts sanctions of course, but oftentimes only by giving no opposition. Now, as God has not left individuals dependent for a rule of conduct upon the natural law alone, it is very likely that He did not leave nations in a similar state of dependence. There is thus created at once a probability in favour of the theory that the Law of Nations in its completeness will be found to be what theological writers call a Divine Positive Law. Lord Arundell does not visibly follow this line of reasoning. But he appears to have had an idea of doing so when he wrote at page 385:—

If conversely you say that the Law of Nations, as we find it, is purely the work and elaboration of legists and the conclusions of abstract reason, put it to this test: bring all the legists of the world into a congress—such a congress is much needed just now—with instructions to create a new code on abstract principles and upon the basis of the rejection of custom and tradition, and see what they will accomplish!

But besides this *à priori* probability there is yet another intrinsic reason for thinking that as God gave the Decalogue to rule individuals, so also He gave some Divine positive law for the ruling of nations. That reason is found in the occasional inapplicability of

the same law to both individuals and states. What are known and universally admitted to be portions of the Law of Nations are not clearly, are perhaps not at all, discernible in the natural law of individual consciences. We shall explain what we mean by a familiar example. It is universally agreed—though, as we have already seen, not universally acted upon—that before one state invades another state it is bound to make a formal declaration of war. That principle is supposed to be binding in every conceivable case of invasion, no matter how just the war may be on the part of the aggressor, and no matter what his cause may suffer from a previous notification of his intention to commence hostilities. But there are cases where the natural law, *per se*, does not clearly demand, or does not demand at all, that an aggressor should preface hostilities by a declaration of war. Suppose a case of robbery and subsequent retaliation. Peter, a powerful highwayman, armed to the teeth, meets Paul, an unarmed and unwarlike trader. Paul is beaten and robbed, and Peter goes on his way rejoicing. But soon after Paul recovers his strength, finds arms, and follows Peter. Before he makes an attack on the highwayman is he bound to give that gentleman notice? If the natural law says so at all, it says so very indistinctly. It says it so very indistinctly that there is no obligation of minding the saying. Apply that to the case of states. A Frenchman may at once argue that when France finds herself equal to the occupation of Alsace and Lorraine, she may attempt the reoccupation without giving any notice to Germany. But such conduct would be surely proclaimed to be in defiance of the Law of Nations. There is, therefore, a case where what the natural law of right and wrong seems to permit, the Law of Nations prohibits. And a similar line of reasoning might be pursued in respect of forced and unjust treaties, where, namely, a beaten state is driven to purchase peace at a price that would never be paid except for the logic of blood and iron. Some of the first reasoners of the time have laughed at the idea that such treaties bind. We are not saying that these reasoners are right. But there is a serious probability that they are right, if the sole Law of Nations is the natural law.

These arguments go merely to show that the Natural Law is in respect of states what it is in respect of individuals, incomplete and indecisive. There is thus a reason for suspecting that the Natural Law is not the true and complete Law of Nations. These arguments go so far and no farther. But Lord Arundell's argument goes very much farther. It goes to prove the existence of a Law of Nations, positive and external to the human conscience; not indeed found, like the Decalogue, in authoritative documents, but tradited, and preserved in the general memory of mankind. If this doctrine of our author is true, the position which he assumes with regard to "the

perception and judgment of right and wrong" is simply unassailable. In that position the judgment of right and wrong is not the law of nations, but only a test of the law of nations; and "what is of usage and custom will be the criterion of what is right until the human intellect has shown that what has been held to be permissible was founded in a precedent of iniquity." And hence Grotius, the greatest of all profane writers on the general subject of law, found the Law of Nations in "the sayings of the poets and orators of the world," these two classes of men being the best witnesses to the old traditional feelings of humanity. Grotius understood thoroughly that it is not human reason but Divine legislation which makes the law by which states are to determine their conduct towards one another. And the Divine legislation he sought in its only existing abode, the memories of nations.

But does Lord Arundell prove the existence of the law of which he speaks? Its existence as a complete code, he does not prove, and could not prove directly; but its existence as a complete code he makes very probable. And the existence of one of its most important precepts he establishes beyond all cavil. We cannot, however, do more than advise the reader to study carefully the last two chapters of our author's volume. These two chapters make it very certain that a law of nations was given to men before the Dispersion, and they leave no doubt that all nations have preserved with the greatest minuteness the memory of one of these Divine national precepts,—that, namely, which regards the Declaration of War.

But, even if Lord Arundell be admitted to have proven the existence of a traditional law of nations, the question may fairly be asked, *cui bono*? For, first of all, the law, though known to be existing, has to be discovered; but its discovery will require a whole army of legal Livingstones. "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ad omnibus*," is here, as in higher things, a theoretical truth; but it is not here, as it is in higher things, a good practical rule. The famous expression of Vincent of Lerins would, in respect of Ecclesiastical dogmas, settle very little were it not for the existence of one central authority to which approach is easy and whose pronouncements are clear. But there is no such central authority to help Lord Arundell. Lord Arundell feels the difficulty. He therefore suggests that there ought to be some supreme tribunal to determine what is and what is not a part of the law of nations. He points to the Pope as the one person whose voice in these matters should be decisive. Most readers will think that he does so because he himself is a Catholic; but they will think so unfairly. He has on his side the greatest of English statesmen, a Protestant of the Protestants, Pitt.

"On more than one occasion," wrote Pitt in 1794, "I have seen the Continental courts draw back before the divergences of opinion and of religion which separate us. I think that a common bond ought to unite us all. *The Pope alone can be this centre.* . . . We are too much divided by personal interest or by political views. Rome alone can raise an impartial voice, and one free from all exterior pre-occupations. Rome, then, ought to speak according to the measure of her duties, and not merely of her good wishes, which no one doubts."

We are not quite sure of Pitt's sincerity in asking Rome to speak *according to the measure of her duties*. Nor do we perceive many signs that indicate the near realization of Lord Arundell's idea of a cosmopolitan Amphictyonic Council with the Pope as its president. The Geneva arbitration holds out a hope that some time or other the war-drum will throb no longer and the battle flags be furled, in verification of the prediction in "Locksley Hall." But the hope is a rather small one, and it is accompanied by a circumstance that almost changes it to despair. One of the arbitrators, Mr. Stampfli, holds there is no such thing as a law of nations at all. Another of the arbitrators, Sir Alexander Cockburn, contends that the articles which determined the Geneva Judgment were directly opposed to the Law of Nations. We are not, therefore, very sanguine that Lord Arundell's anticipations will be found to be correct. But we are convinced that if ever nations rise up out of the barbarism which permits war among states as it used to permit duels among men, it will be by the adoption of some plan like that proposed by our author. Not only must nations have a law, but they must have some supreme authority to explain and enforce it. But the time when they will acknowledge either the law or the authority does not seem to be in very pressing proximity.

There are many other portions of Lord Arundell's volume upon which we should like to speak at some length. More especially on that part of it which inquires into the origin of society, should we wish to delay. But we have already exceeded our available limits. We can only, in conclusion, record our opinion that Lord Arundell's book is a genuine addition to our English literature, and that whatever questions Lord Arundell discusses are discussed with more than ordinary power and with admirable erudition.

ART. VIII.—RIO'S MEMOIRS ON CHRISTIAN ART.

Epilogue à l'Art chrétien. Par A. F. Rio. Paris : Hachette & Co. 1872.

THE name of M. Rio is by no means unknown to our readers, who may still remember our review of his learned and eloquent work on Christian Art in Italy. Since its publication, a few years have elapsed. Stupendous events, doleful revolutions have taken place, and the whole face of Europe has undergone a thorough change. And yet, notwithstanding the whirlwind of conquest and revolution, under the fury of which every head was bowed in fear, that work has made its way among an intelligent public, so that at present every real amateur considers it as an indispensable *vade-mecum*, when he turns to study the wonderful productions of the old Italian schools. In fact, it could scarcely have been otherwise, considering that there exists no other so complete, so exhaustive of its subject, as this production, which cost its author thirty-three long years of arduous labour.

M. Rio now comes before us in another shape : at the close of a laborious and chequered, though upon the whole a fortunate career, he wishes to tell the reader how he was drawn by degrees to a pure and deep love for the ideal of Christian Art. It is a true and almost an impersonal picture of the difficulties he had to contend with at the very outset, both on account of his own primitive ignorance of the matter as well as the stolid indifference of his countrymen as to a subject so utterly beyond the usual range of their own thoughts. It is no less a picture of eminent men and manners about thirty years ago—in England, Rogers, Macaulay, Carlyle, Gladstone, among others. Again in Germany, the author lived on terms of intimacy with Schelling, Baader, Joseph Goerres, Dollinger, &c., then in the very blaze of their celebrity,—whilst on the other hand, we constantly meet with such names as Albert, Olga, Eugénie, and Count de la Ferronnays, all so mournfully familiar to the readers of the "*Récit d'une Sœur*," for M. Rio was the bosom friend of the head of that truly remarkable family.

Thus we have in the form of personal memoirs or autobiography a panoramic view of this age from its very dawn ; and when once you have opened the book, you cannot leave it before you have come to the very last page. No wonder then that, notwithstanding the late events, it should have met in France and elsewhere with such universal approbation, nor that an English translation should

be in course of preparation. But, in the name of common sense, why call this work an *Epilogue*? One might quite as well call it a *Prologue* to Christian Art, since its very object is to inform us of the different paths through which our author was led to plan and write the great production of his whole life. Why not at once call these two volumes his *Memoirs*, such as they certainly are; and, for our part, we really see no reason why a sensitive, perhaps a morbid feeling of modesty, should prevent M. Rio from assuming a title, which is the only one every general reader can at once understand. The observation has already been made by his own compatriots, and we heartily join in the stricture.

On the coast of Brittany, just opposite an arm of the sea which brings the tide into the small port of Vannes, rises an island, called Arz. It is peopled by a hardy population, accustomed for ages to brave the dangers and storms of the Atlantic Ocean. Most of the children are brought up to the sea; hardly a house has not to lament the loss of some dear parent, who has fallen a victim to the fury of the waves. The inhabitants seem to have inherited, from their forefathers, an indomitable spirit of resistance to any act of injustice, and many a struggle did they maintain against the arbitrary power of their feudal lords. They hailed therefore with deep enthusiasm the advent of the great French Revolution, until the day came when its excesses forced them to choose between their faith and their republicanism. The latter soon succumbed to the former, but the puny islet was of course no match for the tremendous despotism which then ruled over France. There was deep mourning in every homestead at Arz, when their priests were led forth to the scaffold, and more than one brave sailor risked his own life to carry over to England or to Spain the victims who escaped the vigilance of the spies that tracked them from place to place. Such was M. Rio's birthplace; such were the wailings which first struck his infant ears. Is he right in stating that, on the one hand, the grand scenes around him, on the other the tragic incidents that met him at every turn, made a deep impression on his nascent soul, and forced it, as it were, at an early period, into a habit of ideal contemplation? No one who has reflected on the influence of our juvenile associations over after-life will deny the truth of this assertion. In fact, there does exist within the inmost depths of the human soul a certain panting, might we say, after a supernatural ideal, which our Maker himself has deposited in our nature. It is an earthly heirloom of our heavenly immortality. Of course, there is a certain vagueness in its first lisps, but the lisps of a child may one day become the bold and clear effusions of manly eloquence. Such aspirations, observes our author, "may prove abortive, and wither, like every other germ, when placed in a barren soil." There

are, however, certain privileged natures in which this element becomes paramount in virtue of its own might, and in a sort of normal state; whilst in others it is stifled, and even utterly destroyed, owing to certain hostile influences, or from want of air and nutriment.

Such was certainly not the case with the future historian of Christian art. At the time of his early childhood, Napoleon had just concluded the Concordat, and was restoring the Church,—a fact which alone would have made his name popular throughout Brittany.

Now let any one imagine, says M. Rio, an iconoclastic government prohibiting, on the most atrocious penalties, any manifestation of what they were pleased to call the people's credulity; and then all of a sudden, after eight long years of moral tortures and spiritual dearth, this same people recovering their right to pray together in the same building, and explaining to little children what was meant by the *House of God*, wherein they had never entered before that day;—why the altars were ruined, why the crowd venerated certain images. Under such circumstances it is easy to understand how a real craving for a public worship may become a downright passion, and even a passion lording it over every other. It is easy, likewise, to understand the enormous advantage of inaugurating, under such auspices, the intellectual, religious, and æsthetical education of a child.

Such was certainly the first education he received at home, and continued at Vannes, under the guidance of some remarkable priests, belonging to the clergy of the *ancien régime*. The child grew up into a stripling, whilst Napoleon became, in his turn, a persecutor of the Pope and an oppressor of men by his savage conscription, which threatened to drain the country of its best blood. Then came the stirring events of 1814, the Hundred Days, and the final overthrow of the great conqueror. And here M. Rio gives us a most interesting account of a guerilla warfare, undertaken and carried on for three months, by three hundred of those Breton schoolboys, himself acting as their captain. They had their strategic marches, and their battles fought and won, and their reverses manfully supported, until came that tremendous battle of Waterloo, which put an end alike to their Lilliputian enterprise and to the gigantic empire. Many a bright vision of future glory and success filled the hearts of those chivalrous youths, and well might it be so, when royalty itself condescended to commend their valour, and to reward their juvenile commander by bestowing upon him the Legion of Honour. But after all, these marks of royal favour were but bubbles, vanishing into air, and M. Rio soon found himself obliged to cope with the stern realities of life. From Vannes, where he held for a short time the post of professor in the city grammar school, he was called to Paris, with some

hopes of preferment in the *alma mater*. Here again he was baffled for a time, and obliged to fall back upon a provincial *Lycée*; but the youth being endowed with both energy and pluck, he managed to return to the capital under more favourable circumstances. One of his friends at Rennes, an Abbé Le Priol, had advised him to study German literature,—a most useful piece of advice at a time when the latter was universally unknown to Frenchmen. The young Rio turned it to good account, and thus opened a new field of exploration as to his own studies; so that, being likewise patronized by certain persons of mark belonging to the Royalist party, he gained admittance to what was called *La Société des Bonnes Lettres*. This was a sort of debating society, at the head of which shone Chateaubriand as president, and many members of the French Institute ranked among its members. On certain days, they gathered around them a select audience, to which they gave public lectures. The questions mooted in these meetings were often of a semi-literary, semi-political character, and many a hot contest, carried on with indomitable steadfastness in the Parisian press of that day, might be traced back to the polite and learned gatherings of the *Société des Bonnes Lettres*. It was held in high esteem; the very fact of being a member became a title to consideration,—a godsend to a young man, just beginning the battle of life, and so it was indeed for M. Rio.

Now there was at that time a question which rang throughout Europe; the question between the Greeks and their Mussulman rulers. We are not expressing any opinion of our own on this question; but it is necessary for our own purpose to explain that M. Rio warmly advocated the cause of the Greeks. In doing this, he resolved to treat his subject in a manner quite new to his hearers,—to open before them a track hitherto totally untrodden, at least in France.

What are the patent or occult causes which contribute to the rise and fall of the fine arts in any nation? Are they permanent or casual, irresistible like a natural force, or may they be eluded, warded off like so many other contingent evils? Such was the problem which he endeavoured to solve, and which required on his part an unusual amount of historical erudition by way of illustration. The task was full of peril; but, fortunately, he was supported by the ardent sympathy men felt in those times for the Greeks. They were delighted to hear him extol in high terms the services rendered by the latter to civilization in its most exalted meaning, and point out the conquests they had made in the realms of the Beautiful,—conquests glorious above all others, since no other nation had done the same, nor had contributed in such a degree to fulfil a providential mission in this world. "Thus," added M. Rio, on concluding his first lecture, "the question of the fine arts

supersedes frequently the testimony of peoples, and, according to a very just remark, when man remains silent the very stones are no more dumb. Thus, again, the fine arts serve as auxiliaries to history, or rather they are history itself written in large characters. They preserve the living images of all that is most dear to mankind, and they may contribute to inaugurate within the walls of our temples a new era of public liberty."

We have purposely dwelt at some length on our author's first expression of his own views on this subject, because it is the corner-stone, as it were, of the whole fabric. Any one familiar with his great work on "*Christian Art in Italy*" will at once see how faithfully he adheres throughout to this primitive idea,—how constantly he elucidates the progress and decline of the Italian schools by the chronicles of the times, and what intense interest his narrative often derives from the deep influence exerted by religious or political events over the most eminent artists who lived among them. Surely, such a novel system of illustration, and bearing so immediately on the subject-matter, deserved something more than a casual notice.

After all, the youthful professor had established himself on solid ground, and succeeded in securing the sympathy of his somewhat dainty audience, notwithstanding the dangerous neighbourhood of stars of more dazzling radiance. For two or three years he continued to develop a series of positions, bearing at once upon history and aesthetics. His name became popular in the press, and every paper of any note deemed it proper to notice his lectures. At this juncture the Government, incensed at the increasing violence of the Opposition, endeavoured to curb it by the establishment of a censorship over journalism, and bestowed the office of censor on M. Rio. He refused on the score of principle,—a fact which, of course, enhanced his popularity. As the celebrated Cuvier had been likewise appointed to the same functions, and followed the example of his juvenile colleague, their names were coupled together, a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the latter. Chateaubriand again mentioned him with due honour in one of his grandiloquent pamphlets; whilst a young stripling, then at school, but destined to world-wide fame, Charles de Montalembert, sent him a letter of congratulation upon his refusal. It is so characteristic of the man, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"Mme. Davidoff has just informed me, my dear M. Rio, how nobly you have acted in the late affair. Allow me, as a friend, to congratulate you; as a Frenchman, to show you my gratitude. Instead of a few paltry advantages you might have acquired in regard to fortune by this degrading office, you have conquered the esteem of all France, who, thank God, stands quite aloof from those by whom she is governed. Your acceptance would have been a downright perversion."

Whilst treating these matters before a select public, M. Rio prepared a publication on "The Human Mind in Antiquity." The title was somewhat ambitious; but as he was enabled to fall back on the friendly advice and co-operation of Letronne, Abel Remusat, Burnouf, and even Cuvier himself, his work would probably have made its mark, had not the events of 1830 turned the minds of men towards more absorbing subjects. Cuvier, who was a Protestant, and a real believer in Divine revelation, was particularly struck with an opinion barely laid down by the young writer, probably reserving for a future occasion to establish its demonstration. "Inspiration in the fine arts," he said, "ever became weaker and weaker, until it totally disappeared, in the same proportion as the positive sciences went on expanding and acquiring perfection." The keen mind of Cuvier easily perceived the close connection that existed between this barely historical thesis and a question of far higher import, which was constantly at the bottom of his thoughts. He felt deep apprehension at the bitter hostility manifested by many scientific men against all revealed religion. From this very fact he had concluded, but he wished to see it proved historically, that what is now called *positive science* falls short of its aim in regard to completeness, by rejecting every source of certitude which does not rest on scientific demonstration, thus mutilating the noblest faculties of man. Hence the deep interest he took in M. Rio's researches, and the unflinching kindness he never ceased to show him. But, as we said above, the work itself fell upon a now indifferent public, though the author's reputation was greatly increased by the patronage of so many eminent men.

It was just at this period of his life that he was called by M. De la Ferronnays, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, to a confidential post near his person. Throughout M. Rio's Memoirs there breathes from first to last a deep feeling of reverence and attachment to that remarkable man. Those who are familiar with the "*Récits d'une Sœur*" well know how truly he deserved such a feeling; but we do not scruple to assert that, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the Count's character, it will be henceforward indispensable to read the pages M. Rio has devoted to his former friend. There was a singular and most pleasing blending of Christian humility and innate dignity in that nobleman's nature. "The very first craving of my soul," said he, one day, "is to stand erect, even before an enemy. I believe I should die, were any living man to deem himself entitled to make me lower my eyes." In these few pithy words we have the whole man. All around him were these children, Albert, Eugénie, and Alexandrine, whose very names are now become unto us like "household words." Is it astonishing that in a short time our young Breton came to consider his benefactor's family as his own?

Count de la Ferronnays remained at the head of his department for a period of two years, when he was superseded by the Polignac Cabinet, which proved so fatal to the fortunes of his royal master. But whilst he held the Foreign Office, the Cabinet to which he belonged adopted a measure of a most serious character, the more so, indeed, that it was in itself an act of injustice. Party spirit ran very high in France, and the ministers, with a view of satisfying the liberal Opposition, had resolved to expel the Jesuits from the country. They held, as now, a large number of schools, in which Catholic families relied for the religious and moral education of their children. This was a great eyesore to the infidel University, then endowed by law with the monopoly of exclusively educating the whole youth of the kingdom. How Charles X. came to sign, in 1828, the famous ordinance for the dispersion of the Jesuits, God alone can tell ; but, however, so it was. Count de la Ferronnays was an *émigré* of the old stock ; but, unlike many of his exiled brethren, he never entertained those relaxed opinions in religious matters which so generally distinguished them. There was not the slightest grain of flippancy in his nature ; and though, as yet, not a practising Catholic, he showed deep respect for everything concerning religion. The most distant approach to persecution of it he abhorred, and in the present case he felt that there was something unlawful about the matter. We may well imagine his perplexity on finding himself obliged either to incur the responsibility of the decree, as a member of the Cabinet, or to send in his resignation, which might be considered as an act of opposition to a monarch for whom he would readily have forfeited his life. In his anxiety to ascertain what was really right or wrong in the present case, he adopted a most extraordinary course, as M. Rio's graphic account will show :—

Before coming to any determination he appealed to a man invested with the sacerdotal character (we believe him to have been a Jesuit), and whose well-known principles placed him beyond even the suspicion of conniving with those who were preparing to overthrow the whole order by striking at a few of its members. In one word, he was a priest, and a most scrupulous priest, who thus became an umpire between the two opinions, one of which M. de la Ferronnays was to adopt, and which divided alike the Chambers and the cabinet.

I should consider it as an act of unpardonable temerity on my part to relate here even in an approximative account what really took place between the two speakers, both of whom, in such a solemn moment, anxiously felt the weight of their mutual responsibility. But what I may affirm is, that on one side there were several repeated appeals to the conscience and superior knowledge of the other, and that at certain moments there were several intervals of a most torturing silence, to which a sort of supernatural inspiration seemed alone capable of putting an end. The more M. de la Ferronnays endeavoured

to humble himself before the umpire who had been sent to him, the more the latter felt his perplexity increase—a perplexity amounting to downright terror, when he heard the latter address him in a sort of summons, urgently impelled as he was by his earnest wish to put an end to his doubts and to escape from future remorse.

“Is the measure in question,” said he, “or is it not, fatal to religion?”

On hearing this last question, to which he could make no evasive answer, the priest, pushed to the foot of the wall, turned deadly pale, and to clear up at once a situation so truly embarrassing, he hastily replied, *No*,—but in the despairing tone of a man who was pronouncing his own sentence of death. For his own security, he received a solemn promise never to reveal his name, and the man who made that promise kept it to the last.

Such is the thrilling incident which M. Rio had from the lips of his noble friend in 1837, and there is more than one no less interesting in the book now before us. La Ferronnays had studied diplomacy under the Duke de Richelieu, the best and most enlightened minister of the elder Bourbons. His lessons were not lost upon the Count, who, on more than one occasion maintained the dignity of the French crown against the secret enmity, and the corrupt and all but omnipotent influence of Prince Metternich. However, for this as well as for other matters, throwing a new light on the internal intrigues of the French court at that period, we must refer the reader to the work itself: it will well requite his trouble.

Yet if M. de la Ferronnays' services were no longer required as a minister, his successor, Prince de Polignac, would not dispense with them as ambassador at Rome. To the great surprise of young Rio, the Count offered him again a confidential station in the Embassy, and Albert was the messenger selected to make the proposal. Such was the delicate way in which he was introduced into the family circle of the ambassador. Of course an offer of this kind was not to be rejected, for one of the most ardent wishes of our author was naturally to study on the spot the productions of the great Italian schools.

At last, says he, on the 15th of April, 1830, one of the happiest days of my life, I could exclaim, on awaking: “*Italiam, Italiam!*” We travelled at a slow rate, especially on the other side of the Alps, and I easily obtained of my companions that we should stop at Pisa to see the *Campo Santo*, and at Florence, to visit the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti, where I should feel the most exquisite delight on contemplating the Judith of Cristofano Allori! I candidly confess that I was quite disconcerted by my own ignorance, when thus suddenly placed before so many wonderful masterpieces, without the slightest respect to their chronological or genetical order. Not one of the books I had read gave me a clue to guide me through the labyrinth. Valery's work on Italy had not yet been published, I had not even heard of the one by

which the German Rumohr had just struck out a new road in a branch of literature, forming the very basis of æsthetics.

But this transitory disappointment was compensated for by sundry emotions, the keenness of which was not always in due proportion to the importance of the different objects, nor to the sights that produced them. It was a delightful mixture of childish and serious admiration, which was to culminate in Rome, where we entered at night, on the 1st of May, in the midst of a deep, solemn silence, interrupted only by the rumbling noise of our vehicle and the waterworks of the *Piazza del Popolo*. Yet neither the fatigues of a long journey, nor the need of food and sleep, were so imperious as that of prayer. Mine had never been so long and ardent. Methought I was entering the city of God, whose wonders I was about to contemplate.

It was a strange time that for Christian artists, or, simply Christian connoisseurs, as we may now call M. Rio. Both in England and France, it was a matter laid down as a rule, we may say, that certain pictures, and certain pictures alone, were worth seeing at Rome, Florence, and elsewhere. The strangest of all was that those very pictures bore the stamp of decline and mannerism in every part of their composition. For instance, *Daniello da Volterra*, *Andrea Sacchi*, and *Giulio Romano*, were placed on the same level as *Raphael*; and a visit to the Catacombs, with a view of studying within their dark recesses the first efforts of Christian art, would have been deemed puerile. We may well imagine how all this sort of official admiration jarred upon the young Breton's feelings; however, in company of the pure souls that surrounded him, he gave himself up to his own spontaneous impressions, enjoying this or that wonderful masterpiece without much discrimination perhaps, but then without any hackneyed prepossession. In fact, he had as yet no one to guide him, no higher direction to appeal to, and he began to feel the sad deficiencies of his education in this respect. Upon the whole, he did not reap from his two months' residence in Rome the amount of practical information or ideas which he had been led to expect. One thing, however, made a deep impression on his mind; we mean certain Madonnas, known by the name of *St. Luke*. "They brought," he says, "as it were, the first ray of light to my æsthetical horizon; and from that day I began to see the possibility of writing a history of Christian art according to a plan, which would make its progress depend far more on the depth of inspiration than on any perfection in its technical parts."

Doubtless he sadly felt at that very moment his ignorance as to those "technical parts"; but in our opinion, he sought for his criterion of an æsthetical ideal in a far better sphere. Whilst admiring the frescoes of *Michael Angelo*, he became enraptured with the wonderful productions of *Ghirlandajo*, *Botticelli*, *Perugino*; close to the Sixtine he discovered—the word is not too strong—a small

chapel called *Di Sesto Quinto* ; and, next to unknown at that period, a great artist and a great saint, Fra Angelico, who had covered the walls with the marvellous effusions of his art and of his adoration. Well might M. Rio fall down and worship in mute admiration before these Madonnas, saints, and martyrs : when a man of innate taste has approached his lips to such pure waters, he can drink no others. At any rate, he could now exclaim,—*Eureka* !

Eureka might he say likewise in another sense. To have found at once the purest types of æsthetical beauty was a piece of good fortune which rarely falls to the lot of any man in our times, but that man must likewise be himself peculiarly gifted to discern among those around him the conditions of that selfsame beauty as it is revealed instinctively to the human soul. Now this was exactly the case with the daughters of M. de la Ferronnays, who unconsciously taught him more in this respect than all his meditations on the splendid pictures he had before his eyes. He was from the very first struck with their attitude, and in order, as far as possible, to enter into their feelings, his eyes followed their slow evolutions from sanctuary to sanctuary. “I endeavoured,” adds he, “to guess at their prayers to join in them, and I almost envied the tears which bathed their cheeks when their prostrate heads rose from the ground.” One of them, yielding to the feeling which then overpowered her, without the slightest subserviency to any archæological notion, or any technical admiration, expressed in aftertimes her own impressions in the following admirable words :—

“Fatherland is the place where we live, which we love, where we should wish to be, after which we pant. Heaven alone is our fatherland, and if we must need choose one here below, it is in Thy churches, O my God, in the places where Thou art worshipped, in the cross which recalls Thy sufferings.”

Such was the spectacle M. Rio had constantly before him, and we may well imagine that it taught him more than one useful lesson. Indeed we might affirm that one of the great attractions of his book is the perpetual blending of real life and historical personages with his views on the principles of the fine arts. It gives a charm to the whole, which even works of fiction seldom possess. As we go on, his narrative is ever interwoven with a real network of religious emotions, patriotic feelings, dear remembrances, and still more endearing attachments. Following him through all his pilgrimages in search of the beautiful, in every large European centre, where he may meet with it, we ever find his enthusiasm for the delights of friendship, his deep and sincere reverence for the living models he had before him, on a level with that æsthetical enthusiasm, which seems to be the groundwork and very basis of his own character. The reader cannot even dream of satiety ; as for dry,

scientific disquisitions, they are utterly out of the question ; from Guizot, Cousin, or Montalambert, who stand before us in strong relief and speak their own language in their own way, you are suddenly called back to Dante, Petrarca, and other wonderful poets of olden times ; or again, to the different characters of legendary lore, arising out of the different countries in which they spring up. On M. Rio's first visit to Venice he seems to have been immediately struck with the grandeur of its memories, with its doges, its senate, its warriors, above all with the touching mixture of religious inspiration and chivalrous feeling that characterized the primitive effulgence of its school of art, as represented by Carpaccio, the two Bellinis, Luini, and Francia. Perhaps there was a mysterious link between himself and these old masters ; the man, who yet a boy, had fought for the faith and liberties of his forefathers, could understand better than others the patriotism and faith of the Venetian mediæval worthies. At any rate, had we to make a choice among the manifold discoveries of the writer in the field of æsthetics, we should certainly give the preference to his chapter on Venice.

But he was torn from the absorbing attractions of Venice itself by an irresistible appeal from another quarter. His two bosom friends, Albert de la Ferronnays and Count de Montalembert, were waiting for him at Leghorn, to proceed from thence to Florence. The three youths at once put forth their energies to serve the Church, according to their different callings ; and if we had time or space to quote we might here produce a most touching picture of their common life, wherein devotedness, prayer, study, mutual affection, and refined enjoyments were all blended together. But a few years after, death had laid his cold hand on one of them, and saddened these dear remembrances into a melancholy legend of the past.

We have come to the year 1831. It was just at that time that Count de la Ferronnays commenced with M. Rio a most admirable correspondence, of which we propose to give a few specimens hereafter, but which must be read from one end to the other if we wish to form a correct idea of what is true Christian friendship. We do not believe that in any language nor in any other times has there existed such a model of the kind. At that time again M. de la Mennais was at Rome, whither the three friends joined him, little dreaming of the sombre part he was about to play, and, consequently, full ready, all three, to give themselves up to the influence of that giant mind. After a sojourn of six months alternately at Rome and Naples, the author of "*Christian Art*" resumed his artistic peregrinations, and dwelt successively in the Romagnas, Umbria, Tuscany, Ferrara, and Venice, ever plunging deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the

old schools, ever reaping new results and documents for his future publication.

Yet still it must be remembered he was left to his own individual researches, still he felt the want of a guide, a director of those technical no less than theoretical studies, which were to be met with at Munich alone, in the opinion of Count de Montalembert. So he resolved to visit that town, in company with M. de la Mennais. It was a splendid focus of art and science in those days, that capital of Bavaria. Just imagine the scene. Joseph Görres, himself a power, Schelling, Möhler, Baader, Dollinger (*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*) in the field of religion and philosophy;—Cornelius, Veit, Kaulbach, Schwanthaler, all rising in the field of art. At their head and above them King Ludwig, who in those times was ambitious of becoming the patron of letters and art, of making his capital a German Athens. Such was the company into which M. de la Mennais introduced his youthful compatriot; nor could such masters have found a more intelligent pupil. But first of all let us show our readers in what high estimation was then held his introducer.

La Mennais was in the full blaze of his reputation. Whatever might be thought of his speculations in politics, or his violence in controversy, he ranked high as a priest and as a most powerful writer. His influence over the young French clergy was next to unbounded. Yet, strange to say, the man whose writings recalled the best pages penned by the best authors in French literature never lived, we may venture to say, upon a footing of close intimacy with those whom we might otherwise call his bosom friends. The present writer resided under his roof for a whole year, and, as our recollections still turn back with gratitude and fondness towards that blessed period, when, with the grace of God, he succeeded in bringing us back to the Church, we remember, likewise, that chilly feeling, akin both to fear and awe, which all felt in his presence. There was a sternness, a want of geniality in his nature, that froze within its very germ the bud of tenderness. The kindly, loving Abbé Gerbet often winced and shivered under this freezing influence; and Montalembert, as well as Lacordaire, would have confirmed the truth of the above observations. La Mennais—we are speaking of his best times—was framed to man other men's nerves for the onslaught, and he set them a bright example;—himself of steel, like steel he rebounded with double force against a presumptuous adversary. We could quote certain passages of his in which he has outjuvenalled Juvenal, if there were any use whatsoever in these retrospective reminiscences. We should not even have recalled the fact had not M. Rio experienced the same feeling after living for three months together with the celebrated philosopher of La Chesnaie.

Of course nothing of that kind was even dreamt of when La Mennais arrived at Munich, in 1832, on his return from Rome, in anxious expectation of what the Pope would decide in regard to the doctrines of the *Avenir*. His immediate object in coming to Bavaria was to secure the political sympathy of that celebrated school—and it was proffered without delay. His own attitude towards the new government in France was exactly the same as that of the Bavarian Catholics. They only required practical and entire freedom for the exercise of their religion, such as it was guaranteed by the Constitution. There existed, therefore, between them and the French Catholics what the latter would call *une harmonie préétablie*; and we must remember likewise that M. de la Mennais, being still, to all appearance, an orthodox priest, he was considered as their lawful and most illustrious representative. Besides, through the *Avenir* he had conquered the adhesion of Baader, one of the champions of German philosophy, who a year before had become his co-religionist and an active contributor to the paper.

There was a moment, indeed, when Schelling himself seemed yielding to the influence of the great agitator. At least, such was M. Rio's opinion. The celebrated German philosopher was then undergoing one of those mental evolutions which so frequently marked his career. Hitherto he knew La Mennais only by his writings, and had come to the conclusion that he was the most powerful dialectician of his times. In Schelling's language the word had a far deeper meaning than we usually attach to it, as was proved by the fact that he wished for a secret interview with La Mennais. The interview took place, and Rio alone was admitted as an eyewitness, on account of his command of the German language. The incident is so curious and so utterly unknown that we cannot do better than borrow his own narrative:—

Schelling's ideas had taken a different course from what they were formerly, and I was sufficiently acquainted with that difference not to despair of seeing him take a decisive step in his new direction. His recent lessons on the philosophy of revelation, and the deep impression they had made even beyond the precincts of the University, were considered by many of his colleagues as a sign of the times, or as the symptoms of a reaction, the need of which became daily more apparent, in consequence of the anarchy that prevailed on metaphysical matters in the minds of men. Once upon this track, Schelling had made, or at least appeared to have made, enormous concessions not only to Christianity as it is understood by Protestant theologians, but even to Catholicism, with all its traditional organism; and he had gone so far as to regret that the unity of doctrine to which it owes its whole strength might not be transplanted, though with certain restrictions, on the ground of philosophical science.

Evidently such was the undercurrent of his thoughts, as was shown by the long and curious conversation at which I had the happiness to attend. But instead of seeking in faith for a remedy to the evil under which our intellect was labouring, he sought for it in science itself, or rather among those whose genius made them worthy, as it were, of being its high priests; and it was easy to perceive, notwithstanding his reticences, that he would readily have awarded the dignity to himself.

As the interview in question took place but a few days after La Mennais' arrival in Munich, there was no time for ascertaining the precise points of the German's novel doctrine; great, therefore, was the surprise of the two Frenchmen when they heard him set forth an ingenious theory of three churches, among which he distributed the whole human race and the work of redemption. To St. Peter the patronage of Catholicity,—somewhat too much entrammelled, said he, in Jewish ceremonies; to St. Paul, the patronage of Protestantism with all its Hellenic affinities; and last, not least, St. John was to govern the great Church, over which the three apostles were to preside, as being a sort of grand Christian Pantheon.

Such was the solution proposed by Schelling, in the name of German science, the only science, in his eyes, bearing a character of universality. Those alone who have known La Mennais can figure to themselves his attitude on hearing this truly amazing exposition. We think we can even now see that thin pallid face, where thought had furrowed many a wrinkle, the eyebrows knit together so deeply that they literally concealed those grey eyes of his, from whence ever and anon flashed fire; whilst, under any strong impulse, his thin, yet expressive lips, were curved by a grim smile.

Such must have been La Mennais' bearing, though M. Rio does not say it in so many words. There was no standing for him on this loose ground, so he chose his own. As a thorough, egent, iron reasoner, we might say, La Mennais had not his match, though he was a superficial metaphysician. For more than a full hour he kept his two auditors spellbound, and wondering at the ease with which he tore to shreds the whole system. It is but fair to add, that Schelling himself did not belie his own genius, since he extorted the admiration of the younger Breton by the elevation of his views, and his splendid powers as a metaphysician. "When we parted," says M. Rio, "I could almost have regretted the sympathy he had excited within me; but this only made me the prouder of the victory gained by my countryman over the greatest genius of Germany. What a pity that hundreds—nay, thousands—of auditors were not there to transmit elsewhere the impression which such a spectacle must needs have made on them."

But how would he be able to preserve the chain of thought and expressions of the above conversation? Rio's first idea was to

prompt M. de la Mennais himself to write down the details under the excitement of the hour, but the latter refused to do so from a feeling of delicacy. At last, yielding to the repeated prayers of his young friend, he drew up the following *précis* of the discussion ; on condition, however, that it should never be made known until after the death of both antagonists. The document will appear of still greater interest if we remember that a few months after its writer became an apostate :—

“We were both of opinion that one peculiar feature of the period in which we are now entering would be the spiritual freedom of peoples ; or, according to La Mennais, that conscience and intellect would cease to be, in any degree, dependent on any purely human power.

“Schelling, going still further, maintained that, in his opinion, the above independence would extend to the Church itself ; so that, though every man would depend on his reason alone for his belief, nevertheless a universal belief would arise, founded upon an irresistible conviction, itself based upon the development of science, and destined to supersede faith. That science will be absolutely adequate to its own ends ; it will bring back mankind to unity, because, on the one hand, it will rest on certain primitive facts ; and, on the other, on a method hitherto unknown to the world, by the help of which it will be possible to deduce progressively and rigorously from those primitive facts the whole body of Christianity, or, in other words, all the laws of humanity.

“The discussion starting from the above premisses, La Mennais observed :—

“(1.) That those primitive facts upon which science was to operate, and without which science could not even exist, are dogmatical quite as well as historical. So they themselves must be *believed* at the very outset, and believed as absolutely certain ; so, again, science is not self-supported, is not adequate to her own ends, and she must needs fall back on a pre-existing faith of a nature totally different from our usual scientific convictions. (2.) The scientific development of this pre-existing faith, even supposing it to be possible in the sense attached to it by Schelling, could never exist but among a small number of men, whilst the great mass of mankind must ever remain totally strangers to it.

“To this Schelling agreed, adding even that the great multitude of human beings would continue to be led by authority, and to *believe* without discussion in the doctrine of those who should found their convictions on the scientific method.

“On this La Mennais remarked that, according to the above opinion, the Catholic principle was allowed to be indispensable for the great body of mankind, and those alone were freed from it who, in the language of the Catholic Church, are called the teaching body, as being entrusted, through teaching, with the care of forming the faith of others. To this Schelling likewise assented.

“But, subjoined La Mennais, what degree of certainty shall we have of the results obtained through science ? If you say that reason in affirming

them cannot err, you make the reason of each man more infallible than the Church itself, which only pretends to a traditional infallibility ; you make reason as infallible as God himself. If, on the contrary, reason is fallible, every truth without exception, every law of humanity, becomes doubtful.

"Schelling by no means attributed such an infallibility to reason ; and, relatively to the second part of the dilemma, on its liability to error, and, consequently, to contradictory convictions entertained by the holders of scientific beliefs, he maintained that community of opinion and unity would exist in the method alone, not in its various applications.

"This was no solution of the difficulty, it was an admission of it, it was declaring it insoluble. Schelling felt it, and appeared to concede :—

"(1.) That there does exist a certain order of primeval truths, totally independent of science, and forming its very foundation.

"(2.) That those facts, besides the historical events recorded among the annals of Christianity, contain the dogmas and precepts, in one word, every matter of belief in the Church, and proposed by her as such.

"(3.) That those primeval facts, thus defined, subsist by their own virtue ; science cannot produce them no more than she can weaken them.

"(4.) That every scientific result, contradicting those facts, must needs be acknowledged as false, and as such rejected. To this Schelling formally assented.

"F. DE LA MENNAIS."

Such is the synopsis of this debate held in 1832 between two of the most powerful thinkers of our times, such the line of argument which enabled La Mennais to bring his antagonist to bay. The under-current of his mind was yet on the whole Catholic, as is easy to perceive ; but shortly after, in the midst of his ovations and the rejoicings of his new Bavarian friends, he was informed that Rome had condemned his views. From that day he was an altered man ; wounded pride got the upper hand in his soul, and to what a miserable end came the apostate priest all the world knows. Suffice it to say, that in the course of a few more months Rio and La Mennais parted, never to see each other again. What link could now bring them together ? And perhaps, after all, the younger of these two Bretons was the only one who preserved those solemn and doleful remembrances of the past.

During four successive residences at Munich, and three others in Italy, our author had found out that the study of Christian art was something far more extensive than he had at first imagined. "The character of grandeur," says he, "almost overpowering for faculties like mine, at least in such a direction, acted as a discouraging cause, not only on account of so many new ideas it gave rise to, but also on account of the new ground on which I must needs take my stand." Since Schelling, now a member of the Munich Academy of Science, had enthroned, as it were, within its walls the science of *Æsthetics* by his famous speech on the relation of the fine arts to

nature, not only had the Beautiful taken the lead of all other sciences, but it had made tributaries of all the different branches of literature, and the notion of *Ideal* was quite as familiar to moralists as to poets and philosophers. "In order to obtain a full appreciation of this admirable movement," adds a French critic, "it would be necessary to read Goethe's letters on Italy, Tieck's novels, and, above all, Jean Paul Richter, of whom we may say with truth that during his long life he was an apostle and ardent missionary of the Ideal, inaugurated by Schelling in his system of transcendental philosophy. Jean Paul Richter sought for his inspirations in religious traditions, and in his eyes Christianity had acted as a sort of Last Judgment, dooming to death the old world of Heathenism and sense, to make way for the spiritual world.

Thus, all around the master mind of Schelling there was a host of minor, yet ardent, spirits, intent upon *vulgarizing*, as the French put it, the new doctrines. Their names were Haman, Claudius, Jacobi, Shenkendorf, Stolberg, and many others.

Schelling was doubtless the grand discoverer in this region, and yet if we are to judge from M. Rio's personal experience, it was by no means easy to follow in his wake. The Germans seem over-fond of an archaic terminology which they create for themselves, mindless of all the world besides, as if obscurity were depth, or clearness and precision were real faults in a writer. At any rate, our author found it necessary to get his master's lofty adumbrations translated into common mortal language, and probably they lost nothing by the translation. Indeed, it was only at a later period that M. Rio was certain of really understanding the philosopher's transcendental idealism; but we must refer the reader to his pages for a summary of the system.

After all, if we were to give our own opinion on the subject, we should say that there was an innate, and perhaps unconscious, tendency to pantheism in Schelling's idea of æsthetics, as will always be the case, whatever may be their genius, with those who rear their edifice on science alone. We therefore doubt greatly whether the author of "*Christian Art*" would have profited much by the lessons of his German masters. Fortunately for him and for ourselves, he had other resources of a more practical kind at his command; first, in the Italian researches ("*Italianische-Forschungen*") of Baron von Rumohr; secondly, in his own researches among the galleries and historical depositories of Italy; and thirdly, in his constant intercourse with the most eminent men of France and England. The German work was the production of a wealthy Danish nobleman, who devoted a considerable part of his life and fortune to the study of Italian art, ever tracing it back to its true source of inspiration—pure religion, ever repudiating the

hackneyed opinions of the day. According to our humble view of the matter, Rumohr did more for Rio's æsthetical education than all the high-flown notions of Schelling and his disciples put together. We believe that he himself would hardly controvert our assertion.

We have named France, and in the eyes of many this may appear somewhat paradoxical. Of all European nations, England excepted, France is perhaps the one which entertains the lowest conception of the beautiful in the arts of design. Take her different schools from the close of the sixteenth century down to our own times, and you may trace throughout all their productions something high and dry, a certain stiffness reminding one of the strict etiquette which prevailed at the court of Louis the Fourteenth, rather than of those meek, scientific, angelic forms that grace so many Italian or Spanish pictures of the golden age. The very Italian artists, who were called up from their own country by the Valois, or the first Bourbon monarchs, seem to have undergone a change of mind when transferred to the banks of the Seine. Nicholas Poussin, Philip de Champagne, and others, all bear more or less this stamp of sameness and dryness; Lesueur alone would perhaps form an exception in his inimitable life of S. Bruno, and it must be remembered that he laboured among the Carthusian monks, in whose society he would daily reap an ample stock of legendary lore. Now what a perennial source of inspiration were the mediæval legends to the Transalpine artists. How much a Giotto, or a Fra Angelico, or a Francia, or Raphael himself, or again the Umbrian and Venetian schools have learnt by them! How truly lovely, heavenly, ethereal are those Madonnas, Bambini, and saintly personages that surround them! On looking at them your very soul is moved sometimes to tears; how is it that nothing of the same character ever strikes us in a French painting of the best masters? Correctness of design, an elaborate disposition of the groups in accordance with the technical rules, a sober, yet vivid colouring, all essentials are there; but the feeling, the *je ne sais quoi*, which urges you to fall down and pray, where is it? Altogether French pictures remind one down to very lately of statuary, and it is a remarkable fact that one of their great reformers, David, brings forth this fault in strong relief in every one of his pictures.

There seems, therefore, to have been hitherto a want of real æsthetical feeling, in its highest sense, among our neighbours, and if a reaction has set in of late years, most perceptible in the productions of Orset, Perrin, and Hyppolite Flandrin, it is attributable first of all to the strong religious revulsion of the last five-and-twenty years; and, secondly, to the joint efforts of Rio, Montalembert, and Victor Hugo. But what was the real state of opinion in France,

when the young peer published his famous letter on *Vandalism in the Fine Arts*, we may judge from the fact that Rio's first volume fell dead upon the ear of the public, and well nigh discouraged him altogether. But Montalembert was not a man to be baffled by difficulties; with the dash of a crusader he plunged headlong into the thickest of the fight, ever returning to the charge until the day was won, until the tide was turned. Few men have done more than Montalembert for the fine arts in France, though at that very time he was fighting for the liberties of the Church. "Don't stay at Munich," he used to write to his friend on that occasion; "don't stand there hunting after the vagaries of a Baader or of a Schelling; come back here to fight out the good cause with us. You owe it as a duty to yourself and to your country."

Such were the fiery adjurations of the noble Count, and M. Rio was not the man to turn a deaf ear to them. It was as well for his future studies that he was thus recalled from the towering heights of German *ideal* to the practical, prosaic every-day level of human life. It is dangerous to be too long soaring in the skies.

M. Rio had married an Englishwoman, and was now the happy father of two lovely little girls. There is nothing astonishing, therefore, that our language should have become in time as familiar to him as his own, nor that he should have made many prolonged residences in England. He was thus led by degrees to study our literature, with the special view of discovering its connection with the religious vicissitudes which England has undergone for the last three centuries. To many this peculiar point of view may appear strange; to others better acquainted with the annals of those times, they well know what a large share Catholicism has had in forming the mind of many of our old authors. At any rate the subject was attractive, and as M. Rio was then labouring under great discouragement in consequence of the utter failure of his first volume on *Christian Art*, it gave a new direction to his ideas. He was, besides, stimulated in his undertaking by his English friends—by Protestants even still more than by Catholics—so that when, after prosecuting his new researches for three years in Wales, the birth-place of his wife, he came up to London, every door was open to him, and he had free access to nearly every sort of information. The reader will likewise bear in mind that he still belonged to the diplomatic corps. And with these few words by way of explanation, we shall glance at some of the eminent men whom he soon made his friends, and whose portraits he excels in painting from life. We select a few of them.

The man whom the Whigs agreed to consider as the most competent judge in history was Lord Macaulay, or rather Mr. Macaulay, for those two

appellations represent two very different phases of his literary career. The Macaulay of the first phase, the author of so many wonderful masterpieces published under the title of "Essays," had spoken in his narrative of the famous Hastings trial so admirably of Burke [one of M. Rio's great heroes], that I felt almost quite as grateful for it as if he had rendered me a personal service. To this may be added, that whenever any one spoke in his presence of the atrocious measures adopted in England to extirpate Catholicism, he defended the victims with a degree of energy expressing something more than mere compassion. He then became really eloquent, far more indeed than in the House of Commons, where he as yet seldom rose to that height which one was entitled to demand of a man who, by his deep knowledge and splendid talents, seemed to concentrate in his own person every condition required for great parliamentary success.

No, it was not on such ground that Macaulay displayed the prodigious resources of his mind, but above all of his memory, it was in conversation. There he ruled as a master, nay, even as a despot, a fact not always pleasing to those who had already swayed, or aspired to sway, the same sceptre. As for myself, whose part was far more humble, and who found the delight of novelty in these dazzling extemporaneous effusions, I listened with an ecstasy founded partly on the abundance and *à propos* of the quotations by which he was prone to support his line of argument; and these quotations were not only borrowed from his favourite English poets whose compositions he seemed to know all by heart, but he likewise laid under contribution the works of classical antiquity. Indeed, if I recollect right, he was the first who gave me the spectacle which I met with so frequently afterwards at breakfast or dinners, of guests who, without being professional scholars, quoted Greek authors quite as freely as we do our French writers. It is well known that Lord Brougham, who was keenly sensitive as to the susceptibilities of his audiences, sometimes gave way to a similar license in some of the gravest parliamentary debates.

At any rate, I for one felt no fatigue at these luxuriant and extempore exhibitions of Mr. Macaulay; I was but too happy to find in his appreciations, however diffuse they might be, a help to my own ignorance of a hundred little things concerning contemporary history, which were alluded to in my presence, but which I could not understand. There were, however, certain blanks in his mind, certain problems he could never solve, certain exalted doctrines to which his practical genius could not ascend, as was proved by the latter part of his literary career, when, as Lord Macaulay, he ceased to be a witty and conscientious critic to become an elegant but partial historian, thus satisfying at one and the same time the good taste and narrow prejudices of the majority of his readers.

It was a wonderful thing to see Hallam and Macaulay tilting against each other, on account of the efforts displayed by each of them to show the same qualities and advantages that distinguished his antagonist. This spectacle I enjoyed several times in the spring of 1839; but above all one morning at breakfast with the poet Samuel Rogers, who by no means liked his hospitality to be spoilt by noisy controversies. He was obliged, like myself, for a full hour to play the part of a mute, and this made him very fidgety against his

guests. I myself was all eyes and ears ; indeed, what I heard and saw left me such a lively impression, that I immediately wrote down as follows in my diary :—

"Monday, May 15th. — Breakfasted this morning at Rogers's with Hallam and Macaulay. The whole time it was nothing else but a cross-fire between the two rivals. They seemed to vie at saying the most in a short time ; their volubility was something awful. Both were endowed with a prodigious memory, and a no less prodigious power of elocution ; so it was really difficult that the dialogue should *degenerate* into a general conversation. For a full hour the two illustrious speakers seemed ambitious of proving that on any given subject they were inexhaustible, even when most alien to a man of letters, — such as the navy, uniforms, the police, civil law, &c. At last Rogers succeeded in bringing them back from those highways and byways, and by degrees our little meeting became interesting. But in the course of time Macaulay once more regained possession of his sceptre, and I listened to him even with still greater attention than usual.

"This is how I should sum up the impression he left upon my mind :— I should say of Macaulay that his overloaded memory stands very much in the way of his mind, which I allow to be quick and sound, but has no tendency to soar or to dig, all its motions being as it were horizontal. His manners and tone savour a little of the bar ; he has got the conceited trick of breaking off his speech if only part of the audience are listening to him, and he will walk to the other end of the room, holding the thread of the conversation in his hands, and perfectly confident that no one will dare snatch it from him.* His eyes sparkle with wit, and the lower part of his forehead displays a very fine projection ; there is something more open, more kindly, than in that of Hallam, wherein you can trace keen wit in the eyes, still keener sarcasm in the upper lip ; but between the upper and lower part of the face there rises a most harsh muscle, forming a sort of barrier between both, and against that muscle every genial expansiveness, every irradiation, flowing either from the eyes or lips, seems to expire."

Our readers will readily admit, we believe, that if Hallam and Macaulay displayed wonderful powers in conversation, they had found a hearer full worthy of appreciating their talents. But we must hurry on to other figures, delineated with no less firmness and delicacy of pencil.

Here comes Thomas Carlyle, then only beginning to emerge from obscurity, and destined to remain yet, for a long time to come, totally unknown to a French public. He had particularly shocked M. Rio's sensitive conscience by the easy, off-hand way in which he absolves the crimes of the great Revolutionists. This feeling amounted to downright indignation on meeting with the following passage :—"It is impossible to name any period in the history of France when the nation, as a body, suffered less than during the

* The above words stand in English in the original.

period called the Reign of Terror": "an assumption so arbitrary and so insulting for the victims," adds our author, "had left in my mind an aversion which I should have deemed incurable, had I not met the man who made it."

Great, therefore, was his surprise when, instead of a ferocious Jacobin, he was brought face to face with a person of simple manners, his eyes beaming with kindness, and altogether showing a soul open to every tender emotion. On some of the most vital religious and political questions M. Rio found himself on common ground with Carlyle. Could this be the man who was represented as the friend and adviser of certain notorious revolutionists, such as Godefroi, Cavaignac, and Mazzini? Yes, indeed; so it was; for shortly after their new acquaintance, he invited him to dine with the two personages. Think of what must have been the inward feelings of the young offspring of the old Chouan! However, he got over it by degrees, especially on becoming more intimate with the author of "*Heroes and Hero Worship*." Besides, there was a certain latent originality, a certain fondness for the Ideal, which ever and anon burst forth in Carlyle's conversations; and we know how very congenial that turn of mind was always to that of our Frenchman; so we soon find him inserting in his diary the following lines:—

"April 8, 1839.—The four hours I have just been passing with Carlyle may reckon among the best I have known in London. We entered deeply into many great subjects, the Crusades, Dante, the French Revolution, the religious future of Europe, of which he takes a more sunny view than I do, on account of his faith in the progress of mankind and the durability of Christianity. My objections, grounded on the decline of the highest of Christian virtues—humility—embarrassed him a little, precisely because he highly appreciates that virtue, which he admits to have been both better understood and practised in the Middle Age than at present. He professes the highest admiration for the Crusades and for Peter the Hermit, whom he curiously compares with Demosthenes. The former, said he, used to labour over his speeches to such a degree that they were said to smell of lamp oil, and then he went to declaim them on the seashore with pebbles in his mouth, leaving to posterity as the grand rule for an orator: Action, action, action. The latter issues forth from his cloister without any other preparation but fasting and prayer; for the precept of the Athenian orator he substitutes another of far more power: Faith, faith, and faith. The first was doomed to see his eloquence vanquished and Philip lording it over Greece; the second upheaved Europe by the sound of his voice, and rushed on to the deliverance of the Holy Land.

"The short parallel he drew between Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles was equally striking. Milton makes him a grand and interesting figure,—the most interesting, indeed, of all his heroes, a personage who would

excite admiration were he to come forth in public. In 'Faust,' on the contrary, he is what he ought to be, utterly repulsive."

And thus M. Rio goes on, showing us Carlyle as a man of feeling, as a poet, fond of conjuring up "the image of his native village and the sound of the bells which tinkled in his childish ears," and then again the story of his marriage,—a real bit of romance. We said in the beginning of the present article, that we have before us a true panoramic view of the most eminent Englishman of our times, not indeed on the public stage, but in close intimacy, by the home fire-side, for the young Breton seems to have won upon them all by his own enthusiasm for the Sublime and Beautiful, as well as by his talent for conversation, which is perhaps scarcely less remarkable, though of a less emphatic character, than that of Macaulay himself. We can however barely point out to the reader a most telling description of Samuel Rogers's character, of Mr. Gladstone's habits and mode of life at his father's house, where M. Rio soon found himself upon a footing of the closest friendship. It was at Mr. Gladstone's that he met for the first time Archdeacon Manning, with whom he entered upon a long discussion on various religious subjects. The principal question debated was that of authority in matters of faith. The sundry inconveniences arising out of private judgment when pushed to the extreme were such, that the arguments against it might have proved irrefutable, had not the impassible archdeacon blunted the weapon in his adversary's hands by his no less blunt and absolute denial. He constantly maintained that no power on earth would ever make him acknowledge that divine supremacy of the Pope, which Manzoni, on Mr. Gladstone's own admission, considered as indispensable for the birth and support of faith in the human soul. The discussion fell to the ground: the archdeacon and M. Rio parted, to meet again only fifteen years afterwards in very different circumstances.

I was in Rome during the Lent of 1854 (says the latter) at a time, when the native and foreign preachers seem to vie with each other for the conversion of souls, but more particularly for those estranged from faith by hereditary errors. All of a sudden I was informed that an English priest, Dr. Manning, lately arrived in Rome, whither the news of his conversion had preceded him, was to preach the next day before a mixed audience in the chapel of the Irish College. One may easily imagine that I was not the last to be there. What a matter of surprise, and what a thorough alteration not only in the features and in the costume and in the general aspect of his person, but also in the milder expression of his looks, and even in the very tone of his voice, which seemed to denote corresponding alterations of the inner man! But again imagine if you can the intensity of my emotion when, after a few preliminary observations, the speaker announced that he would show the necessity of a pontifical infallibility for the purpose of rendering possible the

action of the Holy Ghost within the Church; so that he was about to develop in a way totally novel to myself that identical dogma which he had declared to be downright inadmissible when I had endeavoured to demonstrate its necessity. Now that I was there one of his humble auditors, that necessity appeared to him still more evident than to myself; and, alone among the audience, I might have a right to claim a twofold share in the blessing by which he closed his speech. But indeed I did not feel this to be quite enough. He had scarcely left the pulpit when I hurried to a spot on his passage through the cloister, and I was enabled to satisfy the yearning I had felt for the last hour to press his hands within my own.

We have reserved for the last M. Rio's connection with the La Ferronnays family, around which we may say that his life pivoted for many years. When the Revolution of 1830 took place, the Count could of course no longer carry into execution those plans which he had formed in favour of his young compatriot; but he knew his man, and knew very well that he could reckon upon him as a friend. We have seen above how M. Rio first visited Rome, in company with the ambassador, in 1828; four years after, they both met again at Leghorn, where the Count formally offered him to act as tutor to Albert, whose premature ill health had left more than one lacuna in his education. Albert himself had often expressed the same wish, and seems to have been fondly attached to his father's former secretary. Between the youth and the future author of "*Christian Art*," a new tie had lately been formed by Albert's return to thorough religious observances. He had become so disgusted with a life of dissipation at Naples, that he cut asunder all his worldly connections,—resolving to seek for the health of his own soul in solitude and study. It was natural, therefore, that his first thoughts should have turned towards M. Rio, as a man on whom he could rely. He showed even so much ardour in his new aspirations, that his father feared, on his part, an excess of mysticism, which might prove a bar to his future prospects in the world, either as a diplomatist or a soldier.

But M. de la Ferronnays had himself undergone a similar change during a residence in Paris; he was no longer merely a noble character and an upright man in the worldly sense of those terms; but he was likewise an earnest, devout, practising Christian. Such were the circumstances under which the three friends met again. We cannot do better than allow M. Rio to describe the scene in his own pathetic language:—

We were in the month of December, and we had not one single acquaintance in Leghorn, so that we had our whole evenings to ourselves, nobody dropping in to interrupt our mutual effusions. This time political matters played but a very subordinate part in our conversations. Those which M. de la Ferronnays had recently held in Paris, on a most important subject,

no longer thwarted by diplomatical considerations, had predisposed him to certain overflowings of faith and divine love, quite compatible with the degree of initiation he had undergone. We had no longer before us simply a narrator, but a preacher, ardently desirous of leaving in the minds of his two hearers an impression in bearing with their own reciprocal callings. He was so little sparing of his own self in his exhortations, that we were really astounded at his self-debasement; and at that moment, for the first time, shone forth in him, like a star long concealed behind the clouds, that most lovely, most rare, most adorable of all Christian virtues—HUMILITY.

The sudden manifestation of this new feature in a man who had been exposed to all the temptations of pride, gave rise within me to a sort of stupefaction, which reacted again on the speaker, and made him stammer out some other words, by which I was literally set beside myself. So rising suddenly, as the table was between us, I passed behind his chair, in order to let my tears drop on his venerable head, and to press it against my heart. That moment was moving beyond expression, and decisive of our future. We fell into each other's arms, and from that day began a friendship that lasted as long as his life, and was destined to realize a sort of ideal which I had hitherto never foreseen.

A scene like the above one must needs have made a deep impression on both, and henceforward they were bosom friends. There was nothing mournful in their separation, which took place a few days afterwards, and then began between them a correspondence, which we would fain quote from one end to the other. But we must leave to our readers the delight of going over it in the book itself.

A few short years run on, and the youth whom M. Rio loved so well had offered up to God his own life for the conversion of the woman whom he loved far more than life. Every one knows how on Albert's death-bed the young couple accomplished both their last and first communion. From that moment, the whole family seems to have been fired by a sort of practical and permanent heroism, in the sense of self-renouncement and Christian charity. Boury, the small Norman village where they lived, became an oasis, something like a picture of the first Christians, such as we read of in the primitive annals of the Church. It is a picture of faith, peace, friendship, virtue in every form, of resignation, and also of real, deep, happiness. We repeat it, even after the "*Récit d'une Sœur*," there is in many a page of Rio's new book details which complete the former: after reading it, you know Alexandrina better, you are constantly reminded of the Scriptural words often recurring to the author:—*Ascensiones in corde suo disposuit*,—or again Shelley's beautiful lines on the Sky-lark, "ever soaring higher still and higher." Here we become the invisible witnesses of the whole family's daily occupations, visits to the day-school, charitable distributions to the poor, even down to those little musical festi-

vities, which our author was so passionately fond of. It was a world of love, but likewise a world of intellect, wherein the most arduous problems were often discussed and solved ; partly by the data of science, more frequently through the instincts of the heart.

At Boury the character of Count de la Ferronnays came out likewise in strong relief ;—we know the man better and entertain for his intellectual and moral faculties a higher estimation than through the “*Récit d'une Sœur*.” The premature death of his son, added to the downfall of the dynasty to whose fortunes he had devoted his whole existence ; the sudden blasting of his political hopes as a statesman, and the forced inactivity to which he was thus condemned,—all these things contributed to make the Count another man, to transform him into a somewhat ideal character, influencing in a most striking manner the historian of Christian Art. It was a new opening into the world of æsthetics, and M. Rio is perfectly conscious of it.

That influence (says he) at last made itself felt over all my faculties, but in a way which I should call most unequal, on account of the ever-increasing preference it gave to the progress of the soul to that of the intellect.

Absence could of course have no effect upon such feelings, for then their conversations were replaced by a most admirable correspondence :—

“You know us too well, my dear Rio (writes the Count on one of those occasions), not to be assured that both my dear wife (*ma bonne femme*) and myself fall back upon our own hearts, and that we foresee without either regret or sadness the deep solitude which awaits us. But God remains with us, my dear friend, so we shall not be alone. He shows us His love by sending us in our old age a consolation far greater than we could have hoped for. Love, hope, prayer, and gratitude : ah ! pray don't be anxious about us, for our life will be pleasant and lightsome. Our time is drawing to a close, evening coming on ; we can already see the dawn of endless light.”

But still this was not enough for the noble Count, who felt perhaps more than he would himself admit the absence of his friend ; so during a visit of the latter to Boury, with his wife and young family, we find a plot laid down to change these casual visits into a more permanent and periodical abode. To establish an utter and complete intimacy between both families, to sit down at the same table, dwell under the same roof, pray in the same chapel, blend together all their hopes, joys, and trials ; such was the plan formed in the mind of M. de la Ferronnays, but which it was a delicate matter to propose to M. Rio, for the La Ferronnays were by no means wealthy. So Alexandrine undertook to sound him, and of course met with a host of scruples ;

then the Countess herself came to the rescue, and, lastly, her husband,—who recollected his former achievements at the Foreign Office, and won the victory. During the first years of their common life, M. Rio was to write the political memoirs of his patron and now bosom friend,—a design long entertained by both, and for which numerous papers and important documents had been collected. But the treaty once agreed to, there was another purpose or advantage, as M. Rio calls it, which the noble Count had in view, and which was to accrue from this much-desired reunion.

That advantage or profit (says he), far greater in his eyes than any intellectual benefit, was that of our souls ; for he was convinced that by coalescing in one common nucleus our continuous aspirations towards the same ideal, we should obtain a result far superior to any resulting from our own individual efforts. Thus a sort of sacramental sanction was necessary for the treaty of offensive and defensive alliance we were about to conclude, and that sanction we had close by in the Holy Eucharist.

So we agreed to receive communion all together in the chapel of the *château*,—a communion to serve as an anticipated inauguration of the common work we had before us, and wherein every one of us was to concur, according to the measure of his own strength. It is almost needless to add that M. de la Ferronnays was the most ardent promoter of the ceremony. He was there quite in his own sphere, but it will create surprise, perhaps, in some to learn that he was likewise, in my eyes at least, the most eloquent preacher thereof, though his eloquence consisted merely of two or three words which he addressed me on leaving the holy table. We had remained the two last in the chapel, and I heard him praying with a sort of fervour that denoted contrition rather than thanksgiving. On turning round to look at him, his face was hidden within his hands, and when he rose to depart his eyes glistened with tears. I suspected that he had just given way to one of those violent fits of humility, which arose out of his strong feeling of personal unworthiness. It was, indeed, something of that kind, but with such a singular combination of extraordinary circumstances, that though I had a large yet involuntary share in his mental distraction, far from sharing in his repentance, I was disposed to consider it as commendable.

In fact, at the moment when he knelt down close at my side, at the foot of the altar, all of a sudden a vague remembrance came across his mind, of some quaint story of the Middle Age ; or, perhaps, I should say that he regretted not to have followed the example of some knights of old, and asked of the priest to separate in two parts the Sacred Host, in order to give us each one half as a sacramental consecration of the friendship which, in that solemn moment, was to bind us more closely than ever.

It was the first time that I had ever heard of this chivalrous fancy, so I was quite unnerved by my feelings of gratitude and admiration ; and I remained utterly speechless, helpless ; but the dumb pressure of my hand with which the scene terminated,—a scene so highly moving in its most

minute details, told him far more than any words of mine, and no one will, doubtless, be astonished that this fond remembrance should have remained one of the most delightful, one of the most endurable, of my whole life.

But alas! the bright vision was not to be. The plan so fondly caressed by La Ferronnays, of a life in common between the two families, was first put off till the year 1842, and then fell to the ground in consequence of his death, which took place suddenly. This was followed shortly after by that of Eugénie, whom her sister Olga did not long survive. Alexandrine and the Countess de la Ferronnays were, therefore, left alone in 1848; but they likewise did not long sojourn in this lonely world, and joined those beings whom they loved so deeply, so devotedly, with such true Christian feeling. There remained, however, one relic of what we may call a sacred band of union, and she embalmed, in one lovely production, all the remnants of the past in what the world well knows under the appellation of "*Récit d'une Sœur*."

After all, M. Rio is perhaps the one most to be pitied, if we are to judge by the anguish which fell upon his soul after so many bereavements; and we can fully understand the feeling of regret which he experienced after the close of this bright portion of his life, "on having too often preferred the prosecution of his literary engagements to the affections of his soul, and even to the spiritual profit which he would have reaped by cultivating them more closely."

We must now take leave of this highly interesting book, and the reader will admit with us, we believe, that there are few works more teeming with graphic incidents, with moving scenes, and with artistic views of a higher nature. Our quotations have been numerous, and yet how many more would we have been fain to give had either time or space allowed it. However, we are confident that English readers will do to such a publication the same justice which is already awarded to it on the other side of the Channel.

ART. IX.—THE PRESENT ANGLICAN POSITION.

The "Damnatory Clauses" of the Athanasian Creed rationally explained. By
REV. MALCOLM MACCOLL, M.A. London : Rivingtons.

English Church Defence Tracts, Nos. 1-4. London : Rivingtons.

Anglicanism and the Fathers. By W. E. ADDIS, of the Oratory. London :
Burns & Oates.

The Divine Teacher. By WILLIAM HUMPHREY, Oblate of S. Charles.
London : Burns & Oates.

Protestant Ritualists. By W. MASKELL, M.A. London : Toovey.

Catholicism or Ritualism ? By Two Catholics. London : Longman.

A Letter to the Parishioners of S. Barnabas', Oxford. By C. H. MOORE, M.A.,
late curate. London : Burns & Oates.

WE are always unwilling to enter into controversy with Dr. Pusey and his friends, for two reasons. On one hand their ecclesiastical position is so utterly unhistorical and baseless, that to argue against them seems a kind of solemn trifling. On the other hand, in these days, when the great majority of really powerful anti-Catholic thinkers are vigorously opposing Theism itself, it is painful to dwell on our variance with persons, who hold a large amount of vital truth in common with Catholics ; and some of whom—e. g. Canon Liddon—defend that truth with great power and success. At the same time, it seems our business to indicate from time to time the view we take of their sayings and doings ; and just now two movements are proceeding among them, in which our readers will take great interest. One of these is their struggle for the Athanasian Creed ; the other, their renewed assault on the Roman Catholic Church. We will place before our readers then, with all attainable brevity, a general conspectus of these two movements ; and that the rather, because various pamphlets (named at the head of our article) have been forwarded to us for notice, of which we can in no other way give so satisfactory an account, as by attempting this general conspectus.

In regard to the Athanasian Creed, we shall entirely abstain from the historical discussion as to its origin. We cannot indeed entirely agree with Mr. MacColl (p. 4), that those

Anglicans* "who uphold the present position of the Creed would not be," or at least ought not to be, "the least affected by the discovery, that every word was composed centuries after S. Athanasius had slept with his fathers." The vast majority of Anglican high churchmen consider, that the Church lost her infallibility when she became "broken" as they say "into fragments"; i. e. when the Photian schism was effected. To all these it is surely a matter of vital moment, whether the Creed obtained ecclesiastical authority before or after this period. Nevertheless we shall not discuss the historical question: because F. Jones has treated it very exhaustively in his admirable Essay, first published by the "Month" and afterwards reprinted with additions; and because we said our own say on the matter, in our July notice of that Essay (July, 1872, p. 208). Our present purpose is merely to consider the attitude assumed towards this Creed by various Anglican parties.

Putting aside then the various more or less able discussions of the *historical* argument, which Anglicans have published—Mr. MacColl is almost the sole exponent of high-churchism on the *doctrinal* questions involved. With whatever opponent Mr. MacColl has to deal, he writes in an uniformly Christian spirit, which demands our warm acknowledgment; and at a time when respectable writers, like those of the "English Church Defence Tracts," display such extraordinary intemperance and bitterness,† we value the more Mr. MacColl's exemplary gentleness and forbearance. As to his arguments, they seem to us of very unequal merit. In some cases he reasons clearly, powerfully and irrefragably; but in others he does not equally impress us. On some questions indeed of extreme moment—which however do but incidentally bear on his subject—he has chosen (we think) what may be called the unhappy mean; he neither passes them with a transient allusion, nor exhaustively discusses them: and on these moreover he now and then indicates opinions, with which (not to speak more definitely) we can by no means concur. For instance. "God is only indirectly the author of the sinner's torments, by having given him a constitution . . . capable of being ruined." "Hell is rather a nature than a place" (pp. 66, 81). Again: "On man's disobedience" his "supernatural

* In the present article we shall use this word to denote all members of the Established Communion; and the word "high-churchmen" to denote those who call themselves "Anglo-Catholics."

† F. Addis says with undeniable truth: "I know of no instance in which authors of respectable name have carried language of violence and calumny so far" (p. 4).

endowment was withdrawn; *not necessarily by way of punishment*, but rather perhaps because it would be hurtful to him in his fallen condition" (p. 131). Once more. "God Almighty, with reverence be it said, could not create a being who should be capable of virtue, without leaving him at the same time capable of sin: for virtue implies a free will, and a free will implies the power of choice." Yet on the other hand, "so long as the will is capable of vacillating between right and wrong, it is not really free" (pp. 69, 72).

Mr. MacColl's main theme comprises two questions, entirely distinct from each other. The first is—do the "damnatory clauses" of the Athanasian Creed speak truly, if understood in that sense which they legitimately bear? The second is—should Anglicans continue the obligatory public recital of that Creed in their service? Catholics, as is evident, are indefinitely more concerned with the *former* of these questions; and we will conclude our remarks on it, before entering at all upon the *latter*.

As a preliminary then we have to consider, what is the sense which these clauses legitimately bear? "*Quicumque vult salvus esse, ante omnia opus est ut teneat Catholicam Fidem: quam nisi quisque integram inviolatamque servaverit, absque dubio in æternum peribit.*" "*Hæc est Fides Catholica: quam nisi quisque fideliter firmiterque crediderit, salvus esse non poterit.*" What does the Catholic Church mean, when she makes these declarations? We will answer this inquiry as well as we can, submitting what we say in all respects to the judgment of persons more theologically competent.

A Catholic theologian, we believe, (whether he lived when the Creed was written or whether he lived now) would interpret these expressions as precisely meaning, that God has imposed on all men—and imposed under pain of mortal sin—the precept of believing a certain definite doctrine, concerning the Trinity and the Incarnation. We are briefly then to inquire, first what is meant by a precept binding under mortal sin; and secondly what is the particular precept with which we are here concerned. Suppose then a person commits some act, which God has forbidden to him under mortal sin. Does this circumstance necessarily involve the conclusion, that he has formally committed mortal sin? that in point of fact he has lost habitual grace, if he hitherto possessed it? that he has merited eternal punishment? By no means: because (1) he may not have committed the act with full deliberation; and because (2) he may be invincibly ignorant or inadvertent of the act's true character. Nor again, if he *has* formally committed mortal sin, does it follow that he will be eternally lost; because of course

he may, by God's grace, repent efficaciously before his death. When S. Paul therefore enumerates and denounces "works of the flesh" (Gal. v. 19-21), declaring that "those who do such things *shall not inherit the kingdom of God*," a Catholic theologian understands this statement with a threefold qualification, as regards any individual act of which the "*materia*" is "*gravis*." The act, however in its own nature detestable, does *not* exclude from the kingdom of Heaven, if (1) it were done without full deliberation; or (2) under invincible ignorance or inadvertence of its evil character; or (3) if it be duly repented before death. Suppose the theologian were asked what he *means* precisely by "*invincible*" ignorance or inadvertence, this would lead him into a very long and intricate discussion. Such a discussion however—even if it could possibly be admitted into such a paper as this—would not be strictly germane to our theme; because in this respect there is no distinction, between the precept of faith and precepts of the moral law.

Here again Mr. MacColl impresses us, as having pursued the unhappy mean; he has said enough to suggest difficulties, without saying enough to solve them. Indeed, if we rightly understand him, he speaks inconsistently with himself. In p. 52, the natural sense of his words is unduly strict. "By a deliberate rejection" of Catholic Truth, he says,—i. e. (as the context explains) such a rejection as involves mortal sin—"I mean a rejection, which might have been avoided if the man had made use of his opportunities." Surely my ignorance does not become mortally culpable, by the mere fact of my not having "*made*" all possible "*use of my opportunities*": it is not thus culpable even "*in causâ*," unless I have failed to take some definite step, which was cognisable by me as of grave obligation. On the other hand, in p. 43 Mr. MacColl seems to say, that eternal ruin is not certainly entailed by any one sin—however advertently and deliberately committed and however unrepented—but only by a *course* of sin. Here is the passage; and if we have failed rightly to understand it, the fault really lies in its obscurity. We italicize a few words.

Man is a complex being, and we cannot be sure that *any specific offence against faith or morals* is a true index to his character as a whole. It is the *key in which the thoughts habitually move* that determine the condition of man as a responsible moral agent; and God alone, Who sees the heart, can know for certain what that key is. The sum total of man's capacities for everlasting life are not necessarily exhausted by the *few gross acts* incident to social relations or open to human valuation; but it is on such acts alone that human judgments can be passed, as well in the sphere of faith as in that of morals. (p. 43.)

So much as to what is meant by saying, that such or such a precept is binding under mortal sin : and now as to the *particular* precept declared in the Athanasian Creed. The Catholic explanation of this, as we understand the matter, proceeds on the following basis. God has revealed a certain definite doctrine on the Trinity and the Incarnation ; and the statements of the Athanasian Creed, so far as they go, give the one true analysis of the doctrine. As Mr. MacColl admirably observes—

There is not a single proposition in the Athanasian Creed, of which the rejection does not involve the rejection of Christianity. I make that assertion without the least hesitation, and I challenge all the gainsayers of the Creed to disprove it. Of course a person may from prejudice, or ignorance, or confusion of thought, or some other cause, be unable to embrace some of the propositions of the Creed, and yet remain all the while a good Christian. It is none the less true, however, that all the propositions of the Creed hang together, and that the rejection of any one of them would strike Christianity to the heart. (pp. 169, 170.)

In other words, no one can possibly hold in substance the revealed dogmata of the Trinity and Incarnation, while he rejects one single particle of the Athanasian exposition—except through intellectual inconsistency and inconsecutiveness. These dogmata may be apprehended by different Christians with a greater or less amount of definiteness and explicitness, according to the circumstances of each man's individual case : but they remain the same dogmata nevertheless. The rudest peasant *either* holds (truly however imperfectly) the very doctrine set forth in the Athanasian Creed, *or* does not hold *at all* the revealed dogmata of the Trinity and the Incarnation. God has imposed on every Christian (not here to speak of other men) the grave precept, of holding faithfully these two dogmata. He has commanded every Christian—affirmatively, to accept them, and from time to time elicit acts of faith in them ;—negatively, never on any account to accept any tenet inconsistent with them.

One or two little explanations remain to be added. The Athanasian Creed (it seems to us) does not *primarily* speak of us except Catholics. Its direct purpose is, to be chanted in Catholic worship ; and its true purport will therefore best be understood perhaps, by adding the word "*nostrum*" after "*quicumque*." "*Whoever*" of us "*wills to be saved, before all things,*" i. e. as the foundation of all else, "*he must hold,*" retain, cleave to, "*the Catholic Faith : which Faith unless each one*" of us "*shall have preserved, &c., &c.*" We have here implied our second explanation. "*Ante omnia*" is not

equivalent to "præ omnibus":* the Creed does not express any judgment one way or other, on the comparative importance of faith and morals respectively; it does but declare, that the former is the first step towards salvation, and the foundation on which the latter is built.† Lastly the Creed by no means either declares or implies, that belief in the Trinity and Incarnation is required "necessitate medii" (to use theological language), as well as "necessitate præcepti." The large majority, we think, of modern Catholic theologians consider, that faith in "Deus unus et remunerator" may lead to justification, where there is invincible ignorance of the Trinity and Incarnation: and those who think this, certainly find no difficulty on that account in the Athanasian Creed.

So much on what a Catholic theologian would understand by these "damnatory clauses"; and such, we take it, is substantially the doctrine, for which Mr. MacColl and Dr. Pusey are contending. The vast majority of Anglicans on the contrary reject that doctrine; and we will proceed to recount some of the different classes, into which these objectors may be divided.

The first class was more numerous some thirty years ago, than it is now; though it is still very widely extended. It consists of those who draw an emphatic distinction, between the *substance itself* of the two dogmata on one hand, and what they would call the scholastic and unscriptural subtleties of the Creed on the other. We doubt if any man of vigorous and clear mind adheres now to this most shallow view. As Mr. MacColl points out in a passage we have quoted,—to reject any one of these "subtleties," is virtually to reject the dogmata themselves. And in fact those who adopt this view do not in general really accept the revealed doctrine on the Trinity and Incarnation.

A second class of objectors will admit, that those who believe in the Trinity and the Incarnation, enjoy therein an inappreciable blessing. Nevertheless they demur to the "damnatory clauses." "The doctrinal precept imposed by God," such a thinker will say, "is to accept and study the *Scripture*. Those who cannot find these two dogmata in Scripture, are (I hold) gravely mistaken; just as there is many an interpretation of Thucydides such, that those who reject it are without doubt gravely mistaken. But if any man has studied Scripture, he has obeyed God's *precept*; and I

* This remark did not originate with ourselves, but we have not before seen it in print.

† "Fides est humanæ salutis initium, fundamentum et radix omnis justificationis."—Conc. Trid.

cannot imply the reverse." We think this is the only view of the matter which can reasonably be accepted, by those who regard Scripture as the sole Rule of Faith. Or in other words, —as the Tractarian writers often pointed out in days of old,—to accept the Athanasian Creed, is by necessary consequence to deny that Scripture is the sole Rule of Faith.

A third class of objectors were comparatively few in the Establishment thirty years back, but now swarm through it like locusts in every direction. They deny that any one doctrine on the Trinity and Incarnation is really the doctrine of Scripture. Scripture, they say, was *intended* to be interpreted diversely by divers readers, according to the spiritual tastes and needs of each individual. These men of course detest the Athanasian Creed, with a hatred at once bitter and contemptuous; and among those who profess in any sense to accept Christianity, this is the only form of liberalism (we think) which possesses intellectual life. It is really important that Catholics shall from time to time contemplate and grapple with this subtle and most deadly error; while as to high-church Anglicanism on one side or other phases of Protestantism on the other, they may almost be left to sink under their own weight.*

We have recited then the chief doctrinal views prevalent among Anglicans, which in different ways contradict the Athanasian Creed; and we need hardly say that we wish Mr. MacColl and Dr. Pusey every possible success, in opposing those views. As to the character of the Creed, we cannot do better than avail ourselves of F. Newman's expressive language. "It is a psalm or hymn" he says "of praise and of confession and of profound self-prostrating homage, parallel to the canticles of the elect in the Apocalypse. It appeals to the imagination quite as much as to the intellect. It is the war-song of faith, with which we warn first ourselves, then each other, then all those who are within its hearing and the hearing of the Truth, who our God is, and how we must worship Him, and how vast our responsibility will be, if we know what to believe and yet believe not."† All this is beautifully and truly said: though few Catholics perhaps would go F. Newman's length — certainly we should not — in accounting the Athanasian Creed a more "devotional formulæ," "even than the 'Veni Creator' and the 'Te Deum.'"

* When we say that high-churchism may almost be left to sink under its own weight, we refer of course to its characteristic tenets, not to the dogmata which it holds in common with the Catholic Church.

† Grammar of Assent, p. 129.

A further observation is very important. Those who are invincibly ignorant of the two Christian dogmata set forth in the Creed,—though they will not of course be *punished* for such ignorance—yet therein suffer a great calamity; and lose a help of unspeakable importance, towards growth in the love of God. Mr. MacColl has some very valuable and thoughtful remarks, from p. 90 to p. 124, on the intimate connection between faith and morals: though here also—if the subject were to be treated at all—we desiderate more expansion. The following paragraph impresses us as singularly complete and true. The author had set forth the hideous wickedness of even the most cultivated and intellectual heathenism: he then thus proceeds.

But if mere intellectual cultivation could not recall men to the “ways of pleasantness” and the paths of peace, what else could? Speaking in the rough, it may be said that three things were necessary: a right object of love; a revelation of God’s will and of the true relations between man and his Maker, with a teacher having authority to enforce it; and spiritual power to enable man to “work out his own salvation.” These three desiderata Christianity professes to have supplied. (p. 97.)

Still more complete is Mr. MacColl’s reply to Dean Stanley, on a very momentous Scriptural question. “Both our Lord Himself,” he says, “and the inspired writers of the New Testament, insist on the necessity of a right faith, as strongly as they do on the necessity of moral rectitude” (p. 162). He thus quotes the Dean’s words, denying this; and proceeds as follows. The vital importance of the question is our excuse for the length of our quotation. We italicize one or two sentences.

“This is life eternal,” says our Lord, “that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” Again; when the Jews asked Him, “What shall we do that we may work the works of God?” Jesus answered and said unto them, “This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.” And when He warns evil-doers of the doom that awaits them He tells them that “He will appoint them their portion with *the unbelievers*.” Here our loving Saviour Himself puts immoral living and pertinacious unbelief on the same level, and *He even seems to intimate that unbelief is the more dangerous of the two*. The first condition of “doing the works of God” is a right belief as to the doctrine of the Incarnation: “This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.” Hold that faith in sincerity, and “the works of God” will follow as a natural consequence.* Reject it with your eyes open, and you place yourself outside the pale of salvation. For “God so loved the world that He gave His only

* This phrase is liable to be misunderstood.—ED. D. R.

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He that believeth on Him is not condemned ; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." Nothing can be plainer than this. To forfeit "everlasting life," that is, to "perish," is here declared to be the lot of him who refuses to believe in the doctrine of the Incarnation. So far forth as a man rejects that doctrine he is "condemned already"—that is to say, he has, ipso facto, placed himself beyond the pale of salvation.

This is our Lord's teaching, and the whole scope of the New Testament confirms it. When the Philippian jailer asked Paul and Silas, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" the Apostle replied immediately, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." John the Baptist certainly enjoined "works meet for repentance" on those who flocked to consult him by the banks of Jordan ; but he also said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life ; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him." "The disciple whom Jesus loved" is equally urgent as to the necessity of a true faith. "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." And again ; "He that hath the Son hath life ; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." Not to have life is to "perish," and therefore perdition is declared by S. John to be the inevitable doom of those who reject the doctrine of the Incarnation. And he deemed this truth so paramount, that it was the principle motive of his writing his Epistle. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." Again : "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God. But every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God." Again : "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh : this is a deceiver and an antichrist." Once more : "Look to yourselves, that ye lose not those things which ye have wrought ; but that ye receive a full reward. Whoever transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son." To the same purport is S. Peter's denunciation of those "false teachers" "who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways (*ταῖς ἀπωλείαις*) ; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be blasphemed." Here the denial of the Incarnation is said to be a "damnable heresy" (*αἰρέσις ἀπωλείας*), leading to "swift destruction." And the same doctrine is taught by the Apostle as the direct inspiration of the Pentecostal gift. Immediately after the outpouring of Pentecost he told the Jews that in "the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth alone" was salvation to be found : "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Will any one tell me the difference between this Apostolic doctrine and the much-abused proposition of the Athanasian Creed : "Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly" ? The large-hearted S. Paul, too, who was willing to be "accursed" for the sake of

his people, tells us that "all" are to be "damned, who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness"; that is to say, the deliberate rejection of the truth is in itself unrighteousness. There could not be a stronger assertion of the immorality of unbelief. And, as I have noticed above, "the unbelievers" are reckoned by S. John among those who shall "have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the Second Death." "Antichrists," "liars," "false prophets," "deceivers," "seducers," "grievous wolves,"—such are the terms in which heretics are described by our Lord and His Apostles; one of whom—he who is emphatically called "the disciple whom Jesus loved"—does not hesitate to say that the sacred rites of hospitality ought religiously to be denied to him who impugns the doctrine of the Incarnation. "If there come any unto you," he says, "and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed; for he that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds."

To my mind these passages—and I have by no means exhausted all that might be quoted in the same strain—are absolutely identical in meaning with the "damnatory clauses" of the Athanasian Creed. They must all alike be understood with the qualifications which common sense suggests, and on which I have dilated to some extent already; or they must all alike be condemned and abolished. There is no other alternative. And therefore let the assailants of the Athanasian Creed look to it. (pp. 164–8.)

The statement also of that eminent and greatly respected Unitarian minister Rev. J. Martineau, adduced by Mr. MacColl, is very remarkable. We quote the passage as it stands; without intending of course to imply any sympathy whatever with Calvin, or Whitby, or Charles Wesley.

"I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavourably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. *I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers not of my own Creed.* In philosophy I had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books and the authors in chief favour with them. In Biblical Interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In Devotional Literature and Religious Thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley, or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold. I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity; and I believe the preference is founded in reason and nature, and is already widely spread amongst us. A man's 'Church' must be the home of whatever he most deeply loves, trusts, admires, and reveres, — of whatever most divinely expresses the essential meaning of the Christian faith and life: and to be torn away from

the great company I have named, and transferred to the ranks which command a far fainter allegiance, is an unnatural, and for me an inadmissible fate." (pp. 172-3.)

So far then we warmly sympathize with Mr. MacColl and his friends: we think that the cause of religious truth is importantly advanced, in proportion as a larger number of Anglicans agree with Mr. MacColl and contend against his opponents.* But it is quite a different question, how far Mr. MacColl acts reasonably in this or that way of *promoting* his desired end. Now he is not content with holding Athanasian doctrine; he is urgent for retaining in his communion the compulsory recital of the Athanasian Creed: and we cannot see how he is here to be defended. The clergy, it is true, have to sign the eighth article; but far the chief strength of those who oppose the Athanasian Creed lies with the laity, who do not sign the Thirty-nine Articles directly or indirectly. The case then is this. The enormous majority of Anglican laymen hold doctrines inconsistent with the Athanasian Creed;† and they are *aware* that they constitute the enormous majority. It does seem a reasonable inference from this fact, that they shall not be compelled to recite a formula which anathematizes their cherished doctrines. Let Mr. MacColl take active measures for procuring the expulsion from his communion of such misbelievers—and we entirely understand his proceeding: or rather such a movement is his only legitimate course, so long as he accounts that communion part of the Catholic Church. But he has no thought of doing this; he is quite content to remain

* Mr. Maskell, whose admirable pamphlet we notice a little later on in the text, thus speaks in p. 9. "The ritualists must bear to be publicly told, whether they like it or not, that Catholics do not . . . believe that they really teach all truth, more than their neighbours in adjoining parishes, who preach perhaps Socinianism, or perhaps the Lutheran idea of justification, or perhaps adherence to the nine articles of Lambeth." Certainly no Catholic thinks that high-churchmen "teach *all* Catholic truth": but surely they teach much *more* of it, than do preachers of Socinianism, Lutheranism, Calvinism.

† "Mere Protestants have seldom any real perception of the doctrine of God and man in one Person. They speak in a dreamy shadowy way of Christ's divinity; but when their meaning is sifted, you will find them very slow to commit themselves to any statement sufficient to express the Catholic dogma. . . . When they comment on the Gospels, they will speak of Christ not simply and consistently as God, but as a being made out of God and man . . . or as a man inhabited by the Divine Presence. . . . Such is the ordinary character of the Protestant notions among us on the divinity of Christ, whether among members of the Anglican communion or dissenters from it, excepting a small remnant of them."—F. Newman "To Mixed Congregations," fourth edition, pp. 346-7.

in full communion with a swarm of persons, whom he must himself account heretics. All he desires is, that he may force violently upon those heretics the external recital of a formulary, which at heart they abhor. We do not see how it is possible for a Catholic to sympathize with so singular an agitation.

Meanwhile Mr. MacColl retorts on Catholics as to *their own* supposed defects in the matter. He thinks they would be more satisfactorily circumstanced (p. 14), if they chanted the Athanasian Creed (in Latin?) at "the office of Benediction." He regrets (ib.) that a certain "good English" Catholic "tradition" has been "encroached upon by *foreign* devotions of a *less masculine type*"; and that the Athanasian Creed "has been elbowed out by devotions of a *more emotional* character." He thinks (ib.) that Catholics "suffer a great loss, by seldom or never hearing the Creed in congregational worship." He considers that there has been a movement among English Catholics against any prominent exhibition of the Athanasian Creed, which is in fact a movement against "the *sober* Catholicism of their Church" (ib.) in favour of "Ultramontaniam" (ib., *note*). He thinks (p. 168) that Italian liberals might be perhaps less shaky in their Catholicity, if they had oftener heard the Athanasian Creed (in the vernacular?) in congregational worship. All this is to us very surprising; but we should be carried too far if we refuted it in detail.

Dr. Pusey has announced, that if the authorities of his communion "tamper" with the Athanasian Creed, he shall no longer account it the same communion, and will seek safety elsewhere. Mr. MacColl, in a letter to the "Guardian" of September 18th, says that "if the Church of England with her own hands alters the Athanasian Creed or the rubric which prescribes its use, a secession is certain": and he knows from letters he has received, that in such secession Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon "would have a considerable following." Considering the patristic professions of Dr. Pusey's school, we had hitherto regarded their ecclesiastic position itself as so amazing, that nothing fresh they did could possibly be more so; but this last step certainly *is* a surprise. That they should regard as a branch of the Catholic Church, a communion, so saturated with omnigenous heresy,—so incapable of teaching (we will not say the Catholic Faith, but) any one doctrine whatsoever*—this is one astounding fact. But that their faith in its divine authority, after having been proof against all these crushingly adverse notes, should succumb to the mere disuse of one for-

* In a later part of our article we dwell on these characteristics of the Established Communion.

mulary—this is an even greater bewilderment. It is as though some passenger firmly believed in his ship's security, while the sea was rushing in on every side and rapidly sinking her; but his confidence should suddenly collapse, on observing that dinner-time had arrived and the bell had not rung. Certainly high churchmen are blinded by pen-and-ink theories to the plainest facts, in a degree utterly unapproached by any other Christian sect on record.

However the two Anglican Archbishops, in answering Lord Shaftesbury's memorial, have indicated their intention of "tampering" with the Athanasian Creed, if they possibly can; and Dr. Pusey with his friends must therefore account his communion as on the verge of formal apostasy. Under these circumstances, we should have thought they had enough within their own pale to engage their attention; and we are a little surprised, that two of them should have chosen such a moment for an assault on the Roman Catholic Church. Such however is the fact. They call their pamphlets indeed "Church of England Defence Tracts"; but we pointed out in our last number (p. 204)—and F. Addis (p. 41) repeats the remark—that they do not contain one syllable in defence of the Anglican communion; that if their historical allegations were tenable, it would follow—not at all that the said communion is part of the Catholic Church—but that the Catholic Church has ceased to exist (p. 206).

The second indeed of these Tracts contains a defence of Anglican ordinations, and so far does attempt something positive. But, as we further observed (pp. 204, 5), if its whole argument were conceded, the only inference would be, that the English Establishment possesses one characteristic, which every high-churchman admits to be possessed by various bodies denounced by him as heretical. We shall not here enter on the question; because Canon Estcourt has advertised a volume dealing with it expressly, which is sure to be filled with valuable matter, and which will be the obvious occasion for any remarks of our own. Here therefore we will only quote some most admirable observations made by F. Humphrey, in the valuable work which we have named at the head of our article.

I need scarcely encumber my letter by any remarks upon the subject of "Anglican orders," as, if you have followed my argument, you will agree with me, that it has but little bearing on the real issue; it is a matter which may be interesting to antiquarians, but, as a practical question, it is valueless.

If the ministers of the Church of England have valid orders, and are really priests, their position is worse, than we, who believe them to be amiable and cultured laymen, at present regard it. It would still remain that they are

schismatics ; and, in that case, they would simply be schismatic priests, instead of schismatic laymen. The guilt and danger of their position would be intensified. They talk of apostolic succession, as if that would make them an integral part of the Catholic Church. What avails it that the dead branch was once part of the living and fruitful tree, or that the amputated limb was once part of a living man ? (pp. 48, 49.)

They claim some sort of an occult connection with the Catholic and Roman Church, and it is necessary to their position ; but if their orders are really valid, then that Church has been for three hundred years practising a systematic course of sacrilege—for both Confirmation and Orders are Sacraments which can be conferred but once, and to reiterate them is a sacrilege. Either, then, the Catholic and Roman Church is not sacrilegious—and in that case “Anglican orders” are invalid, and Anglican ministers are laymen ; or they are really priests, in which case she is sacrilegious ; and the sacrilege is not confined to the subjects of the Archbishop of Westminster, but extends to the whole body diffused throughout the world. And yet our friends form societies to promote their corporate reunion with a Church, which their assertion of the validity of their orders necessarily affirms to be sacrilegious. (p. 52.)

It is to me, my dear friend, the greatest consolation that [Anglican ordinations] are absolutely invalid ; and for this reason—were they valid, England would be probably at this moment under a curse. It would be red with the Blood of our Divine Lord. The guilt of sacrilege would rest upon her, and upon her children. Were they valid, the ministers of the Church of England would be schismatic indeed, but still true priests. In that case, if they said the words of consecration with due intention, they would have the Blessed Sacrament ; they would have the Body and Blood of the Divine Victim at their mercy. Now, reflect what—before the recent High-Church movement—was, not the isolated and occasional, but the usual and ordinary practice, in disposing of what remained of the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper of the Anglican Church. A record of details I spare you ; and it is needless—you know them as well as I do.

We, who are certain of the fact that your ministers are laymen, and therefore their “consecrated elements” but bread and wine, hear of their destination with a smile ; did we agree with the High Churchmen, we should think of it with a shudder. But, thanks be to God ! England has been saved the guilt and the punishment of such a sin ; and the Church of England has never banished the Incarnate Word from her temples, for He has never, since she possessed them, been within their walls. (pp. 56, 57.)

The remaining Tracts purport to show, by an appeal to history, that the power now claimed by the Holy See was not given her by God. And firstly, a word must be said on this appeal itself to history. Anglican high-churchmen have got hold of the notion, that a Catholic, in arguing against them, is more or less embarrassed by history ; that he tries to avoid facing the historical argument, and to divert the controversy into other channels. Never was there a profounder mistake.

High-churchmen, we consider, are thoroughly beaten on whichever side they assail the Church: but if there be one battle-field more than another on which their defeat is utterly ignominious, it is this ground of history. Never was there a calumny more absurd as well as shameless, than that which ascribes to Catholics in general, or to the Archbishop of Westminster in particular, an opinion, that the Definition of Papal infallibility was a "triumph over history." F. Humphrey treats this outrageous falsehood excellently and with richly deserved indignation, in his Preface (pp. xvi., xvii.)

What can be—we will not say its foundation, for it *has* no foundation—but what can be its origin? We can think of no other, except that the Archbishop has more than once protested against the view, that history is the divinely appointed source, from which individual Christians are to learn revealed dogma. God has instituted an infallible Church, as the one authoritative teacher of dogma; and the Church's authority is made known to the mass of men, not by their personal study of history, but by notes manifest and apparent to all. "Were the Church," says F. Humphrey,

to be discoverable and known only in this way, by means of long, learned, and laborious investigation, salvation would be for the few, and not for all. All men have not brains, or learning, or leisure for such an inquiry; nay, more than half the human race cannot even read. Faith, then, is not to be got from books. "Faith cometh by hearing." Yes, it must be by signs and notes which are apparent to all; to the poor as to the rich; to the illiterate and the rude, as well as to the clever and the learned; to the apple-woman at the street-corner, guileless of culture and learning, as well as to the king in his palace, and to the philosopher in his study. She has a soul to be saved as well as they; for her, the Incarnate Word laid down His Life, and shed His Blood, as much as for them; and she has, equally with them, a right to know where is the Divine Teacher who will guide her into all truth. (p. 23.)

But if ever there were in the world a theory grotesquely unhistorical,—a theory which treats the records of past time as a mere almanack—a theory utterly revolting to every historically cultured mind—it is that of Anglican high-churchmen. This is what has been repeatedly pressed by Catholic controversialists; and it is as coolly ignored in these Tracts, as though (which however is impossible) their writers had never heard the allegation. Once more then we must endeavour to urge on their attention, what has been so persistently put forth against them in Catholic controversy for so many centuries; small as may be our hope, that they will fulfil the most rudimentary of controversial obligations, by giving some *little* heed at least to what is said by their opponents.

The historical controversy between Catholics and high-churchmen turns fundamentally on the Church's divinely given constitution. And the foundation of the Catholic historical argument is this; that whatever doctrine on this subject was unanimously held by the Fathers as divinely revealed, beyond doubt was *really* so revealed.* To hear high-churchmen talk, you would think that they hold this with fullest acceptance: nay, with astounding infatuation, they sometimes persuade themselves, that Catholics hold it less rootedly than they do. Now it is manifest on the very surface of history, that a certain very definite doctrine concerning the Church's constitution was held unanimously by the Fathers; and one would suppose accordingly that the controversy is at an end. The Church was universally regarded as being, by divine irrevocable appointment, one corporate body, governed by the united Episcopate. It was further universally held, that this united Episcopate has received from God the gift, of securely preserving Catholic dogma against all heretical corruption; inasmuch that the Church's unity of faith is ever as visible and unmistakable a fact, as her unity of organization. All the Fathers held, moreover, that a certain precedence was conferred by Christ on S. Peter's See before all others, whatever the exact *nature* of that precedence. Lastly the doctrine was no less universal, that the Church thus constituted has received from Christ an irrevocable promise, of being preserved safely in all her essential attributes until His second coming. These verities no doubt lead necessarily to one or two further inquiries: as e. g. particularly, what is the true nature of the precedence accorded to S. Peter's See? and further, what is the principle of episcopal unity; what is that divinely appointed ordinance, which indefectibly secures the unity of episcopal action? It is not equally manifest on the surface of history, how these two questions would have been answered by the Fathers, or whether indeed all would have given the *same* answer. Let these points therefore for the moment be reserved; and let us look at those remaining features of the picture, on which no one can doubt that the Fathers were unanimous.

The controversy then, as we have said, would seem really to be at an end. The high-churchman starts with professing, that whatever doctrine on this subject was unanimously held by the Fathers as divinely revealed, was *really* so revealed. Catholics, really *holding* what high-churchmen only *profess*,

* We by no means say, of course, that every revealed doctrine has been unanimously held as such by the Fathers; we only express the *converse* proposition.

accept the preceding picture in all its minutest details. On the other hand high-churchmen utterly reject it in every particular. They *deny* that the Church is, by divine irrevocable appointment, one corporate body; and they *deny* that the Catholic Episcopate has received from God the irrevocable gift of securely preserving Catholic dogma. They have themselves chosen their battle-field; and *on* that battle-field they are utterly routed and put to flight.

We have mentioned two fundamental high-church theses, as manifestly and flagrantly contradictory to the unanimous teaching of the Fathers. The first of these theses is, that the Church is not, by divine irrevocable appointment, one corporate body: and that high-churchmen maintain this thesis, is a matter of eye-sight and admits no denial. The second fundamental high-church thesis is, that the Catholic Episcopate has not received from God the irrevocable privilege, of securely preserving Catholic dogma. This thesis they certainly disclaim: but the utter hopelessness of their disclaimer does but put in clearer light the ignominiousness of their historical defeat.

The high-churchman then does not *deny*—so he assures the world—that the Catholic Episcopate has received from God the irrevocable privilege, of securely preserving Catholic dogma. On the contrary, he declares that those three societies, which he regards as jointly constituting the Catholic Church, agree in prominently testifying the fundamental truths of Revelation. This or that branch, he admits, may have admitted subordinate errors; but he adds, that neither the Roman, nor Greek, nor Anglican Communion has ever been sullied by *heresy*. An amazing statement indeed! For consider. According to him, it is no matter of opinion but a revealed truth, that the Pope possesses no supremacy over the Episcopal body; it is no matter of opinion but a revealed truth, that the Pope is fallible when teaching *ex cathedrâ*. According to him, then, the whole Roman Church—by far the largest “branch” of the three—imposes on her children, as of grave obligation, the denial of revealed truth; or in other words, the belief and profession of heresy: and this moreover, on no subordinate matter, but on the very Rule of Faith.*

Such, then, is that theory of the Catholic Church, which a high-churchman has the nerve to propose as patristic: a theory which affirms, that the large majority of Catholic bishops, co-

* It may be worth mentioning that, with the vast majority of high-churchmen, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception must be a heresy: because they consider it a *revealed truth*, that every person, born of human parents, has contracted original sin.

operating with S. Peter's See, can be permitted by Christ to enforce heresy, as of Catholic Faith and as a condition of communion.

Doubtless,—since the Anglican high-churchman thinks that a true portion of the Catholic Church can be so degraded and apostate,—there is a certain unhappy consistency, in his accounting *his own communion* also a portion of the Catholic Church. Still, with all his extraordinary power of making himself believe what he wishes, he cannot possibly acquiesce in such a conclusion, without resolutely blinding himself to those facts which most closely and unintermittingly surround him. Accordingly, Dr. Pusey, in the "Eirenicon" (p. 10), with characteristic undauntedness, asserted that, within the Church of England, "the great body of the Faith is infallibly fixed"; that she is "a continual unchanging teacher of the Truth which Christ revealed." We argued against this statement in January, 1866 (p. 220-229), so far as argument against it is possible; though there was of course real difficulty, in finding premises more undeniably self-evident, than is the very conclusion itself towards which those premises were directed. On the present occasion, we have no need to speak on this particular head; as several of the pamphlets named at the head of our article say, with fully sufficient vigour, all which has to be said. Foremost, in this respect, stands Mr. Maskell; whose main point, in fact, is the complete absence of dogmatic teaching among Anglicans. In all these quotations the *italics* will be our own.

Nothing can exceed the interest with which thoughtful men at this time must look upon the fortunes of the established Church. To the statesman who regards her as a kind of religious police and as a means, simply, of keeping people in order and obedient to the laws of the realm, the progress of disruption must be a cause of anxiety. So long as the system can be made to hold together, no other which the wit of man has ever invented can be conceived so suitable to the present day. It is more than Proteus-like. The protestant Church presents not merely any change of countenance which may happen to be wanted at the moment, so as to satisfy or deceive the discontented; but *puts on and flares before the world a dozen faces all at once*. There is scarcely any known form of nominal Christianity which may not suppose, and fairly suppose, that the Establishment reflects its own shape and features. Taking Christianity to mean nothing beyond the mere fact that Jesus Christ taught the world a true religion, *the formularies of the English Church invite the teaching of almost every known heresy*. If this statement be thought too extreme, it must be granted that *they permit both the assertion and the denial of almost every great Christian doctrine*.

There is no other religious body upon earth which can lay claim to so re-

markable a distinction. Speaking largely, Buddhists and Mahometans and even the worst forms of heathenism have some kind of teaching, be it more or less, which it is not lawful to dispute about or deny. Or, take the numerous sects which abound in this country. Presbyterians and Irvingites and Wesleyans and Quakers plainly teach or plainly condemn this or that particular doctrine. But the Establishment *has no deliberate or certain teaching*. She has thrown utterly away every pretence to the exercise of the prophetic office and *leaves her members to find out for themselves, if they can, what is true and what is false*. Acting like the heathen judge of old, the reformed Church of England is content (not to answer but) to ask "What is Truth?" (pp. 10, 11.)

The ritualists know well that the established Church teaches with certainty on scarcely a single Christian doctrine. They have never dared to bring an evangelical minister into court. Their utmost threatening has been that they will prosecute some distinguished opponent for disobedience to some ceremonial rubric. In such a case it is very likely (for the Judicial Committee must decide as lawyers) that they might succeed, and make all bishops wear copes and at confirmations lay hands singly on every candidate. But they dare not bring a low churchman before an ecclesiastical judge on any disputed point of doctrine; except, perhaps, for some denial of a part of the Athanasian Creed, so barefaced and so extravagant as to be nothing less than a denial of Christianity altogether. (pp. 15, 16.)

[In the Anglican Church] there is no certainty about any doctrine; perhaps the Bible is inspired, perhaps it is not; perhaps the sacraments convey grace, perhaps it is nonsense to suppose they do; perhaps the punishment of the wicked will be eternal, perhaps not; perhaps God the Son is co-eternal with the Father, perhaps not; perhaps all men "who will be saved" must think in one way only of the Trinity, perhaps not. And so on through the long list of the articles of the Christian Faith. (pp. 21, 22.)

The ritualists are in fact ultra-protestants.

The great characteristics of protestantism are, first, abuse of Roman doctrine and of Roman Catholics; and, secondly, a claim to the unlimited right of private judgment. Both of these characteristics are eminently shown by writers of the school commonly called ritualist; who are in fact ultra-protestant. (p. 20.)

Mr. Maskell draws an important distinction, between the tractarians of thirty years ago and the present ritualists.

In considering the position occupied by ritualists in the established Church, one characteristic is to be remarked by which that party is distinguished from the earlier school of tractarians of about thirty years ago. The tractarians endeavoured to prove that the doctrines which they taught were *the* doctrines of the reformed Church. They were not satisfied to be merely allowed to teach them, but declared all who held opposite opinions to be not truly members of the Church. They did not merely assert (for example) that episcopal ordination is of necessity, or that all children are regenerated

in the sacrament of baptism, but they further said that nothing more was required to prove this than to bring to the test of a formal trial the contradiction of either of these great truths by a beneficed clergyman.

The first case which occurred involved the doctrine of baptism : and Englishmen generally were amazed to find that, in spite of the apparently strong language of the Common Prayer-book and the authority of a long tradition, the formularies of the English Church permit both the denial and the assertion of regeneration in baptism. So it has been since laid down with regard to other doctrines : and the ritualists have been compelled to take a position altogether different from and far lower in principle than that which the tractarians endeavoured to defend.

In fact, the two positions scarcely admit of comparison, so widely are they separated. Tractarians could not admit the idea of a Church which did not teach : and by teaching they understood the positive rejection of heresy equally with the acceptance of Christian truth. Ritualists, on the other hand, are content to be suffered to hold their peculiar opinions : they are content to claim no higher authority for what they speak to their people than that which sends their next-door neighbour into his pulpit to contradict them in every possible way : they are content to be allowed to put on copes and chasubles and make "high celebrations" upon the strength of an old rubric which refers to the second year of Edward VI., although they well know that the vast majority of English ministers are no less borne out when they wear unseemly surplices and say the office of communion with every mark of carelessness, and with full intention to show, practically, the absurdity of fancying that there can be any Real Presence in the Eucharist or any character of Sacrifice except of thanksgiving.

The old tractarians when the knowledge was forced upon them that the reformed Church has no dogmatic teaching felt the ground upon which they had stood, and tried to fight the battle of the Establishment, cut away from beneath their feet. Some saw at once and clearly the logical consequence of a result so unlooked for, so fatal to all claims upon a reasonable obedience, and became converts to the Catholic Faith. Some fell back into what is called the high and dry school, and having once resisted the grace of conversion were soon falsely satisfied with their new resting-place, and retained small feeling about anything except anger against those who, by leaving the Establishment, condemned the seeming dishonesty of others who remained. Some, again, seeing plainly that the old tractarian arguments had been proved to be incorrect, gave up the whole notion as untrue and joined the winning party of the low church and evangelicals. (pp. 12, 13.)

F. Humphrey draws out a similar view, with less brilliancy perhaps, but on the other hand with even greater fulness and breadth of thought. We are sure our readers will not regret the length of our quotation. He begins by contrasting high-churchmen with "Bible Christians."

I have a great affection, and in a manner a reverence, for those Bible Christians, as they are called ; and for this reason. True, they worship they

know not what ; it is an irrational worship,—it is, if you please, something akin to Fetish worship, or to the worship by the Ephesians of their goddess Diana, who fell down to them out of heaven from Jupiter ; but with all those drawbacks, *it is the nearest approach to an act of faith which is or can be made out of the Catholic and Roman Church.* There is a submission of reason and will to something divine, as divine.

They are hopelessly at sea as to *why* it is divine, and why it possesses a divine and so supreme authority over their consciences : and even in their worship there is a large alloy of private judgment ; for what they submit to is, the Scriptures not simply as objectively true, but as subjectively true to them, that is, as interpreted by them. Yet still there is a submission to an authority, and so at least a shadow of an act of faith. They are irrational, but they are religious ; they are puzzle-headed more than proud. They assert and act on the principle of Infallibility, although they are wrong as to its subject ; transferring to an inanimate object that which is the property of a living Body—the Church of God, and its visible Head, the Roman Pontiff.

Now as to our High-Church friends, what is the ground of their faith ? To what authority do they submit their reason ? They answer—“To the Church.” But *what Church ?* Certainly not the Catholic and Roman Church, for they lie under her excommunication. Certainly not the schismatic Greek Church ; for even separated as it is from the Catholic Church, it will not ally itself with Protestant sects. What remains ? The Church of England. But *do they submit their reason to it, as to a divine and infallible authority ?* Read their organs, and the articles full of abuse and ridicule they contain against the ecclesiastical authorities of that Church, and the accusations of heresy they bring against its heads, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, and say whether they submit their reason to its teaching and authority, to its mind and will.

Certainly they are right in this, that given the divine truth of the doctrines they hold in common with the Catholic and Roman Church, their archbishop is a heretic. But does this help their position ? Nay, what does it entail upon them as a necessary consequence ? *It is an acknowledged principle, that those who are in communion with heretics are partakers thereby in their sins, they are heretics also. But they accuse their archbishop and the majority of his colleagues of heresy, and yet they are in communion with them ;* therefore they are themselves heretics on their own showing. They must take their choice of one or other term of the dilemma. If their archbishop is right, they are necessarily heretics ; if they are right, he is a heretic, and they, being in communion with him, share his heresy.

Now, can you imagine me, for instance, writing in the *Tablet* of the Archbishop of Westminster as they, week after week, write of their bishops ? What would be the consequence in my case, if I did ? You cannot doubt but that I should be immediately suspended. There would be an exercise of authority on the part of my ecclesiastical superior ; and on my part, if I wished to remain in his communion, there would be a necessary act of submissiion.

If, on the contrary, I persevered in my contumacy, I should be excommunicated ; and if any of my brethren in the priesthood or of my people adhered to me, they would share my excommunication.

True, I might be in the right, and he in the wrong ; and were I persuaded of this, I might appeal to him who is superior to both of us—to the Supreme Pontiff. He is the Bishop of my Archbishop as well as mine ; and my Diocesan is as much subject to the jurisdiction and authority of the one Father of the One Family, the one King of One Kingdom, as I am. And were the Holy Father to sustain my appeal, and decide that I was in the right, and my Archbishop in the wrong ; he would submit to his superior, acknowledge his fault, and repair his error. In my appeal there would be no insubordination, and in his submission there would be no indignity.

But were he to resist the judgment of his superior, the Holy Father, his excommunication would follow in due course, and thereupon his subjects would renounce their allegiance to him. If they adhered to him, from personal affection, for worldly advantages, or from private judgment, they would simply share his excommunication, and be, like him, members severed from the one Living Body—branches broken from the one Mystic Vine.

Here you have authority in action ; and submission its correlative. (pp. 37-40.)

The pamphlet by "two Catholics" has been occasioned by a ritualistic criticism of Mgr. Capel's recent lectures. We are very glad to hear that these lectures are likely to be published ; for they have already done excellent service, and cannot fail to be even more influential when more widely circulated. Mgr. Capel is daily assuming a more important position among English Catholics, and we hail with much pleasure his promised appearance as an author. The pamphlet before us is written in the best spirit, and displays throughout great force of reasoning. The writers are evidently much more recent converts than Mr. Maskell, and have far more direct acquaintance than he with the modern exhibitions of ritualism. We extract one telling passage. The ritualist whom they are answering had said, that he would rather remain an Anglican, than, "for love of excitement, music, or" Mgr. Capel, "run off on Sundays to places of worship." The "two Catholics" reply :

There is undoubtedly a large element of sensationalism and excitement in the services of the Ritualistic churches which cannot exist in the services of the Catholic Church, because they are always the same in ritual and ceremonies as the different festivals come round. There is also wholly absent a feeling that a pang would go through the heart of the bishop of the diocese, which rather enhances the excitement, if not the enjoyment, of a Ritualistic function ; nor are Catholics on their great festivals in a state of excitement as to whether their parish priest will have "got a little further, and have another light or two, or a banner, or a crucifix, or, possibly clothe himself in a cope." Nor do we suppose a Catholic has ever been heard to say that he cannot go to his parish church because it is so disturbing to devotion,

"always something new," and yet you must know how often this has been urged even by High Churchmen. (p. 23.)

We can also heartily recommend the whole letter of Mr. Harington Moore, addressed to his late parishioners. It takes up a position, which is very familiar to Catholics, but which very few Anglicans will even *attempt* to apprehend. Real service then is done, when a certain number of them are addressed by one whom they already know, and who may hope therefore with more success than another to engage their attention. We subjoin a few extracts.

If the Church of England is in disunion with the Catholic Church and the Greek Church, it is also in the most utter state of disunion within its own pale. The possibility of the High-Church, Low-Church, and Broad-Church parties all finding their place in it, all recognised by authority, ought in itself to make thinking men very careful to inquire whether such an unparalleled state of affairs can be possible in any religious body possessing a vestige of truth. In no dissenting sect is so much variety of doctrine to be found. (p. 6.)

What does the Church of England teach? Just what each individual clergyman pleases. The Church of England is no teacher at all. The High Churchman and the Low Churchman each asserts his own to be the teaching of the Prayer-book; but there is no living voice of authority to decide for the inanimate Prayer-book which is right. (p. 7.)

You know, too, that you are taught to regard dissenters with holy horror, and yet the Established Church was clearly the first dissenter, inasmuch as it severed itself from the Catholic Church 300 years ago, which Church was then, as Anglican theology itself teaches, the true Church of God on earth. But then, perhaps, you will say a reformation was necessary, and that the Established Church merely corrected errors which had sprung up in the Catholic Church. I reply, How do you know they were errors? Who gave the Reformers the gift of infallibility, that they should presume to know better what was error and truth than the Church of Christ did, which had the Holy Ghost with it to keep it in all truth? By accepting the religion of the Reformation you are accepting the infallibility of fallible men, in preference to the infallibility of the Catholic Church. And if you want to satisfy yourself as to the characters of the Fathers of the Anglican Establishment, who set up as teachers of Christ's Church, I refer you to a pamphlet *written by a High Churchman*, and entitled "Innovations." (p. 12.)

Each Ritualistic clergyman seems to me to comprise within himself the respective powers of Pope, Bishop, and Priest, if not of a General Council. I know not what authority he submits to. Certainly not his bishop, because his bishop may be Low Church, and may order him to abstain from some doctrine or practice, which he pleases to call Catholic, without a chance of meeting with obedience from him. Certainly not the Privy Council; and yet this is the court of final appeal recognised by the whole episcopate of the Established Church, and one of the two archbishops always appends his signature to its judgments. When the Church of England cast off the autho-

riety of the Pope, it substituted instead, as a court of final appeal, the Sovereign in council. Surely, then, this ought to be obeyed. But, if it had been, Ritualism would exist no longer, for it has in no uncertain way condemned High-Church doctrine and practice. In doctrine it has left Baptismal Regeneration, Eternal Punishment, the Real Presence, all open questions, and distinctly condemned, by the Bennett judgment, the Eucharistic Sacrifice as held by Ritualists. In ritual it has forbidden vestments, lights, incense, the eastward position of the celebrant; in a word, all a Ritualist holds dear. In fact, it has endeavoured by its judgments to support the Protestant religion, which the sovereigns at their coronation swear to uphold.

What authority, then, does the Ritualist clergyman acknowledge? He replies: The authority of the Church. But what does that mean? Where is this living voice to be found? In the Prayer-book? It is capable of several interpretations. In the Catholic and Roman Church? But this the Established Church has repudiated, saying, it has erred. In antiquity? But this merely means "private judgment," for it ends in being what the individual pleases to believe was taught in the early ages of Christianity, or in what he pleases to denominate Catholic. (pp. 16-18.)

Yet there are controversialists, claiming forsooth to be specially "patristic" and "historical," who gravely maintain that such a communion as this is part of the Church Catholic: of that Church, which—as the Fathers unanimously declare—was founded by Christ to teach the nations one definite body of truth!

We have already dwelt on the fact that, according to the Fathers' unanimous testimony, the Church is, by Christ's irrevocable institution, one corporate body governed by the united Episcopate. This statement Dr. Pusey is absolutely compelled by his position to deny. What then is the counter-doctrine which he alleges as patristic? We quote the ipsissima verba of Tract XC.; with which Dr. Pusey, on occasion of republishing it, identified his own position.

Bishop is superior to bishop only in rank and not in power. . . . The portions of the Church need not otherwise have been united together *for their essential completeness*, than as being *descended from one original*. They are like a number of colonies sent out from a mother country. *Each church is independent of all the rest.*

And this is "history" and "the Fathers"! It is not too much to say, that there is no one historical fact, and no one patristic utterance, which has so much as the superficial appearance of sanctioning so wild a doctrine. If there is one class of facts more obtrusive than any other on the whole surface of Church history, they are facts which prove, that individual bishops were *not* independent, but on the contrary were subject to a superior authority. We will not appeal to

Catholic writers on this head; because no one can read Dr. Pusey's own work on Councils,* without seeing, not only that the fact is as we have stated, but that Dr. Pusey when he wrote his volume had for the moment no other idea. We will content ourselves with one quotation. It refers to the Nicene Council.

All [its canons] were everywhere received; and all provincial Councils held themselves bound to do nothing against any canon of the Council of Nice. *The whole Church obeyed whatever it bade or forbade.*

But beyond all questions of detail, which were thus ruled for the *Universal Church*, the half-yearly synods of bishops were then, *by virtue of an authority acknowledged everywhere as supreme*, appointed for the whole Church. The especial object of their meeting was the protection of all under the bishop laity, and clergy, *against any private wrong feeling of an individual bishop*. But the protection lay in an appeal to the bishops of the province *collectively*." (pp. 112, 13.)

The individual bishop then was so far from being "independent," that an appeal was always open against him to his comprovincials; and neither again were they collectively "independent," because the "authority" of an Ecumenical Council was "acknowledged everywhere as supreme."

We stated some pages back, that an acceptance of this universally received patristic doctrine, on the supreme authority of the united Episcopate, leads necessarily to one or two further inquiries. Particularly, we said, it compels us to inquire, —what is the *principle* of episcopal unity; or in other words, what is that divinely-appointed ordinance, which indefectibly secures the unity of episcopal action? The answer, given by Roman Catholics to this inquiry, is notorious; and we may call it "the Papal doctrine." We are next then to consider, how this "Papal doctrine" stands, in reference to history and the Fathers. Three positions on this matter are imaginable; and we will consider them successively.

(1.) It is imaginable, that history directly contradicts this doctrine. Or in other words it is imaginable, that some fact or facts, ascertained as historically certain, are incompatible with the supposition, that this Papal doctrine was in any shape imparted by the Apostles to the Church as divinely revealed.

This is the thesis, which the "Church of England Defence Tracts" labour to establish. Let us suppose that their success had been as signal, as in fact has been their failure. What would follow from that thesis? It would follow, that the Catholic Church has ceased to exist; that there is no corporate

* "The Councils of the Church, A. D. 51—281." 1857.

society now to be found, which corresponds with that picture of the Catholic Church, which was universally accepted by the Fathers. What these Anglican controversialists hold, comes (we have seen) to this; that the large majority of Catholic Bishops co-operate with S. Peter's See, in enforcing heresy as a condition of communion. But nothing can by possibility be more undeniably anti-historical and anti-patristic, than the doctrine, that Christ, consistently with His promises, could *allow* the large majority of Catholic Bishops to co-operate with S. Peter's See in thus enforcing heresy. The only conclusion then which could legitimately result from this high-church thesis would be, that the Catholic Church, as recognized by the Fathers, has ceased to exist. And moreover,—since the Fathers unanimously held as a revealed truth that the Catholic Church will *always* exist,—this thesis leads to the further conclusion, that patristic consent is no true test of revealed truth. The Editors of these Tracts begin by heralding themselves with sound of trumpet, as the special advocates of ecclesiastical *history*: they end, by subverting (so far as in them lies) the whole authority of ecclesiastical history from its very foundation.

(2.) Secondly it is imaginable, that history is *neutral* on the Papal doctrine: that there are no ascertained facts, sufficient by themselves to establish its apostolic origin; but that neither are there facts, sufficient to *disprove* that origin. On such a supposition, the historical evidence of Roman Catholicity would remain altogether unshaken. On a former occasion we thus briefly expressed the historical evidence, to which we here refer.

The Apostolic Church was constituted by Christ as one corporate and hierarchical society: claiming to teach with infallible authority the truths committed by Him to her charge; and inculcating them on all her members, through her various living organs and representatives. Moreover, the Apostles' death was not, by God's appointment, to make any change whatever in her organization. On the contrary, Christ and His Apostles had expressly declared that she was to remain on earth until His second coming. Correlatively with this broad fact on the one hand, there stands forth in history a broad fact on the other hand. From that time to the present, there has always been one, and (speaking generally) there has never been more than one society, precisely answering to the description which we have given. This society, therefore, in every age has been the One Catholic Apostolic Church. There have been rare and exceptional periods, we admit—specially the period of that schism which terminated at the Council of Constance—when there were two rival claimants of Apostolic privilege. But the fact that at rare intervals there have been rival claims, does not tend ever so remotely to cause doubt in ordinary times, when there is no such rivalry. The

Apostolic Church, such as we have described it, was to last till the end of the world. In the time of S. Irenæus, there was one, and one only, such society. In the time of Constantine, there was one, and one only, such society. In the time of S. Gregory—in the Middle Ages—at the time of the Reformation—there was one, and one only, such society. At the present moment there is one, and one only, such society. Hence she is the One Catholic Apostolic Church: and her teaching, whatever it may be, is infallibly true; simply because it is her teaching. (Jan. 1867, pp. 116, 17.)

We need not appeal then to history at all, as *immediately* attesting the Papal doctrine. Facts, manifest on the very surface of history, incontestably establish, that the Church in communion with Rome is the one infallible Church. But it is a notorious fact, denied by no one, that this Church teaches the Papal doctrine as a divinely revealed truth; and we may thus, without further appeal to historical details, irrefragably infer, that the Papal doctrine is a truth revealed by God.

(3.) For our own part however, we are firmly convinced, that the preceding alternative is an entirely mistaken hypothesis; that historical facts, if duly considered, suffice by themselves to establish directly the apostolic origin of Papal doctrine. Following the stream of Catholic writers, we gave our reasons for this opinion in July, 1867 (pp. 21-34). Here therefore we will do no more, than refer to what we there wrote.

This is the proposition, which F. Addis vindicates against the "Church of England Defence Tracts." These do not indeed attempt to deal with the broad facts and features of ecclesiastical history, but confine themselves to individual and isolated facts. Since therefore F. Addis is obliged of course to follow their path, it is simply impossible that any general analysis can be given of the controversy; and we must refer our readers to the Oratorian's very able pamphlet. We said in July (p. 206) that he is a writer, from whom we expect signal services to the Church; and his second pamphlet is in every respect worthy of his first. We can only however give one or two specimens, of the singular excellence by which it is distinguished.

Speaking of his former pamphlet, we said that "we are not acquainted with any other controversialist whomsoever, to whom we could refer for so fair complete and lucid an exposition" as F. Addis's, of S. Irenæus's well-known passage on the "*potentior principalitas*." Fortunately for the cause of truth, his opponent has specially replied to this part of his argument; and has thus given F. Addis the opportunity, of which he has amply availed himself, to vindicate still more irrefragably the only interpretation, which, with any show of reason, can be affixed to S. Irenæus's words (pp. 5-13).

The following is excellent on the Council of Ephesus.

It is always rather hard to know what is meant in the two tracts by "misquotation." It is "misquotation," apparently, to adduce the lofty language used by the legates of the Pope at Ephesus, without adding that the Council did not regard the Pope's condemnation of Nestorius as final. On the other hand, it is, it seems, no "misquotation" to be silent about the fact that Cyril asked the Holy See whether he was or was not to hold communion with Nestorius, and this because he did not dare to decide on his own authority. "It was very natural," we are now told, "that Cyril should write to Pope Celestine in deferential language as to the line to be taken towards Nestorius." No doubt it was very natural that he should ask from the Pope instructions for himself and the bishops of the East on a matter which involved a judgment on the orthodoxy of another patriarch, *if he acknowledged in the Pope the supreme head of the Church, divinely appointed to guard her doctrine.* But that he should have acted thus *is inexplicable*, as far as we can see, *on any other theory.*

To Catholics there is nothing in the history of the Council which offers any serious difficulty. The Emperor was strongly inclined to favour Nestorius, and a spirit of heresy was widely spread in the East, particularly in the patriarchate of Antioch. It is not surprising, therefore, that it was deemed most prudent to give the Pope's decision effect by means of a General Council, and to treat Nestorius in form as if his heresy were still uncon-
demned.

But this, it may be said, is to assume that the words of the Council, in passing sentence on Nestorius, "compelled and constrained thereto by the sacred canons, and by the letter of our father and fellow-minister Celestine," have the sense I gave them. They need not mean more than that "the canons and the letter of the first of bishops brought home to them their duty." To this I answer: (1.) We can see what authority the Pope claimed from his instructions to his legates. He expressly forbade his legates to enter the arena with the other bishops. *They were simply to see the Pope's instructions carried out; and to act, not as disputants, but as judges* (Const. Ep. Cel. 17). (2.) The bishops practically recognized the authority which the Pope claimed. Thus, in the second action, Firmus of Caesarea in Cappadocia declared, that the letter of Celestine "had prescribed the sentence and the rule" (*ψήφον καὶ νόμον ἔπεσχε*) which the Council was to follow. (3.) The bishops certainly felt themselves obliged to obey the canons, and yet they put the canons and the letter of the Pope on the same level. (pp. 27-29.)

A favourite argument of high-churchmen, urged again of course in these Tracts, has been founded on the fact, that at Chalcedon the bishops re-examined S. Leo's Dogmatic Letter. Father Addis replies:

It is true the bishops accepted Leo's tome, because they found it consonant to the creeds; but the question is, did the majority regard this consonance as uncertain till the Council had solemnly approved it? It is possible to

bring the matter to a very practical issue. The acts of the sixth Œcumenical Council were sent by Leo II. to the Spanish bishops. In the year 684 (that is, three years after the date of the sixth Council) its decrees were examined by the Spanish bishops at the sixteenth synod of Toledo. The bishops lay down as a principle, that the decrees of the sixth Council were "to be received, so far as they do not diverge from those of previous Councils"; they compare them with the creeds, "approve and confirm them," and then announce them to the faithful as the law of their belief. (Mansi, xi. 1086, seq.) Now, here we have an examination *precisely and minutely parallel to that of Leo's tome at Chalcedon*; and yet the Spanish bishops cannot have imagined that they had "liberty to dissent" from the decrees of an Œcumenical Council. If their examination had ended otherwise, and they had come to the conclusion that the acts of the sixth Council were not consonant to the creeds, they would have cut themselves off from the unity of the Church, as the Egyptian bishops did by rejecting the definitions of Chalcedon. (pp. 30, 31.)

If the re-examination held at Chalcedon is supposed to show, that infallibility was not then ascribed to a Pope speaking *ex cathedrâ*;—then the re-examination in Spain must be admitted equally to show, that infallibility was not in that case ascribed to an *Œcumenical Council*. And this, in argument with these tract-writers, is a "*reductio ad absurdum*."

In truth the dogma of infallibility, just like every other revealed dogma, was only by slow degrees definitely and fully apprehended, in its practical applications and bearings. As regards patristic objections to the dogma of Papal infallibility—F. Humphrey excellently observes (p. xiii) that "one could easily follow suit with a *better catena* of authorities from the Fathers, against the *Divinity of our Blessed Lord*."

F. Addis treats, with a thoroughly satisfactory result (pp. 35-39) the whole question of the False Decretals. It is sometimes maintained, that the mere fact of those forgeries having for so long a period received universal credit, is an argument against the Church's divine authority. F. Addis replies with singular felicity, that *high-churchmen* at all events cannot advocate such a principle.

A multitude of apocryphal writings are to be met with from the earliest times, and obtained not unfrequently universal currency in the Church. The Fathers, as well as the Schoolmen, appeal to spurious documents. Look, for example, at the great Lateran Synod in 649. In the fifth session the Council gives the patristic testimonies against the doctrine of the Monothelites. The most ancient authorities quoted are Dionysius the Areopagite and Justin Martyr. The works of the former, constantly appealed to in the controversy, are of course absolutely unauthentic. From Justin the Fathers of the Council quote four passages. Three are from works which Justin

never wrote ; the fourth resembles something in a book falsely ascribed to him, but the quotation is inaccurate. Yet this Synod had great influence in deciding the fate of Monothelism. About a case like this, I suppose, the writer of the tract would speak much as we should. He would allow that it was not possible to replace the passages from Dionysius and Justin by others of the same, or anything like the same, antiquity ; but he would plead that the Monothelite heresy might be refuted by solid arguments from tradition, and that, in spite of human error, Divine Providence watched over the dogmatic decisions of the Church. Why should he be astonished if Catholics take the same line of defence about the primacy, and refuse to believe that a forgery defeated the promises of Christ ? (pp. 38, 39.)

The extracts we have given are but good average specimens, of the extraordinary completeness and success with which F. Addis has accomplished his work. We rejoice to think that he has (to all appearance) so many years before him, for serving the Church in a way which just now she peculiarly needs.

Whatever else however may be in God's counsels, we may securely prophesy that Anglican high-churchism has no future to expect. At the same time it does not therefore follow, that no advantage is gained by such discussions as that with which we have been engaged. In proportion as they produce any effect, they will of course be personally serviceable to those directly addressed ; for high-churchmen, remaining such, incur the certainty of grievous spiritual loss, and the peril of eternal ruin. But farther. There are two forms of misbelief, which at the present moment are far more threatening and dangerous than any others ; viz. liberalism within the Christian pale and antitheism without it. Now these desolating errors cannot be combated with complete effect, except by Catholics. It is really important therefore, that as many as possible of those who are otherwise qualified to engage in such conflicts—and Canon Liddon for one is *eminently* qualified—should be in submission to the full teaching of the Catholic Church.

Notices of Books.

The History of the Sacred Passion. From the Spanish of F. LUIS DE LA PALMA, S.J.; the Translation revised and edited by HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S.J. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS is the most wonderful work upon the Passion that we have ever read. Not only step by step that our Lord took up to the cross,—the throne of His victory over death and sin,—has the author of this work followed Him also step by step: he has done far more than this. He has brought out the fulness of the meaning of the Gospel narrative of the Passion, with illustrations from other parts of Holy Scripture, in a way which can only have come from intense meditation upon every word of what we read in the Gospels about the Passion, and of all that was said about our Lord in the Law and the Prophets.

"Father Luis de la Palma, the author of the following pages," says the Editor, "was a Spanish member of the Society of Jesus in the first century of its existence." "Everything that he has written is of the most sterling value"; and, judging from the work before us, we can well believe it.

To us the charm of the work lies in this, that it is entirely theological. It is said that this work is made use of largely, by those who give the exercises of S. Ignatius. It is, as it were, the flesh upon the skeleton of the Exercises.

What can be more beautiful than the chapter of the "More Secret Causes of our Saviour's Sorrow"? or the "Ascending the Cross, with His face turned from Jerusalem towards the West—towards Rome"? or again, "Giving up the Ghost"?

Take the following extract as to our dear Lady when waiting for the Resurrection of her Son (p. 408):—

"She thought on the Apostles who had taken flight, and were hidden; on the other disciples who had believed in Him, and were now scandalized; and on the mystical body of her Son, not less wounded and lacerated than His natural body. And she, as the mother of one as well as the other, desired life and health for both, and to gather them together and shelter them, and revive them with the warmth of her own loving heart."

Never has the Passion been meditated upon so before: nor is there any subject so worthy of meditation; for, as the holy author writes (allowing that

there are many subjects fit for meditation) : "All this is true ; and yet with all this, the history of the Sacred Passion and death of our Saviour contains excellences and advantages of its own, above all other subjects on which we can exercise ourselves in meditation."

We can only say, in conclusion, that if any one wishes to understand the Passion of our dear Lord in its fulness, let him procure this book.

And if the "Quarterly Series" continue to contain such works as these, it will be impossible to exaggerate the gratitude due from Catholics to the Editors of the "Month," under whose superintendence the series is produced.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" on F. Faber's Spiritual Works. Translated by permission. London : Burns & Oates.

EVERY man may be said to lead two lives. We do not speak, of course, of the life eternal, although the life eternal must necessarily influence the life to which we refer ; but the second life of which we speak is that in which "Defunctus adhuc loquitur,"—for evil or for good.

Sometimes the first life is a failure, and the second a success ; at other times the first is a success, and the second a failure. Some men fail in their lifetime, and succeed after death ; others succeed in their lifetime, and leave no memory behind them.

But of F. Faber we think we may say, that he succeeded in his first life, and that his second will be still more glorious. Should we have any doubt of this, we need only cast a glance at the little pamphlet, lately translated from the "Civiltà Cattolica." There we shall find what F. Faber is *now* doing for Italy, long after he has gone to his rest. "Defunctus adhuc loquitur."

As for what he is doing, and has done, in America, the past pages of this REVIEW will show.* In France, he is regarded as one of the greatest spiritual writers of the present day. The review of the "Civiltà" is simply admirable, and it must be remembered that it is the most authoritative organ of the illustrious Society of Jesus.

We have no room for long quotations ; but as there has been lately in England a tendency to depreciate the great spiritual master's works, our readers may perhaps be glad to know what is thought about him by this semi-official organ.

"It is indeed marvellous to note the ease in which he moves in the invisible world of grace, as if it were the tangible world of nature, and makes us realize the value of the least interior act of the love of God, each of which, as he remarks, 'is a more finished thing than a statue of Pheidias or Praxiteles. It is more firm than the foundation of the Alps. It is more enduring than the round world, which God has made so firm.' Wonderful as he is, when he dwells on God's hidden ways with His saints, he is more

* See e. g. our number for January, 1870, pp. 105-107.

wonderful still when he displays the abundance of grace and merit to be found in the commonest life." . . .

All F. Faber's works lead upwards. It was not always, as many think, the "easy ways of Divine Love," although he tried to make every way easy. Throughout all his works there is a gradual climbing upwards to the mountains of God. Let those who doubt, try to put in practice the teaching of his later works.

"M. Louis Veuillot" (says the "*Civiltà*"), "speaking of F. Faber's 'Spiritual Conferences,' in his 'Historiettes et Fantaisies,' calls it 'livre ascétique, livre anglais, livre traduit,' and yet he is charmed with it, and says, 'Véritablement le Docteur Faber est un maître homme. . . . Ce P. Faber est un maître écorcheur, et il a des pinces étranges pour saisir les fibres les plus ténues et les plus cachées sous le peau, qu'il enlève dextrement.'"

S. Alfonso says (we quote from the "*Civiltà*")—"That he liked those preachers whose words did not pass directly from the head to the tongue, but descended first into the heart, to be enkindled by its fire before rising again to its lips." Such was F. Faber. We may be allowed to quote the words of the venerable Abbot of Solesmes, Don Guéranger, "*that since the 'devout life' of S. Francis of Sales it would be difficult to find other works like his.*"

Yet one approbation more, and it comes from the Vicar of the King of kings :—

"July 31, 1872.

"I highly approve of the publication in Italian of the excellent F. Faber's works. I give my blessing to the translator and the publisher, engaging the latter to continue the publication of good and sound works.

"PIUS PP. IX."

What was the secret of F. Faber's success, both in life and after death ?

1st. *The Science of Faith*, "which influences the heart, as well as enlightens the understanding" (p. 15); hence the success of all his sermons and all his works, because they were so theological.

2nd. Love, which is greater than faith or hope.

3rd. *The Science of the Saints*, nearly all of whom he had studied (notwithstanding great bodily pain), almost one by one.

4th. Because "he was," as the "*Civiltà*" says, "*very, very Roman.*" These are F. Faber's own words, even before becoming a Catholic.

We conclude with this extract :—

"We believe that to his beautiful soul this praise, 'Roman,' would have been more grateful than any other; it alone would have sufficed him."

Memoir of Count de Montalembert, Peer of France : a Chapter of recent French History. By MRS. OLIPHANT. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood & Sons.

THE name of "Montalembert" used to be a household word amongst all Catholics. The author of "S. Elizabeth" and of the "Monks of the

West" can never be forgotten. But there were words spoken by him towards the end of his life, which for love for him we will not repeat, but which caused the heart of good Catholics to grieve. However, it will gladden all our readers to know for certain that Montalembert died true to the Church and to the Holy Father.

This is the most important point of all, and therefore we put it first.

"One of his visitors put a direct question to Montalembert: 'If the Infalibility is proclaimed, what will you do?' 'I will struggle against it as long as I can,' he said; but when the question was repeated, the sufferer raised himself quickly in his chair, with something of his old animation 'What should I do?' he said. 'We are always told the Pope is a Father—Eh bien! There are many fathers who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclination, and contrary to our ideas. In such a case the son struggles while he can; he tries hard to persuade his father—discusses and talks the matter over with him; but when all is done, *when he sees no possibility of succeeding*, but receives a distinct refusal, he submits. *I shall do the same.*'

"'You will submit so far as form goes?' said the visitor.

"'Still more distinctly he replied,—

"'I will simply submit my will as has to be done in respect to all the other questions of the faith. I am not a theologian; it is not my part to decide on such matters—and God does not ask me to understand. *He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so.*'"

Here is the true spirit of a loyal Catholic.

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert was born in London, 15th May, 1810. Entrusted to the care of his grandfather, owing to the emigration, at the early age of fifteen months, he was brought up for some time in England. Mrs. Oliphant gives us some touching letters from the grandfather to the little boy.

Take the following extract:—

"A few months later a second prefatory letter, written as people wrote when life was long, and time ample, with a care and clearness unknown to this hasty generation [this is one of the charms of Mrs. Oliphant's style, that she conveys sly hints while passing on], describes 'the pleasure which I have enjoyed in proceeding thus far for my beloved grandchild.'

"And on Charles's first birthday this tender enthusiasm burst forth still more warmly. '*Ut ameris amabilis esto*' is the motto which the fond grandfather placed below the portrait which he then made of his darling." (p. 13, vol. i.)

Of his youth we have simply to notice one thing, the contract which he made with M. Cornudet, who is still alive, and who will give us more valuable matter about Montalembert before long.

The two boys bound themselves together by a solemn contract to support through life "God and Freedom." Montalembert wanted to sign it with his blood, but his more sensible companion persuaded him to the contrary.

"God and Liberty," he writes, at the age of seventeen; "these are the two principal motive powers of my existence. To reconcile these two perfections shall be the aim of my life."

During his youth he was more given to God than boys generally are, and more than ordinarily studious. Let the reader turn to page 40, and see what the young boy did.

There are few Catholics who do not love Ireland, and we need not be astonished when we learn that young Montalembert's heart turned towards Ireland. Happy boy to visit such a happy land,—not happy in this world's happiness, but happy in the grace of God.

Young Montalembert went through Kerry upon horseback with a witty Irish boy for his guide. And here we must be pardoned for observing, that the ignorance of the Irish peasantry is a myth. Put an English bricklayer or ploughman and an Irish peasant face to face, and see whether the Irish does not surpass the English; we will not only say in manners, shrewdness, and intelligence, for this is commonly admitted, but in extent of knowledge.

His visit to Kerry was to see O'Connell. His first visit to a country Irish chapel will be found most interesting.

"I had taken only a few steps on my way when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who knelt at the foot of one of the firs; several others became visible in succession in the same attitude, and the higher I ascended, the larger became the number of these kneeling peasants.

He left Ireland, we are told, after spending "two of the happiest months of his life."

"He had seen a worshipping nation, and his imagination had been inspired by the sight, and all his resolutions had burst into flower." (p. 110, vol. I.)

The history of "*L'Avenir*" is too well known to require any treatment here. How Montalembert struggled in company with Lacordaire for liberty of instruction,—how the leader of the movement, F. Lamennais, fell away,—is known to all. Still, we cannot look back on what they fondly hoped would be the future, without feeling how entirely they forgot the past, and the lessons which it teaches; for, although "radicalism" was one of their party words, "liberalism," one of the monstrous births of modern society, gave the tone to their words and works.

No doubt it was a noble aspiration, "God and Liberty"; but "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and there is no liberty where the Spirit of the Lord is not, and the Spirit of the Lord has not been with modern Liberalism. It has done more harm to the Church, we do not hesitate to say, than open heresy. Like Jansenism, it has eaten like a canker into the hearts of Christ's faithful. Yet, looking back upon the history of the Church of France since the days of "*L'Avenir*," it is a matter of great consolation for us to know that the evil has almost died out. The little noble band of searchers after "God and Liberty"—and with all their faults they were truly noble—have almost died away. One or two only remain. Montalembert has gone, and Lacordaire has gone, and M. Cochin has gone (we do not add the name of Père Gratry, for he belonged to quite another school of thought), and, as far as we can see, "liberalism" is well nigh extinct in the Church of France. To God be the thanks.

Yet we must not be unfair: Montalembert and his companions did immense service to the Church in their day, both by their public lives and writings, by their open witness to the faith of Christ, especially before the public tribunals, by their holy living, by their works of charity, by their ministrations

to the poor. And we all know that any one who remembers the poor is never forgotten by our Lord.

Of the life of S. Elizabeth, let us hear Mrs. Oliphant.

"The work itself is one of which no critic of the present day needs to speak. Of all the saintly studies that have followed it, and they have been many, none has successfully emulated the grace and beauty, the harmonious charm of this beautiful book." (p. 328, vol. i.)

Of the "Monks of the West," we need not also speak, except to call attention to the fact, that that beautiful work was the means of turning his own daughter's heart towards the courts of God.

As an orator, he was probably unsurpassed in France, and one of the secrets of his success, no doubt, lay in this, that he always spoke from the heart.

The one great cause of his shortcomings was (to our mind) his want of reverence towards the clergy—towards the constituted authorities of Christ's Church. As a boy of seventeen, we find him saying that the clergy did not understand the position of affairs; and at the end of his life, we find him calling the Infallible Vicar of Christ an "idol." No doubt he submitted whenever he was condemned; no doubt he would have accepted all the Church of God required of him; but his failure lay in this, that he never fully recognized the truth of that saying of our Lord, addressed to his Apostles:—"He who receiveth *you*, receiveth *Me*." From first to last, if we may trust Mrs. Oliphant's beautiful book,—and from other sources indeed we derive the same impression,—he set himself up to be a critic of the priesthood of God. And the end of these things we know. But God was merciful to one who had worked so nobly for Him, although not faultlessly; and the name of "Montalembert" shall go down to our children's children in honourable and grateful remembrance.

Before concluding, we have a word to say on Mrs. Oliphant—no unkind word.

To us, it seems like Edward Irving,— whose life she has written as if she were a moth fluttering round the light, the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. She has written the life of F. Francis of Assisi, and seems utterly fascinated by the beauty of Catholicity. She makes, however, a distinction between the heart and the reason. If the heart leads her one way, the reason condemns.

But Mrs. Oliphant is singularly fair. Take this from the Preface.

"Lest her (Madame de Montalembert's) great kindness should entangle her in a supposed assent to any of my political or religious opinions, I feel it my duty to state most distinctly that this has not been the case."

This is what she says about the Definition of Papal Infallibility.

"Certainly it is difficult to understand wherein the Papal Infallibility, which we have all our lives understood to be an article of Roman Catholic belief, differs from the Papal Infallibility proclaimed by the Council of Rome in 1870."

All through the book there are traces that the heart of the writer is leading her toward the Catholic Church, although her reason may be pointing the other way. Let us hope and pray her reason also may in due time be convinced ; and that she who has written the life of F. Francis of Assisi, may be welcomed into the true Church by the "poor little one of Jesus Christ." With one last extract we will conclude :—

"The tears are scarcely dry yet that fell on his grave, and his vacant place will be hard to fill up in his country. But at least there is one thing at which all who know him will rejoice—that God took him mercifully from the evil to come, and that he did not see the lowest humiliation, or the most bitter sufferings of his beloved France."

Contemporary Review, 1872, art. I. : *Is God unknowable ?* By Rev. Father DALGAIRNS. London : Strahan & Co.

WE cannot within the compass of a notice express any sufficient appreciation of this singularly able and thoughtful article ; but we hope to do it justice, when the course of our own philosophical articles shall have brought us to the vital question herein treated. We will at once, however, express the bias of our own humble opinion that F. Dalgairns treats Mr. Herbert Spencer's scepticism with much greater respect than it deserves. We will add a very brief account of the position which F. Dalgairns himself takes up.

He agrees with FF. Newman and Kleutgen, in assigning a primary place, among the arguments for God's Existence, to that derivable from the phenomena of man's "moral conscience." But the way of treating this argument is peculiarly his own. In his hands it assumes the shape of a "cumulative process" (p. 622). "On the one hand my analysis of moral law throws me upon a Personal Being in whom it lives ; on the other, I experience a sensible pain which is a direct consequence of the same moral law. Here is a combination of intuition and experience, which is Kant's condition of knowledge."

The following criticism of the "agnostic" school is admirably true and admirably expressed :—

"This system of course has great polemical advantages . . . Its authors reap the profit at once of both knowledge and ignorance. To them *ignorance is a harbour of refuge, from which they may issue on piratical expeditions into the realm of knowledge*. Its enormous and incurable weakness is, that it excludes from the circle of knowledge what the common sense of mankind will never consent to give up to ignorance." (p. 617.)

Even an atheist, urges our author, feels a pang of conscience when he commits sin. This emotion is "the passionate cry of the Father, come to claim the child who denies that He exists." (p. 625.)

Several thinkers are led, by the existence of evil, to "the hypothesis of a good being limited in power." But this, adds F. Dalgairns with profound truth, "is to misread the phenomena of the Universe. It does not wear the

aspect of *weak benevolence*: it wears the sad look of yearning unrequited love." (p. 629.)

We believe F. Dalgairns was out of England when his article went through the press: certainly the misprints are deplorable. "First Cause" is throughout printed "First Canon." In p. 625, line 8, "cry of recall" stands absurdly as "cry of wrath." In p. 629—"We need not assume the existence of a *double* Creator, of a Demiurge or an Ahriman"—the word "knowable" is substituted for "double"; as though F. Dalgairns were himself an agnostic. Manifold are the inconveniences—the present writer speaks with keen fellow-feeling—of writing an illegible hand.

The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers related by Themselves. First Series.

Edited by JOHN MORRIS, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Burns & Oates. 1872.

THE readers of Father Morris's last work will eagerly welcome another volume from his hands. The present book contains nine separate papers of varied and deep interest; and although none of them are equal in length and continuity of narrative to Father Gerard's account, several of them will be found to throw so much light upon the English religious foundations, the habits of the time, and the relentless persecutions—not only external—and cruelties to which they were exposed, that each of these papers has a distinct value of its own. Mother Margaret Clement, whose life is first on the list, was the daughter of Margaret Giggs (married to Thomas Clement), who was brought up as a daughter in the household of the great Chancellor and martyr Sir Thomas More. Margaret Clement, the younger daughter, was for thirty-eight years Prioress of the Augustinianesses of S. Ursula's at Louvain, and afterwards helped to found the colony-house of S. Monica's, in the same city. In Holbein's great picture of Sir Thomas More and his family, of which there is a duplicate or contemporary copy in the possession of his lineal descendant, Charles Eyston, Esq., of Hendred, in Berkshire, Margaret Giggs is placed beside the famous Margaret Roper, the Chancellor's daughter. It was to her that Sir Thomas in his last letter wrote, "I send now to my good daughter Clement her algorism-stone (for arithmetic), and send her and my godson (her husband), and all her's, God's blessing and mine." Young Margaret was sent to school at S. Ursula's, at Louvain, where there was a famous English nun, Elizabeth Woodford, who had been driven out of this country when the convents were suppressed. She is represented as "a substantial woman, solid in sense and judgment, very exact herself, and severe," as they used in old time to be towards youth in England. This nun, who had no doubt had her own experience of women's love of power, and whose sagacious mind had stored it up to much profit, advised Margaret the younger, if she should ever found convents in England, to admit of prioresses but no abbesses, as she had seen "great abuses enter into religion thereby." Mother

Margaret had no opportunity of carrying out this counsel in England, but when she died there were twenty-two English nuns at S. Ursula's. At S. Monica's, where, as we shall see, most of them migrated, there were many nuns whose family names will always occupy the first place in the lists of English sufferers for religion. The earliest mentioned are the two nieces, Helen and Mary, of Cardinal Allen; Bridget Wiseman, Margaret Garnet [sister of Father Garnet], and Dorothy Rookwood. Then come the names of Eleanor Garnet, Anne Cletherow [or Clitheroe?], daughter of the martyr at York, and Elizabeth Shirley, who wrote *Mother Margaret's life*. Mrs. Clement, her mother, is well known as having fed the Charterhouse monks [Carthusians] imprisoned by Henry VIII. She had come disguised as a milkmaid with her pail filled with food, and afterwards had removed the tiling and fed the prisoners from the roof; but when the gaoler had been afraid, and refused her all means of admittance, these Fathers had slowly starved to death, bound hand and foot to posts or wooden pillars in the wretched prison. In the reign of Edward VI. the Clements migrated to the Low Countries, being the first to leave England to secure the practice of religion after its fall into schism. A beautiful custom is mentioned incidentally at Mechlin [Malines], where the Clements had removed from Bruges, of singing the anthem of Corpus Christi every Thursday in the cathedral, at which Mrs. Clement never failed to be present with her children. Just before her death she called her husband and told him that the martyred Charterhouse monks had come about her bed and had called her to come away with them; and the next day being Thursday, she bade her son make ready her apparel to go to the anthem in the cathedral. He soothed her, trying to put the idea out of her mind, but she still persisted that by God's grace she would be present at the anthem, which came to pass.

"And so it fell out, that she from that moment, drawing more and more to her end, as soon as the bell of S. Rumold's began to toll to the anthem of Corpus Christi, she gave up her happy soul into the hands of God, thereby showing to have foretold the hour of her death, and that she departed with that blessed company to Heaven, who had so long expected her, to be partaker of their glory, as no doubt but she is. Her body was buried in the Cathedral Church of S. Rumold, behind the high altar, before the memory of our Blessed Saviour lying in His grave, where also her husband was laid by her within two years after."

The minority in the community at S. Ursula's appealed against Mother Margaret's election to Rome, because she and Elizabeth Woodford were the only English nuns in the house; but the commissioners who were sent to inquire into the facts confirmed the election, and thus the youngest and least considered of Thomas Clement's eleven children became the superior of eighty persons. [In 1566.]

The first thing the new prioress did was to reform the house, which perhaps the minority had foreseen, for inclosure seems to have been very imperfectly kept. Mother Margaret's strictness was carried out to the letter of the rule, and to all; for she refused leave to Mrs. Allen to see her daughter when sick, even when the archbishop had given her a written permission or "licence." She assigned as her reason that the community was mixed of Flemish and English,

and as the Flemings had often been refused, it was not fair to break the inclosure now for an English nun. In spite of—or rather because of—her strictness, Mother Margaret was much beloved by her nuns, though they were of many nations and different classes in life, and certainly lived very hardly.

“The bread was of coarse rye, their beer exceeding small. Their ordinary fare was a mess of porridge made of herbs called *warremus* [?] sodden together with water only, and therewith they added at dinner a little piece of black beef about the greatness of two fingers, and at night for supper they had only a dish of some three or four little pieces of mutton sodden with broth, which was to pass a table of ten nuns, and to this was added bread and butter, and nothing else.”

This tempting fare was exchanged in Lent for porridge and *half a herring* each nun, and peas dressed with lamp-oil. Once a week the mayor's wife gave them in charity a mess of salt fish with some salad oil, “which was accounted great cheer.” Their collation was a piece of black [rye] bread, small beer, and once a week a piece of gingerbread. The Flemish nuns suffered in cheerful silence seeing their English sisters better fed with white bread and oatmeal porridge, for, with that characteristic weakness of digestion which seems allotted to our race through many ages, they could not eat the Flemish food, and would simply have starved upon it. The English ladies, however, were not a whit behind the rest in industry and cheerful obedience. They shared in the general wash, including the foreign mode of beating the linsey-woolsey habits, &c., till all their bones ached, steeped the linen in lye which took the skin off their hands, made up the heavy batches of rye bread, mended and kept the paved courts in order, and swept the convent. They also wove the coarse linen in clumsy looms, which even the nun historian says was “a man's work, and very hard for tender women.” “The English nuns also, being young, helped the old Dutch religious in their cells to go to bed, and swept their cells with joy and humility for God's sake, such as might in the world have been their chamber-maids.”

This insight into convent life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows us how far harder and more painful it was, and what heroic courage the multitude of English women showed who were not only driven away from their beloved country, their own surroundings, and the very use of their language, but had also to suffer the additional hardships of new customs, habits, climate, food, and occupations. They had not even daily recreation, which is so great an outlet and assistance to heavily-tasked nature; but were allowed to talk two afternoons only in the week, and during the whole of Advent and Lent had no recreation at all. They had then also a much longer and more cumbrous office than the Roman rite, and got up at midnight for matins.

Although the English nuns were saved from religious persecution, they suffered many things in the Low Countries. During Mother Margaret's prioress-ship the town was several times assaulted, once by the Prince of Orange, and filled with soldiers. Their convent was once flooded to the altar, when the Blessed Sacrament had to be carried up into a garret, and they endured successively both pestilence and famine. In this last affliction the community was saved by English alms. The account of Mother Margaret's

jubilee, or 50th year of profession, is very curious, and is most quaintly and simply told. It was in the year 1606, and a general contribution was made, to be able to show as grand a function as possible; part of which—"a whole set of viols" played at mass—would have greatly disturbed the equanimity of some of the Bishops of our own day. The choir and church were all "hanged" with costly stuffs, green cords, and pretty devices. "After mass the crown was set upon the head of the nun of fifty years, and she was led into the choir by two of the 'ancients.'" The rejoicings were kept up all the week in various religious ways, and the townspeople were invited to the convent to pay "the old Mother" their respects. The Sub-prioress gave leave for all these preparations, which if Mother Margaret had known she would have "letted." The various religious houses of Mechlin played their part by sending their choristers in turn each day to sing, "and so the whole week was brought about with great jubilation."

The foundation of S. Monica's, the offshoot of S. Ursula's, seems to have sprung entirely from the presence of the English nuns; and although Mother Margaret had then been blind for six years, she willingly offered herself for "the naked house, which had nothing but the bare walls." First, there was a chapter, and the nuns about to leave humbly acknowledged their faults in the usual manner, "the old mother" leading the way, "and with such fervour desired pardon for whatever might in the time of her government have given them cause of offence, that she made them almost all to weep." Then the Dutch mother followed, and asked pardon for whatever might have disgusted the English nuns. After this there was a *Messa cantata* and Communion, and a general leave-taking. They went through the streets two and two, in *hukes* (cloaks), and "the people ran out of their houses to look at them, and said, 'Oh! they knew the old mother of S. Ursula's,' who came last, led by the Reverend Father Fen on the one side, and Mr. Worthington on the other.' Mr. Worthington carried them in triumph to his own house, where he had prepared, unknown to them, a great dinner for these simple, good women; and the Jesuit Father Talbot, Rector of the English College, met them there, and brought with him "two great tarts, the one of minced meat made costly, the other of fruit very good." Mr. Allen had these "tarts" sent on to the convent, where they served the sisters for a whole week. After they had gone on to the new convent and dressed the altar, and Father Fen had blessed some holy water, the nuns arranged their beds and furniture, and the rooms for Father Fen and the male servant Roger. They had laid in a barrel of beer and a batch of bread, but when the supper-time came, and each nun sat down to her one egg and bread and butter, they found that there was not even salt in the house, to eat with the eggs.

The eighth nun was Frances Herbert, the daughter of Sir Edward Herbert, the ancestor of the Powys family, and later on the Bishop sent eight more from S. Ursula's, after which the convent was established in its usages, and began to flourish. "The old mother," after welcoming her two great-nieces—Copleys of Gattton in Surrey—to the convent [1610], was taken ill one day in choir, when, carrying out her courageous endurance to the last, she would not move till the office was ended, and died four days afterwards in great peace.

Those among our readers—and they are many—in whose ears the name of “Mother Margaret” is a pleasant household word, will be deeply interested in every detail of this former “valiant woman,” whose sound English Catholic stock was also, like hers of our own time, fed and strengthened by examples of Flemish virtue and self-denial.

Father Morris has further done us excellent service by his clear summaries, introducing each paper.

It is not possible to give even the slightest account of the remaining contents of Father Morris's volume, though the chronicle of S. Monica's convent alone would well occupy many pages, and the short extracts from Sir Henry Tichborne's manuscript writings will be read with the deepest interest by all.

Looking back to the splendid achievements of the English Catholic families, so filled with heroic virtue, chivalrous daring, and storied names, a certain sadness creeps upon us as we hesitatingly ask ourselves whether our present and future prospects are likely to equal the annals of the past? Whether this faith, loyalty, and self-denial, or powers of “enduring hardness” in our growing members are as conspicuous as in their forefathers? It is well at times to measure our progress and growth by some high standard, and Father Morris has performed a singularly opportune work by bringing the English Catholic body face to face with the splendid deeds of their forefathers of a troubled generation.

Sequel to the Conversion of the Teutonic Race. S. Boniface and the Conversion of Germany. By MRS. HOPE, author of “Early Martyrs,” &c. With a Preface by the Rev. JOHN BERNARD DALGAIRNS, &c. Washbourne. 1872.

IN our April notice of the first portion of this work, “The Conversion of the Franks and the English,” we adverted to its special value as showing the Divine vitality and abidance of the Church as put forth in her history, and her identity—though manifold in circumstance—with herself in all ages. In his admirable Preface to the “Sequel,” Father Dalgairns touches upon the same point, and goes on to urge that history must be told as a whole, and not with a view to “edification.” We rejoice that such a voice has been raised against a certain one-sidedness of narration, which has before now done some mischief. If history had always been studied and written in full, whether “edifying” or not, what we may now call Döllingerism could never have triumphantly pointed to its “discoveries” of historical truth.

“The origin of this book,” Father Dalgairns says, “lay in a deep conviction on the part of both author and editor that the great proof of the Divine origin of the Church is its history. I believe that the more the grand story of the Catholic Church is known, the more it will be certain that the Christian revelation lies historically in the Church in communion with Rome; that

that has ever been the centre of its life, and that all bodies out of it are visibly sects in a state of dissolution and death. . . . History is often written as if its end were edification. It must be remembered, however, that in the long run truth is always edifying, though isolated facts may often be scandalous and startling. . . . To slur over scandals is to omit the enemy in the story of a fight. On the whole, the career of the Church has been one of most marvellous victory, and it only requires to be told courageously as a whole in order to make this clear."

The story of the gain and loss of the Church, again, which it is so marvellous to follow in its ebb and flow of grace, is touched upon in this preface in one or two masterly pages, which we much wish had been prolonged. Of the "Sequel" itself we shall not now speak at length, as we intend to refer to it more at large in connection with the preceding volume. It opens with the first English missions of the Northumbrian converts, who spread over Ireland, and were there received most generously and supplied with "food, books, and teachers, free of all cost." One of these pilgrims was the famous Bishop of Lichfield, S. Chad. Another, Egbert, who had intended going to convert the Frisians, but was ordered in a vision to give it up, went to Iona [716], and persuaded the Celtic monks to give up their obstinate adherence to their way of keeping Easter, and observing the peculiar tonsure which was called the "tonsure of Simon Magus." S. Willibrord took up Egbert's work with the Frisians, but went afterwards to the Court of France, where Pepin Heristal was then Mayor of the Palace. S. Willibrord was eventually a bishop, and died in 744, leaving his work to Winfred, a Devonshire man [Crediton], who is better known as S. Boniface, and who had been given to the Benedictine Abbey of Exminster, near Exeter, when he was six years old. This extraordinary man combined the chief best qualities of an Englishman. Brave and fearless as a lion, exceedingly modest and unpretentious, silent until called upon to preach or instruct, and then urging Christian truths with a power of nervous eloquence and a force of illustration which brought crowds to his teaching. Winfred was soon known as the most famous expounder of the Scriptures in England. A train of monks and abbesses eagerly sought his expositions of the Divine teaching, and to the common people he explained the parables of our Lord with singular force and practical application. In this way Winfred lived as a simple monk not in holy orders till he was two-and-thirty, when his superiors besought him to be ordained priest. Consenting with reluctant humility, he reverently confined himself to one mass daily, though many priests were accustomed, till the eleventh century, to say three or more. In 716 Winfred embarked on his missionary work in Friesland and in Germany, where the account of his labours is beautifully told by Mrs. Hope. Throughout his three years' travels and labours in Friesland, Winfred seems to have looked upon it as a merely temporary resting-place, and to have been continually urged and guided by Divine suggestions, as a true Apostle, to extend his labours to the whole German people, and especially to the "Old Saxons," in whom our English race has its source. The tone of Winfred's mind may be best discerned by a letter written to a young man called Nidhard, to inspire him with a great love and reverence for studying the Holy Scriptures.

"For what, Christian brother, is more worthy of pursuit by the young ? Or what is more valuable to be possessed by the old than the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which, guiding the ship of our souls without shipwreck through perils and storms, will land us on the beautiful shores of Paradise, amid the unending joys of the angels ? Wherefore, if Almighty God will, whenever on my way I return to those parts, as I purpose to do, I promise to be a faithful friend to thee in all things, and a devoted help, as far as my powers go, in the study of the Holy Scriptures."

On his second visit to Rome S. Boniface was ordained Bishop by Pope Gregory II., who gave him a special association with Rome. The account of his interview with the Pope, his oath on S. Peter's relics, and Gregory's prophetic words [chapter vii], must be read at length to be fully enjoyed. In 732 A.D., S. Boniface received the Archbishop's pallium from Pope Gregory III., and on his third visit to Rome met with a crowd of English pilgrims : Ina, who was founding his school, the English College, the Abbess S. Eadburga, and, above all, first S. Winibald, and then his brother, the pure, gentle, and most loving S. Willibald, the nephews of S. Boniface, who gave themselves up to their uncle, and both eventually laboured with and under him in Germany.

Every one knows the story of S. Boniface's martyrdom, when he was past his seventieth year, by the pagan Frisians, but every one has not heard it so stirringly set forth as in her twenty-second chapter by Mrs. Hope, of which we cannot attempt even a brief account. As he drew his daily strength and spirit of love from the Holy Scriptures,—so he died with the book of the Gospels in his hands,—and, lifting them up Heavenward as his last gesture, the Book was nearly severed in two by the blow which released him to receive his crown.

More than his missionary work had been done, for S. Boniface had prepared the way for Charlemagne and his strong Christian empire ; and when it broke up, at the great emperor's death, it did not, as Mrs. Hope admirably observes, fall back into anarchy and Paganism, because of the spiritual unity the apostle of Germany had breathed into it.

While following the beautiful and life-like narrative of his labours, we are keenly aroused to invoke the martyred apostle that his spirit may finally awaken the Teutonic race of our own day to the vital need of loyal love to the Church. With this keystone secured, the future greatness of Germany can scarcely be measured, while, failing this, its newly-built empire will break up and perish, as the race of Merovingian kings crumbled and decayed, and its place was found no more.

Historical Sketches. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. London : Pickering.

THIS is the last volume which has appeared of F. Newman's reprinted works. Its chief content is a collection of essays, published in 1856, on the "Office and Work of Universities," but now called more appropriately

"Rise and Progress of Universities." The Catholic reading world is thoroughly well acquainted with them, and we need not speak of their interest and importance.

They are succeeded by two magnificent essays on "the Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland," which appeared in the two numbers of the "Rambler" edited by F. Newman. They are probably much less familiar to Catholic readers, than those last mentioned; but we think them on the whole even superior. They lead us keenly to regret the fact, that the series was never completed.

The volume closes with two dissertations of very inferior interest, first published when the author was a Protestant.

Directorium Asceticum; or, Guide to the Spiritual Life. By JOHN BAPTIST SCARAMELLI, S. J. Translated and edited at S. Beuno's College. Vol. IV. Dublin: Kelly. 1871.

ALTHOUGH we have once or twice already drawn attention to the excellent English edition of Scaramelli's most useful manual of asceticism, we have great satisfaction in noticing its concluding volume. The first three parts or treatises of the original work, with which correspond the first three volumes of the English translation, are taken up, as we need scarcely remind the reader, with what may be called the preliminaries of Christian perfection. The consideration of the moral virtues, of the vices and the passions of human nature, and of the various means of acquiring the former and getting rid of the latter—in a word, of all that belongs to what the scholastics would call the *material* side of perfection—is merely introductory to the treatment of the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. These are the Christian virtues properly so called; in which essential perfection is found. This concluding volume, therefore, has a lofty theme; and, although the author treats it in his usual practical and catechetical way, it does not fail to impress the attentive reader with its grandeur. If we wished to name a portion of the volume in which he is eminently successful, we should point to the treatise on the Love of Conformity. This noble and fundamental aspect of charity is treated with a fulness and clearness such as we expect from F. Scaramelli, and at the same time with an eloquence and unction which he does not so uniformly exhibit.

We are bound to say that in this volume there are slips and errors, which seem to show that both translator and editor have been somewhat remiss in their work. We do not refer to mere clerical mistakes, although there are one or two of these that make nonsense of the passages in which they occur: as, for instance, the substitution of "seriously" for "curiously" in page 39; and the omission by which it is said that a person who falls into mortal sin *has* grace and charity, instead of "*has lost*" grace, &c. (p. 142). And perhaps, in times like these, when Church history is so carefully canvassed, the translator should have declined to follow his author in canonizing Eusebius of

Cæsarea (p. 96). But the following sentence has suffered a derangement which can hardly be the result of a slip of the pen : " . . . it is one and the self-same good which *charity possesses by union with hope*, although hope aspires to the good sought for, but as yet from afar" (p. 94). What the author really says is this : " . . . it is one and the same good that *charity possesses by union*, and that *hope aspires to afar off*." The sentence immediately following is even more hopelessly distorted ; and a sentence a few lines higher up, about Fénelon's error in the matter of disinterested love, is not English, or even sense.

The volume contains a very complete series of skeletons of sermons, such as was given in the second volume. These, and the copious index at the end, will add very much to the usefulness of an admirable manual.

Pax: Monastic Gleanings. No. I. The Rule of Our Most Holy Father S. Benedict, &c. Translated by a Monk of S. Augustine's Monastery, Ramsgate. Burns & Oates. 1872.

EVERYTHING that can stimulate research about the varieties of religious life, or increase the sense of its value, should be welcomed among us. And this, not only for our own advantage, but for the sake of those outside the Church who are just now striving and toiling at many kinds of imitative monastic establishments, and making sacrifices by doing so which must win them a reward. It has often been observed that S. Benedict's Rule would suffice to govern a kingdom, and the vast armies of his children might indeed have formed no inconsiderable state. "Like another Moses," says S. Oddo, "God chose him to lay down the statutes of the Monastic Rule," and every one of these statutes is marked by wisdom and a special largeness which distinguishes the Benedictine Rule with a majestic benignity peculiar to itself.

"We intend, therefore," says the Prologue, "to establish a school for God's service, wherein we trust we shall set down nothing harsh or over-burthensome. But should anything be laid down with seeming harshness in accordance with the biddings of justice and reason, either for the keeping up of charity or for the rooting out of our vices, let not thy fear cause thee to fly at once from the path of salvation, whose beginning must needs be strait. But as we go onward in holiness and faith, we begin, with expanded hearts and an unspeakable sweetness of love, to run in the way of God's commandments ; we forsake His guidance no more, but persevere till death in the monastery under His leadership, and so become partakers of His kingdom." (p. 9.)

"Concerning the old and the children," S. Benedict's distinctive largeness is very beautiful :—

"Their weakness *must at all times be taken into account*, neither must the strictness of the Rule be at all kept to as regardeth their food ; but let a kind forethought be used with them, and let them take their meals earlier than the regular hour." (p. 93.)

With guests, who are to "be welcomed as Christ Himself," the Abbot is even to break his fast for their sakes, unless it be a solemn fasting day." (p. 123.)

It would have added to the interest of this valuable little translation, if a very short summary of S. Benedict's life had been given, with the dates, places, and chief leading points, and the greatest and present extent of the Benedictine foundations. A certain repetition of actual knowledge is always useful, for it is often either forgotten or has never been acquired.

Sancti Alphonsi Doctoris Officium Parvum : Novena and Little Office in honour of S. Alphonsus Liguori, &c. &c. Washbourne. 1872.

VERY little need be said by us as to the benefits of spreading a devotion to S. Alphonsus Liguori, and we ought therefore to be among the first to welcome the publication of a separate Office and Novena in his honour, to be used by those who have been accustomed for years to arouse or sustain their devotion by his *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, or *Way of Salvation*. The Novena will be particularly acceptable to all who frequent the churches, or have profited by the retreats of the Redemptorist Fathers, whose zeal and great experience of the habits, and temptations, and struggles of the poor, have earned them such eminent success in large towns.

There are several deficiencies in the volume which might be supplied in a second edition. We should have liked the Office printed in English as well as in Latin in a double column, especially as a little trouble would have given a pleasing translation of the popular and devotional hymns. It is a pity also to return to the defective and foreign "You" instead of "Thou" in invocation, and in at least one instance we find—what was often the case in former days of Catholic publications—the confusion of the two, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, I love You,—never permit me to become an apostate from Thee." (p. 70.) Equal carelessness is shown in correcting the press in the next page—

" Hail ! Christ's own chosen servant,
Hail ! rose of fairest hue,
Sweet lily, pure and blameless,
All bright with Heavenly dew " (dew).

We feel the more inclined to be merciless on this point, because, as Mr. Washbourne spares no pains in the admirable type, paper, and general "get-up" of his books, he should deal severely with his writers and composers, in order to secure the full co-operation he deserves.

Thoughts on some Passages of Holy Scripture, &c. &c. Edited by JOHN EDWARD BOWDEN, Priest of the Oratory of S. P. Neri. Burns & Oates. 1872.

ALTHOUGH a passing notice was given of this volume in our last number, we return to it to point out other of its merits, and first, that

it exactly answers to its name, and therefore fulfils its object. It neither preaches nor dogmatizes; it lays before the reader a number of *thoughts* leading to thoughtfulness, which are exceedingly fruitful and pleasant to take in hand one after another, and consider at leisure. We greet this little book with the more pleasure, seeing in it signs of hope for an increase of such studies among cultivated and reflecting laymen. There is an intense want of purely scriptural books of devotion among us, which, without ponderous learning, or a great array of the bones and skeletons, or what may be called, in brief, the anatomy of religion, should clothe scriptural story, characters, and types in affectionate, simple language, and raise up a deeper and wider taste among us for studying and making them our own. Newton continually put a thought before him to work out *and see what became of it*, in this way sounding the depths of some great scientific truth which in his day had never been approached; and if such a course has been found of essential service in intellectual knowledge, what might we not hope from a more widely-spread habit of taking some "word of the Word of Life" and bringing out of it for ourselves some of the riches it contains? "The Good Shepherd" and "the Prodigal Son" are good instances of what might occur to many good, thoughtful Christians in this simple kind of meditation. "See My Hands and My Feet," again, though less fully carried out, suggests food for the meditation of many weeks. There is no doubt whatever that these "Thoughts," which Father Bowden has done well in giving to the public, may be a means of teaching many people to meditate who would never to the end of their lives be able to make the preludes, and points, and other additions of S. Ignatius's method. We are a little sorry that Father Bowden has not carried his editorship to the length of changing some of the foreign wording of this excellent little book: "*adorable goodness*" might surely have been better rendered (not translated) by "marvellous" or "unspeakable"; "*Paradise anticipated*" by "a foretaste of Heaven"; "*God deigns to offer us*" by "vouchsafes to offer us"; "*Christ our Model*" by "Christ our Pattern," &c. We sincerely hope that many books of this kind may be spread among us.

Great Truths in Little Words. By the Rev. FATHER RAWES, O. S. C.
Third edition. Burns & Oates.

PROBABLY many people have often been reminded of Father Faber's books while listening to Father Rawes; and there is much in these little lectures, or instructions, which brings Father Faber before us. There are the orderliness and method in distributing the subject, the rapid, vivid sketch of multiplied detail, and the exceeding clearness with which the given truth is set out, going to a certain depth and not beyond, which makes any of the subjects handled attractive and popular, while they are full of instruction and interest. Take, for instance, the opening passage of "Mortal Sin," which is an excellent example of his style:—

"The Kingdom of Grace is the city of God, which is set amidst the darkness; and the Kingdom of Glory is the city of God, which is set above the darkness for evermore. In a very true sense these two cities of God are one; and both are Jerusalem, the city of His love; both are the abode of His Angels, His Saints, His servants; both are flooded and filled with the brightness of His throne.

"Blessed are they who keep His commandments and do His will: blessed are they who always in purity and innocence of heart tread the courts of His house with His Saints and Angels No words can express the utter desolation of souls that are lost in mortal sin. For them the sun shines not; the flowers grow not; the rain falls not. They listen neither to the voice of creation nor the whispers of grace; spring and summer, autumn and winter, come and go, but these souls hear not their message; what is far worse, Advent and Lent, Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, pass by unheeded; they are clothed in their darkness, wrapt in their grave-clothes, fettered with chains far stronger than steel." (pp. 13-14.)

Or again:—

"Protestantism is the dethroning of Jesus, and the denial of the revelation of God. It is the rising up of the human will against the Divine will; and it is caused by the pride of man's natural heart rebelling against the humbling doctrines of the Gospel." (p. 31.)

Or again, in this beautiful passage from "the Name of Jesus":—

"This is what He did for us, and how did He do it? Rama, and Egypt, and Gethsemane, and Calvary, and the Garden Tomb give the answer to the question. A lonely Wanderer, weary, and hungry, and thirsty, went up and down the world, seeking for the lost, gathering them into His love, carrying them in His Arms, bringing them into His House. A Face so venerable, so careworn, so full of love as His, had never been seen among men. A Presence so majestic and yet so tender had never before sent a thrill through human hearts. He seems to look into all faces with a wistful, pleading look, a look of Divine compassion, and Divine tenderness, and inexpressible love. And still He says to each, 'I am a houseless Wanderer in this great city, will you give Me a shelter for the night? The storm is breaking upon Me, and the darkness covers Me, and a burning agony dries My Heart up with thirst, will you be to Me a hiding-place from the storm? Will you be to Me as a river of water, as a covert from the whirlwind and the rain?' Thus pleadingly He speaks as He looks into each face, and goes on His weary way 'despised and rejected of men.' (pp. 116-117.)

No one can deny that "great truths" treated in this way, instinct with love and devotion, clothed in the pure, genuine English of Father Rawes's style, must do good to every one who takes up the book, and we are delighted to see that a third edition of it has been called for.

Sermons by the Fathers of the Congregation of S. Paul the Apostle, New York. Vol. VI. The Catholic Publication House. 1871.

THIS sixth volume of the *Sermons of the Paulists* fully sustains the character of the other five. We are much in need of some such plain, clear, practical sermons in this country for spiritual reading among ordinary

people, and for the use of families and servants in the country and at a distance from any Catholic church, or employed in nursing sick persons and young children. At such times the total deprivation of the Word of God as preached is often very sensibly felt, and a certain hardness and barrenness is induced in the soul which paves the way in the uneducated for many temptations. The *Sermons of the Paulists* are printed in a clear bold type, which adds to their usefulness for families and lending-libraries, or for darkened rooms in sickness.

Some Elements of Religion: Lent Lectures, 1870. By H. P. LIDDON, D.D.
London: Rivingtons.

WE had hoped to give a careful notice of this truly admirable volume: but time forbids; and we may not improbably make it the theme of a short article in our next number. Canon Liddon writes in the best possible spirit and with signal ability. As we read, our wonder increases that the author should have condescended to sanction the "English Church Defence Tracts."

Reflections on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. From the French. By a Religious of Loretto Convent, Navan. Burns, Oates, & Co. 1872.

THIS is an excellent everyday manual for Lent. There are a profusion of beautiful French books on the Passion for such as can profit by them; but there has been a singular scarcity of what may be called, without irreverence, *popular* books, not of devotion, but for reading and reflection—on the Passion of Our Lord. This volume of *Reflections*, entering, as they do, minutely into all the stages of the Great Sacrifice of the Cross, not only excite devotional feeling and contrition, but convey also a great body of scriptural knowledge, which is one chief foundation of devotion.

Wilfulness and its Consequences. A Tale extracted from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy. By Lady Herbert. Burns & Oates. 1872.

THIS prettily-told and useful story was written by Lady Herbert, on the occasion of the half-jubilee of the present Superior of Blandford Square Convent. It contains by way of introduction a clear sketch of Catherine McAuley, the eminent foundress of the Order of Mercy, and some excellent remarks by the writer on the predominant wilfulness of the present day. Like all Lady Herbert's stories, it is full of interest and pathos, and fully to the point.

Little Pierre, the Pedlar of Alsace; or, the Reward of Filial Piety. Translated from the French. By J. M. C., with twenty-seven illustrations, New York: The Catholic Publication Society. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

A PLEASANT tale for children, with really good illustrations. The picture of the stork standing on one leg, on the highest point of an old ruin, with the spire of Strasburg in the distance, is worthy almost of Gustave Doré. The binding also is most attractive, with just enough of bright colour to attract a child's eye. Nor if the book be opened will disappointment follow, for although of the very simplest nature, the tale will go straight to a child's heart, by the description of Little Pierre's endeavours to set up in the world. There is one thing, however, in the little book, at which we venture to say children will not be pleased, and that is, that when Little Pierre loses his dog Fox, the dog remains lost for ever, and nothing more is said about him. Children are so fond of animals, that for them the total loss of Fox will cast a shade over all the rest of the tale, however happy the ending. Like everything connected with Alsace, the story breathes throughout the atmosphere of the Catholic religion, and the account of the origin as well as the description of the sanctuary of our Lady of Marienthal cannot fail to suggest feelings of devotion to her, whose blessed name cannot be too early on the lips of every child. We have no means of judging when the tale was originally written in French, but we may mention in connexion with the recent annexation of Alsace to Germany, that the German as well as the French element is represented in its pages. Thus the excellent M. Vincent had never felt satisfied with the union of Alsace to France; when he wrote the name of Rastadt, a deep sigh escaped his lips, and he said to Pierre, "It was in the château of Rastadt, my friend, that the agreement was ratified which gave France the possession of Alsace in 1713. This castle is to-day, thank God, nothing but a barrack." Perhaps the excellent M. Vincent would now somewhat modify his opinion, were he to see the whole of beautiful Alsace transformed, as it is at the present moment, into one vast barrack for Prussian soldiers. The translation is fair, although at times a little stiff. There is also a little confusion as to the position of towns on the German side of the Rhine. One does not pass by Heidelberg in going from Carlsruhe to Baden-Baden.

Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours; or, Chats about the Rosary. By SKELTON YORKE, &c. Washbourne. 1872.

THIS pretty book carries out a very good idea, much wanted, to impress upon people who do not read much, or upon those who cannot read at all, the vivid picture or story of each mystery of the Rosary. Well-educated

people would perhaps be much surprised, considering the immense number who use the Rosary as a daily devotion, how singularly few are those who know the mysteries upon which they are supposed to meditate. Long experience teaches that with the quite uneducated, pictures alone, without some story or vivid teaching which fixes them discriminately upon the mind, are of little use; while a story without pictures makes often an indelible impression. The writer of this charming little volume knows how to speak to the imagination, and her pure allegory, such as that in "Perseverance to the End," is better than her mixed tales. She would do well to write a volume of Catholic allegories in the fashion of Monro's "Vast Army" and "Dark River," so fascinating to children, and which would be to us all, especially to boys, a great boon.

The Lives of the Saints. By Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. February. Hodges. 1872.

THE second volume of Mr. Baring-Gould's *Lives* is fully equal to his first. His research and painstaking industry may be somewhat judged of by the fact of his giving us separate notices of more than two hundred saints—exclusive in several cases of their companions in martyrdom—for the single month of February. Many of the lives are generally unknown. The narrative is original while perfectly clear, the legends wonderfully picturesque, and the tone and feeling deeply reverent. Such a book as this is eloquent of hope for the future.

Contemplations on the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, &c. New edition. Washbourne. 1872.

THIS reprint, with the approbation of the venerable Bishop Milner, "Oscott, 1820," attached, is a welcome addition to our books of Scriptural devotion. It contains thirty-four excellent subjects of reflection before the Blessed Sacrament, or for making a spiritual visit to the Blessed Sacrament at home, or for the use of the sick. The contemplations are full of solid piety, and calculated to excite and increase true devotion to our Lord in the Tabernacle.

Dramas from the Lives of the Saints. Germaine Cousin, the Shepherdess of Pibrac. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Burns & Oates. 1872.

EVEN in the slightest production from her pen, Lady Georgiana Fullerton's grace of style and tender devotional feeling are to be recognized. Much demand has at times been made for suitable children's plays in convent and other Catholic schools; and we welcome any work of this kind, that is easily committed to memory and interesting, while also full of good feeling, and elevating in tone. We shall hope to see many more of these little plays.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I feel very grateful for the kind notice given in the DUBLIN REVIEW of my work on "The Vicar of Christ." I thank you from my heart for your kindness. As, however, the critic has misunderstood me upon a very important point, you will permit me to explain myself, without any intention, however, of attacking my kind reviewer.

My argument is this. A man cannot *logically* reject the evidences of the Catholic Church. By so doing, he tramples on the laws of reason and evidence. The natural consequence of such a course is the rejection of even natural religion, and the return to deism or paganism, *practically*, if not theoretically. I had no idea of even hinting, that natural religion does not stand on its own basis; as in other works of mine I have proved this, and even the first dogmatic definition of the Vatican Council affirms it.

Facts all around us prove the truth of my assertion: and if my language is strong, it is in view of these terrible facts.

Thanking you again for your kindness to me, and taking the opportunity to assure you of my respect and regard,

I am,

Your humble servant in Jesus Christ,

T. S. PRESTON.

Chancery Office, New York, August 24th, 1872.

[We have very great pleasure in inserting this letter. We much regret our unintentional injustice to Dr. Preston, and are heartily glad that he did not mean what we supposed. We can add nothing to what we said in July (p. 215), on the great value and excellence of Dr. Preston's volume.—ED. D. R.]

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